

# Drive on Up

Blitzen Trapper

Drive on up, baby mamma  
Won't you drive on up  
To the soap boy's door, for rich or for poor  
In your granddad's pickup truck

Drive on up, honey baby  
Through the timbers and the fog  
I'll be sittin' here in the sunlight on that same old hollow log

Well I made my money, honey, on the road  
I been down at the trail with a heavy load  
You bounce all around like a bumble bee  
So won't you come on up here and take a look and see

So drive on up, honey mamma  
Won't you drive on up  
To the soap boy's door, for rich or for poor  
In your granddad's pickup truck

Your mamma, well she ain't here no more  
And your brother well he's in jail  
So won't you drive on up to see me, girl  
'Cause you got nothin' left to sell

Well I made my money, honey, on the road  
I been down at the trail with a heavy load  
You bounce all around like a bumble bee  
And now I see your headlights comin' through those trees

So let's drive on down  
To the city baby drive on down  
Where the lights shine on the Lego, mamma  
And our kids go round and round

We drink a toast to the Southern Path  
To the grave stones on the hill  
To the love we've had and the love we've lost  
And the love that we've got still  
Come on now

So step on up and let your head down  
We'll be runnin' from the law when the sun goes down  
Ain't your lips red and your blue eyes brown  
Baby come on up so we can drive on down, yeah

Drive on up, honey mamma  
Won't you drive on up  
To the soap boy's door, for rich or for poor  
In your granddad's pickup truck

Your mamma, well she ain't here no more  
And your brother well he's in jail  
So won't you drive on up to see me, girl  
'Cause you got nothin' left to sell, naw  
Aw, you got nothin' left to sell, woo hoo  
You got nothin' left to sell, yeah