

Drive

Casey James

I don't care if it's a highway or a dirty county road
I don't care if I'm leaving or coming home
I don't know if it's the song on that too loud radio
I don't know if it's the smell of that burning smoke
Here I go

Headed out to nowhere like a bullet from a gun
Putting miles on me and the wheels I'm rollin' on
Slide on over baby and I'll take you for a ride
I just like to drive
Well, I just like to drive

Well I love to feel my worn out boots stompin' on the gas
Love to see your bare feet tappin' on the dash
Love to see your hand girl swinging in the breeze
And I'm done burning up a tank of gasoline
Smells so sweet

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