

Drop Top

Keith Urban

She's going to Coachella with feathers in her hair
She got a past and a dream catcher in her rear-view mirror (woah)
Oh, the band on her shirt, they're coming on at 9
She doesn't even know right now where she's gonna stay tonight
She gonna stay tonight (woah)

She's on mission, you can see
She's just gotta be free
Red lips on a refugee

Saturday night, feeling alright
Show him what he lost in my jeans skin tight
Stars coming out, the music up loud
Saturday night, feeling alright
Shades on, dancing with my hands up high
Stars coming out, the music up loud

She loves driving with her drop top down
Mmm, mmm
Driving with her drop top down
Mmm, mmm

Palm trees fading like a summer fling
Christa's on the dash, everybody singing "The Shape of You," mmm (woah)
Yeah, Becky's gone quiet on the passenger side
And Maddie's in the back, just a little too high

Looking like a teenage dream
Red lips on a refugee

Saturday night, feeling alright
Show him what he lost in my jeans skin tight
Stars coming out, the music up loud
Saturday night, feeling alright
Shades on, dancing with my hands up high
Stars coming out, the music up loud

She loves driving with her drop top down
Mmm, mmm
Yeah, driving with her drop top down
Mmm, mmm

Everybody sing
Mmm, mmm
Oh
Driving with her drop top

Saturday night, feeling alright
Show him what he lost in my jeans skin tight (hey)
Stars coming out, the music up loud
Saturday night, feeling alright (I'm feeling alright)
Shades on, dancing with my hands up high (with my hands up high)
Stars coming out, the music up loud

She loves driving with her drop top down
Mmm, mmm
Driving with her drop top down

Mmm, mmm

Oh, driving with her drop top down

Mmm, mmm

She's always driving with her drop top down

Mmm, mmm