

# Rag Top Down

Little Feat

Better beware 'cause I'm back in town  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Beware of what, well I don't know  
I'm all shook up and ready to go

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do  
Pop in miles, and 'Kind of Blue'  
Been out chasing that long white line  
Rolling down the mountsin on Highway 9

Out in the wide world running around  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Rag-top down

Set them up ladies, I'm coming to town  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
All the ladies flash a smile or two  
Relax sweet mama, that's all they do

Rag-top, rag-top, Highway 9  
Santa Cruz to the county line  
Hit San Jose with a twist of time  
Wind in my hair, heart full of crime

Out in the wide world running around  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Rag-top down

San Jose is a low-rider town  
No place to ride with the rag-top down  
Kick the engine into cruise control  
Rolling up the ramp to San Francisco

101 is the road to ride  
Run out of gas and pull to the side  
Stick out my thumb but no one stops  
Keeping an eye peeled for the cops

Out in the wide world running around  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Rag-top down

Few minor warrants, nothing large  
Enough to pull me in on charges  
Redwood City, shoulder my pack  
Siphon some gas, take a taxi back

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do  
Baby I'm so in love with you  
Say you'll take me back some time  
I'll head back home up Highway 9

Out in the wide world running around  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Rag-top down

San Fancisco is the type of town

To drive my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
I cruise around until it's dark  
Still can't find no plae to park

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do  
Turn my ass round home to you  
Beg your pardo on bended knees  
Take the pledge, hand over my keys

Out in the wide world running around  
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down  
Rag-top down

Driving my Chavvy  
Driving my Chevvy  
Driving my Chevvy  
With the rag-top down