

Drive On

Jack Ingram

Weathered sign on the marquee
An old film playing at the show
He could tell by the clouds up top
And old northern was about to blow

So he hopped in his pick-up truck
Steered it on down the road
There he picked up his dark-haired beauty
Drove on down nice and slow, singing

This is my girl
This is my world
This is my girl
This is my world

A lovers' tune on the stereo
Cool breeze blowin' through her hair
He whispers to her soft and low
And quietly she stares

He says I know I could be a movie star
I know that you could be my wife
I was thinking at work today
I wanna leave with you tonight, because

You are my girl
You are my world
You are my girl
(You are my girl)
You are my world

They drive on past midnight
Wishing on stars as they go
Two young believers
Too young to know

Like a man in a story book
He takes off down the open road
Taking off to God knows where
He's taking off just to go

Singing, this is my girl
This is my world
This is my girl
This is my world
(This is my world)

This is my girl
(This is my girl)
This is my world
(This is my world)
This is my girl
(This is my girl)
This is my world