

## Dragline

Paw

Big man, big hands  
Strong back, strong mind  
Golden glove, at 16  
Good looking like Steve McQueen  
I'm dumb, He's mad  
I push to fight  
He says, "Let's go"  
I said, "All right"  
Hey, I said, "Okay"

Yeah, Poppa bought a pick-up truck  
With bottle tops and that's enough  
A beat up piece of Chevrolet  
Blue and white rustin' away  
Aw, still we ride  
Yeah, just father and son

Small child, front seat  
Mouth in dad's ear  
As they drive that truck  
In the night, in the night  
Looking up at the night  
Through dark windshields  
Buster Browns won't reach  
I ask to drive  
And he says, "Okay"

Well, Papa bought a pick up truck  
With bottle tops and that's enough  
A beat up piece of Chevrolet  
Blue and white rustin' away  
Aw, still we ride  
Yeah, just father and son

Cool Hand says, "I'm a man who can eat fifty eggs"  
And, "Sayin' it's your job, don't make it, make it right"  
We laugh, we cry  
We say, "That's right"  
He says, "Let's drive"  
We say, "All right"  
Yeah, we said, "Okay"

Papa says, "Let's go for a ride"  
"Oh, We'll grab a bite to eat"  
"Hell boy, might even let you drive"  
I said, "Hey pop, oh, turn up the radio"  
"Aw, 'cause that's my favorite song"  
"Hey, that's my favorite song"  
As we went along  
Oh, roll down your window  
As we went along  
Yeah, just father and son  
Hey, just like we were  
Yeah, a father and son  
Hey Papa, "Dairy Queen sounds good to me"  
And Papa, "Pull off here, I've got to take a leak"  
And Papa, "You're gonna have to kill me, to keep me down"

And Papa, you laugh when I say,  
"Move it up here, Dragline"  
Oh, Dragline  
Uh, uh, uh