

Britny Fox, Sweet Hitch-Hiker

J.C. Fogerty

Was Ridin' along side the highway, rollin' up the country side.
Thinkin' I'm the devil's heatwave, what you burn in your crazy mind?
Saw a slight distraction standin' by the road;
She was smilin' there, yellow in her hair;
Do you wanna, I was thinkin', would you care.

CHORUS:

Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,
Won't you ride on my fast machine?

Cruisin' on thru the junction, I'm flyin' 'bout the speed of sound,
Noticin' peculiar function, I ain't no roller coaster show me down.
I turned away to see her, Woa! she caught my eye,
But I was rollin' down, movin' too fast;
Do you wanna, She was thinkin' can it last.

CHORUS

Was busted up along the highway, I'm the saddest ridin' fool alive.
Wond'ring if you're goin' in my way, won't you give a poor boy a ride?
Here she comes a ridin', Lord, She's flyin' high.
But she was rollin' down, movin' too fast;
Do you wanna, She was thinkin' can I last.

CHORUS

CHORUS

CHORUS