

# Macabre, Hitchhiker

My parents split  
And left the home  
They left me all alone  
To fend for my own  
In the Ohio home

There was a hitchhiker  
Thumbing for a ride  
I stopped my Olds  
And he got inside  
Drinking beer at my house  
He didn't realize  
If he tried to leave  
He'd have to die

Stalking for someone who's walking  
Someone that I can talk to  
I see a young man  
Thumbing with his shirt off  
I'll pick him up  
And take him for a ride

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