

# Tomahawk, 101 North

Hitch a ride, hitch a ride  
Eagles swirl and they pick up the bones  
I'll shut you down like a bank on a Sunday  
The engine has no stories to tell  
Because there's no-one to tell 'em to  
The last drugstore has sold the very last pill  
Out on the road and I am high enough, thumb's up  
You're pullin' over, gonna pick me up, shut up!  
The rusty wiper blades move along, in song  
Having a lonely body in your car, shut up  
My piece is in your ear  
Movin' fast, thinkin' clear  
I'll squeeze if you don't steer  
And follow the line straighter!  
You are the bullet, I am the gun, I won  
Screw on the silencer and have some fun  
Grey highway, deserting me  
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way  
Hitch a ride, hitch a ride  
Treading water in an ocean of champagne  
You blow a sparkplug when you see a drop of blood  
And how many joyrides will it take  
The sombre spasms habouring  
Those pulsing neon hangovers, hang me  
It's Friday night, I'm gonna fuck or fight, that's right  
This time all I need is one more ride, shut up!  
I'm car-jacking on a fine spring afternoon  
Don't kid a kidder, don't shit a bullshitter  
I'm hotter than the crack you're cookin' up, heat up  
I'm colder than the smack you're jackin' up, shut up!  
I'm a balloon and I am losin' air, beware  
Squeek, ah, squeek  
There's blood on me!  
Grey highway, deserting me  
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way  
Hitch a ride, hitch a ride, hitch a ride, hitch a ride  
Hitch a ride, hitch a ride, hitch a ride, hitch a ride...