

Big Sugar, Ride Like Hell

(A. Wise/G. Johnson)

Sometimes I wonder, will I ever get back home?
Sometimes I wonder, will I ever get back home?
Well, I been gone so long
Will I ever get back home?

Sometimes I wonder, will my baby think of me?
Sometimes I wonder, will my baby think of me?
Well, sometime I wonder
Would she ever think of me?

The way she been talking
Make me mash my eyebrows down
The way she been talkin
Make me mash my eyebrows down
Make me fold my arms
And heave a lonesome sigh

Standing on the highway, wheel too tired to roll
Standing on the highway, my wheel too tired to roll
But I know I'm gonna leave
'Cause I'm a driving soul

One more story, all my friends you can tell
One more story, all my friends you can tell
I'm booked down-bound to leave - I'm gone
Ride like hell