

Florence & The Machine, Hitchin? a Ride (& Dev

Hey mister, where you headed?
Are you in a hurry?
I need a lift to happy hour
Say: "Oh no!".

Do you brake for distilled spirits?
I need a break as well
The well that inebriates the guilt.
1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Cold turkey's getting stale
Tonight I'm eating crow
Fermented salmonella poison, oh, no

There's a drought at the fountain of youth, and now I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up, I say 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Troubled times, you know I can not lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride

There's a drought at the fountain of youth, and now I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up, I say shit!

Troubled times, you know I can not lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride

I'm hitchin' a ride /8x