

Foghat, Road Fever

Rod Price / Dave Peeverett - Knee Trembler Music - ASCAP

I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.
Out of the smog, headin' into the sun,
I'm goin' to New Orleans, Bourbon Street here I come!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

Got the heat up high, and the radio's on,
Diggin' rock and roll music while we're ridin' along.
Maybe Atlanta, may be Birmingham,
I know where I'm going, God knows where I am!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

{Riffs, Dave - Solo, Riffs}

Speeding along like a bullet from a gun,
It's a three day ride, we're gonna make it in one.
I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Go driver go! Move like a hurricane.

{Riffs, Dave and Rod trading licks}

Woo!

Go driver go!

We're gone

Woo!

Yea, we're goin' to New Orleans

We're goin' to New Orleans

Look out here I come

Whoo!