

Foxboro Hot Tubs, Highway 1

I'm on a midnight death trip.
I'm on a mission from God.
A stolen car and a death wish.
To hell on Highway 1

Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour.
I'm gonna fly til the tires can't fly no more.
C'mon!
I've got my blues, gonna make a racket.
Nothing to lose but this straight jacket on too tight.
I'm alive!!!

As the wind comes off the ocean.
And my hair is combed just right.
I'm in a stolen locomotion.
Straight out of 1965.

So, pass the bottle, a hundred miles per hour.
I'm gonna fly 'til the tires can't fly no more.
C'mon!
I've got my friends and a shark skin jacket.
Nothing to lose, gonna live it up 'til I die.
I'm alive!!!
Whoo!!!

Well, on the night before the supper.
And I'm gonna smash the glass just right.
So, give me one good dose of thunder.
Before I fall on my ass tonight.

Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour.
I'm gonna fly 'til the tires can't fly no more.
C'mon!
I've got my blues, gonna make a racket.
Nothing to lose but this straight jacket on too tight.
I'm alive!!!
C'mon!
Hahaha!