

George Thorogood, Delaware Slide

I rode a streak of lightening on the night you said goodbye
I rode a streak of lightening on the night you said goodbye
Well If I never make it baby you can't say I didn't try

Well I went up that highway they call highway 95
Well I went up that highway they call highway 95
When I cruise back to you baby your heart will come alive

Well I grew up with rock and roll but these blues wouldn't leave me alone
Well I grew up with rock and roll but these blues wouldn't leave me alone
I didn't know what they meant 'til I ran far from home
Well alright