

# John Fogerty, Sweet Hitch-Hiker

(J. Fogerty)

Was Ridin' along side the highway, rollin' up the country side.  
Thinkin' I'm the devil's heatwave, what you burn in your crazy mind?  
Saw a slight distraction standin' by the road;  
She was smilin' there, yellow in her hair;  
Do you wanna, I was thinkin', would you care.

[Chorus:]  
Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,  
We could make music at the Greasy King.  
Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,  
Won't you ride on my fast machine?

Cruisin' on thru the junction, I'm flyin' 'bout the speed of sound,  
Noticin' peculiar function, I ain't no roller coaster show me down.  
I turned away to see her, Woa! she caught my eye,  
But I was rollin' down, movin' too fast;  
Do you wanna, She was thinkin' can it last.

[Chorus]

Was busted up along the highway, I'm the saddest ridin' fool alive.  
Wond'ring if you're goin' in my way, won't you give a poor boy a ride?  
Here she comes a ridin', Lord, She's flyin' high.  
But she was rollin' down, movin' too fast;  
Do you wanna, She was thinkin' can I last.

[Chorus 3x]