

# Three Dog Night, Ridin' Thumb

(J.Seals)

See the man on the black top highway  
Moving to no man's land  
All alone on the black top highway  
Moving just as fast as he can  
Ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb

Left his home down in Macon, Georgia  
Left the shade of an old oak tree, tree  
Got his dreams in his left front pocket  
Got his eyes squinted towards the sea  
Ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb

He don't care where the wind blows  
Just as long as he gets his ride  
And he don't care for food and water  
Just lets his conscience be his guide,  
Ridin' thumb

Left his sisters and mama crying  
Beggin him not to leave that day  
Said he'd write but they knew he was lying  
Got no razor, got no blade  
Ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb