

Road Angel

The Doobie Brothers

was ridin' down that highway
Silver Harley by my side
When I thought I saw my lady
She was headed for the Berkely hill
Pistol on her hip in case she needed a thrill
I don't believe it, don't believe a word
I don't believe it, don't believe a word

I said, come on with me, baby
Don't you want to ride with me
She put her hand into her bag, now
Pulled out a half pint of red eye sauce
Sneakin' 'round the corner, drinkin' whiskey from a jar
I don't believe it, don't believe a word
I don't believe it, don't believe a word