

# Highway

Paul McCartney

Running through the nighttime  
And looking like a wreck  
Got too many highlights and a love bite on her neck  
Looking for some pay daddies who'll maybe come around  
Everybody's wondering  
What's that sound

Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Always  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)

Standing in the doorway of a little black shop  
Lifting up a pin light and ringing up a cop  
Running down the street  
Everybody sees  
What she's got is what she needs  
And what she loves is me

Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Always  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Always  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Always  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)

Oh looking in the flowers  
Hang on me every hour  
Take me high and let me think  
Move me baby, move me away

Everybody wondering why you're looking such a wreck  
Yeah

Highway  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Always  
(Do ya, do ya, do ya)

Everybody wondering why she didn't love me more  
They damn know what it self

Somebody can move me  
Oh I'm feeling naked  
Words are getting higher  
Everybody fire  
Lord the sun is rising again  
Words are getting higher

Everybody fire  
Lord the sun is rising again

Words are getting higher  
Everybody fire  
Lord the sun is rising again  
Words are getting higher  
Everybody fire  
Lord the sun is rising again  
Words are getting higher  
Everybody fire  
Lord the sun is rising again