

Sweet Hitch-hiker

Britny Fox

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.

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 so
und,
Noticin' peculiar function, I ain't no roller coaster show me d
own.
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.

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

Was busted up along the highway, I'm the saddest ridin' fool al
ive.
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.

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