

## 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