

Road Fever

Foghat

I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.
Out of the smog, headin' into the sun,
I'm goin' to New Orleans, Bourbon Street here I come!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

Got the heat up high, and the radio's on,
Diggin' rock and roll music while we're ridin' along.
Maybe Atlanta, may be Birmingham,
I know where I'm going, God knows where I am!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

Speeding along like a bullet from a gun,
It's a three day ride, we're gonna make it in one.
I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,
Go driver go! Move like a hurricane.

Woo!
Go driver go!
We're gone
Woo!
Yea, we're goin' to New Orleans
We're goin' to New Orleans
Look out here I come
Whoo!