

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)
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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
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