

# Highway Blues

Roy Harper

Take a look down your highway  
Tell me what d'you see  
Well if you're down my way  
It could well be me  
Stood on your corner  
I'm nearly down on one knee  
Can you hear me calling for you  
So damn easy to see  
And it can't be forever  
And it won't be for long  
So don't you think that it's better  
We speak the same tongue  
Out here in this weather  
We must surely belong  
Birds of a feather  
Whatever the song:  
Please give me a lift man  
It can't be for far  
The way that you shift man  
In your empty car,  
I've got the highway blues  
In my holy (holey, wholly) shoes  
And I cannot choose  
What I look like  
And I got here from yesterday  
On porridge and bait  
Swallowing sorrow  
Following fate  
Poaching tomorrow  
From God and the state  
Of homo his shadow  
The well known long haired straight  
But I've got a good reason  
For being this way  
I'm happy for certain  
And hoping to stay  
Travelling trust  
Across the new day  
Gathering dust  
Down your highway  
Please give me a lift man...  
It can't be for far  
The way that you shift man  
In your empty car  
I've got the highway blues  
In my holy shoes  
And I cannot choose  
What I look like  
Out on the streets  
Or where my drum beats  
In between the clean sheets  
Of my love life  
And I need little Margaret  
Out here again  
Screwing some traffic  
From the shaven insane  
With thumbs like a dragnet

She pulls like a train  
And she looks like a magnet;  
And she comes like a warm rain  
Please give me a lift man, etc