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