

Ridin' Thumb

Seals & Crofts

See the man on the black top highway movin' past a no man's land.

All alone on the black top highway. Movin' just as fast as he can, ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb.

Left his home down in Macon, Georgia. Left the shade of an old oak tree.

Got his dreams in his left front pocket. Got his eye squinted towards the sea, ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb.

He don't care where the road goes, just as long as he gets his ride. And he don't care 'bout food and water. He just lets his conscience be his guide, ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb.

Left his sister and his mama cryin' (cryin'), beggin' him not to leave that day (leave that day).

Said he'd write but they knew he was a-lyin' (lyin'). Got no razor, got no pay, ridin' thumb, ridin' thumb.