

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.