

Off Ramp Road Tramp

Strawberry Alarm Clock

Oh, yeah, don't you know?
Well, I just can't decide, yes
Whether I should walk away
Or baby, take the ride, yes

She looks good in her Morgan
Ah, she pulls up alongside me
With ring-like curls and homemade clothes
And head all stuffed with pride, babe

Oh yeah, she's the only one who knows
Why insane people sometimes look suspicious
Baby, I think I'll take the ride, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, she said the life she lives is dull, yet very dignified
And after all the men she has looked through
She still remains untied

Driven halfway 'round the world
Just trying to find the right one
Learned all that there is to know
And now she's tryin' for the sun

Whoa, babe, well, I know I'm always right
But art's not imitation, it's just illusion
Go get 'em

Drivin' down the freeway lookin' for an off ramp
Another fella's hitchin' there
Lookin' like a road tramp

She pulls off to the roadside
And she tells me to get out here
She says, "I've had my fun with you
Your time has just expired, dear"

Whoa, babe, well, I'll get myself out here
Hey