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