

Road Fever

Foghat

Rod Price / Dave Peeverett - Knee Trembler Music - ASCAP I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,

Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.

Out of the smog, headin' into the sun,

I'm goin' to New Orleans, Bourbon Street here I come! Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,

Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,

Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane. Got the heat up high, and the radio's on,

Diggin' rock and roll music while we're ridin' along.

Maybe Atlanta, may be Birmingham,

I know where I'm going, God knows where I am! Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,

Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,

Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane. {Riffs, Dave - Solo, Riffs} Speeding along like a bullet from a gun,

It's a three day ride, we're gonna make it in one.

I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,

Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop. Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,

Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,

Go driver go! Move like a hurricane. {Riffs, Dave and Rod trading licks }

Woo!

Go driver go!

We're gone

Woo!

Yea, we're goin' to New Orleans

We're goin' to New Orleans

Look out here I come

Whoo!

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