

Road Angel

The Doobie Brothers

I was ridin' down that highway
Silver Harley by my side
When I thought I saw my lady
She was headed for the Berkely Hill
Pistol on her hip in case she needed a thrill
I don't believe it
Don't believe a word
I don't believe it
Don't believe a word

I said come on with me baby
Don't you want to ride with me
She put her hand into her bag, now
Pulled out a half pint of red eye sauce
Sneakin' 'round the corner, drinkin' whiskey from a jar
I don't believe it
Don't believe a word
I don't believe it
Don't believe a word

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