

# Road Angel

J-Sweet

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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