101 North

Tomahawk

Hitch a ride
Hitch a rideEagles swirl and they pick up the bones
I'll shut you down like a bank on a Sunday
The engine has no stories to tell because there's no-one to tell 'em to
The last drugstore has sold the very last pillOut on the road and I am high enough, thumb's up
You're pullin' over, gonna pick me up, shut up
The rusty wiper blades move along, in song
Having a lonely body in your car, shut upMy piece is in your ear movin' fast, thinkin' clear
I'll squeeze if you don't steer and follow the line straighter, shut up
You are the bullet, I am the gun, I won
Screw on the silencer and have some funGray highway deserting me
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my wayHitch a ride
Hitch a rideTreading water in an ocean of champagne
You blow a spark plug when you see a drop of blood
And how many joyrides will it take, the sombre spasms harboring
Those pulsing neon hangovers, hang meIt's Friday night, I'm gonna fuck or fight, that's right
This time and all I need is one more ride, shut up
I'm car-jacking on a fine spring afternoon
Don't kid a kidder, don't shit a bullshitter, shut upI'm hotter than the crack you're cookin' up, heat up
I'm colder than the smack you're jackin' up, shut up
I'm a balloon and I am losin' air, beware
Squeak, ah, squeak, there's blood on meGray highway, deserting me
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my wayHitch a ride
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