

Sweet Hitch-Hiker

John Fogerty

Was ridin' along side the highway, rollin' up the country side.
Thinkin' I'm the devil's heatwave, what you burn in your crazy mind?
Saw a slight distraction standin' by the road;
She was smilin' there, yellow in her hair;
Do you want to, I was thinkin', would you care.Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
Won't you ride on my fast machine?Cruisin' on through the junction, I'm flyin' 'bout the speed of sound,
Noticin' peculiar function, I ain't no roller coaster show me down.
I turned away to see her, woa! she caught my eye,
But I was rollin' down, movin' too fast;
Do you want to, she was thinkin' can it last.Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
Won't you ride on my fast machine?Was busted up along the highway, I'm the saddest ridin' fool alive.
Wond'ring if you're goin' in my way, won't you give a poor boy a ride?
Here she comes a ridin', lord, she's flyin' high.
But she was rollin' down, movin' too fast;
Do you want to, she was thinkin' can I last.Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
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