# 101 North

## Tomahawk

Hitch a ride
Hitch a ride
Eagles 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 pill
Out 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 up
My 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 fun
Gray highway deserting me
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way
Hitch a ride
Hitch a ride
Treading 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 me
It'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 up
I'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 me
Gray highway, deserting me
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way
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