

Hitchin' A Ride (7)

Green Day

Hey mister, where you headed?
Are you in a hurry?
I need a lift to happy hour say oh no
Do you brake for distilled spirits?
I need a break as well
The well that inebriates the guilt
One, two
One, two, three, four Cold turkey's getting stale
Tonight I'm eating crow
Fermented salmonella poison oak no
There's a drought at the fountain of youth
And I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up
I say one, two
One, two, three, four Troubled times
You know I cannot lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride There's a drought at the fountain of youth
And now I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up
I say
Shit Troubled times
You know I cannot lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride Hitchin' a ride (don't know where to go)
Hitchin' a ride (don't know where to go)
Hitchin' a ride (don't know where to go)
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Songwriters

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