

# Highway 401

## Canned Heat

Well weâ€™re going down the highway going down the highway 401

Itâ€™s the road to Toronto got to get there cuz weâ€™re on the run  
Na (now) her daddyâ€™s in his pickup and he aint about to call me son

Weâ€™re getting close to the border and weâ€™re getting farther from his gun

Well we started out in Phille when I saw you cruising in the isle  
I took one look at you and you me that old(ole) come on smile

So you jumped into my limo and we talked about it for a while  
And you said it didnâ€™t matter that you could come with me any how

Well so no(now) were on the road and weâ€™re moving just as smooth as we can  
And I hope I got some time before I have to deal with your old man

SOLO

And I hope I got some time before I have to deal with your old man

Well weâ€™re going down the highway going down the highway 401

Itâ€™s the road to Toronto got to get there cuz weâ€™re on the run  
Na (now) her daddyâ€™s in his pickup and he aint about to call me son

Weâ€™re getting close to the border and weâ€™re getting farther from his gun

Say babe I didnâ€™t know you were only seventeen when you stepped into my limosine

I really hope your daddy is an understanding man

You sure know your way around for such a young thing

You sure learnt your lessons well

You will be eighteen when I come back to Ohio wont ya?

Um um!

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Lyrics submitted by Relentless Fish.

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<https://damnlyrics.com/>