

John Fogerty

"Sweet Hitch-hiker"

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Was ridin' alongside 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
Well, she was standin' there, yellow in her hair
?Do you wanna?, I was thinkin', would you care?

Sweet hitch hiker
We could make music at the Greasy King
Sweet hitch 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
There ain't no roller coaster to show me down

I turned away to see her
Why, she caught my eye
She was standin' there, yellow in her hair
?Do you wanna?, I was thinkin', would you care?

Sweet hitch hiker
Could make music at the Greasy King
Sweet hitch 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' my way
Won't you give the poor boy a ride?

Here she comes a-ridin'
Man, she's flyin' high
But she was rollin' down, movin' too fast
?Do you wanna?, she is thinkin' can he last

Sweet hitch hiker
We could make music at the Greasy King

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