

## **The Foxboro Hot Tubs**

### **"Highway 1"**

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I'm on a midnight death trip  
I'm on a mission from God  
A stolen car and a death wish  
To hell on Highway 1

Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour  
I'm gonna fly 'til the tires can't fly no more  
C'mon!  
I've got my blues, gonna make a racket  
Nothing to lose but this strait jacket on too tight  
I'm alive!

As the wind comes off the ocean  
And my hair is combed just right  
I'm in a stolen locomotion  
Straight out of 1965

So, pass the bottle, a hundred miles per hour  
I'm gonna fly 'til the tires can't fly no more  
C'mon!  
I've got my friends and a sharkskin jacket  
Nothing to lose, gonna live it up 'til I die  
I'm alive!  
Whoo!

Well, on the night before the supper  
And I'm gonna smash the glass just right  
So, give me one good dose of thunder  
Before I fall on my ass tonight

Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour  
I'm gonna fly 'til the tires can't fly no more  
C'mon!  
I've got my blues, gonna make a racket  
Nothing to lose but this strait jacket on too tight  
I'm alive!  
C'mon!  
Ha ha ha!

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