

Highway 401

Canned Heat

Well we're going down the highway
Going down the Highway 401
It's the road to Toronto
Got to get there 'cause we're on the run

Now, her daddy's in his pickup
And he ain't about to call me son
We're getting close to the border
And we're getting farther from his gun

Well we started out in Philly
When I saw you cruising in the isle
I took one look at you
And you gave me that old come-on smile

So you jumped into my limo
And we talked about it for a while
And you said it didn't matter
You could come with me any how

Well so now we're on the road
And we're moving just as smooth as we can
And I hope I got some time
'Til I have to deal with your old man

Well so now we're on the road
And we're moving just as smooth as we can
And I hope I got some time
'Til I have to deal with your old man

Well we're going down the highway
Going down the Highway 401
Yes well, it's the road to Toronto
Got to get there 'cause we're on the run

Yeah, her daddy's in his pickup
And he ain't about to call me son
We're getting closer to the border
And we're getting farther from his gun

Say babe I didn't know you were only seventeen
When you stepped into my limousine
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 won't you?
Um um