

## Road Fever

Foghat

I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,  
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.  
Out of the smog, headin' into the sun,  
I'm goin' to New Orleans, Bourbon Street here I come!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,  
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,  
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

Got the heat up high, and the radio's on,  
Diggin' rock and roll music while we're ridin' along.  
Maybe Atlanta, may be Birmingham,  
I know where I'm going, God knows where I am!

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,  
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,  
Give her the gun, drive like a hurricane.

Speeding along like a bullet from a gun,  
It's a three day ride, we're gonna make it in one.  
I'm back on the road and I ain't gonna stop,  
Goin' to roll 'til I'm old, gonna rock 'til I drop.

Road fever, wheels turnin' in the rain,  
Road fever, fire burnin' in my brain,  
Go driver go! Move like a hurricane.

Woo!  
Go driver go!  
We're gone  
Woo!  
Yea, we're goin' to New Orleans  
We're goin' to New Orleans  
Look out here I come  
Whoo!