

Sweet Hitch-Hiker

John Fogerty

Was ridin' along side the highway,
Rollin' up the countryside.
Thinkin' I'm the devil's heatwave,
What you burn in your crazy mind?
Saw a slight distraction
Standin' by the road.
She was smilin' there, yellow in her hair.
"Do you wanna," I was thinkin', "would you care?"

Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
Won't you ride on my fast machine?

Cruisin' on thru the junction,
I'm flyin' 'bout the speed of sound.
Noticin' peculiar function,
I ain't no roller coaster; show me down.
I turned away to see her,
Whoa, she caught my eye.
But I was rollin' down, movin' too fast.
"Do you wanna," she was thinkin', "can it last?"

Sweet hitch-a-hiker,
We could make music at the Greasy King.
Sweet hitch-a-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' in my way,
Won't you give a poor boy a ride?
Here she comes a-ridin',
Lord, she's flyin' high.
But she was rollin' down, movin' too fast.
"Do you wanna," she was thinkin', "can I last?"

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