

Hit The Highway

John Mayall

I'm going to hit the highway travel all up and down
I'm going to hit the highway travel all up and down
When my feet start a moving they take me all down the town

It's eleven fifty seven by the clock on the shelf
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By the time it comes to midnight I'll be long gone by myself

The night is full of maybe the hard gold is calling me
The night is full of maybe the hard gold is calling me
Take my blues of trouble going to let the highway free