

Highway Blues

Roy Harper

Take a look down your highway
Tell me what d'you see
Well if you're down my way
It could well be me
Stood on your corner
I'm nearly down on one knee
Can you hear me calling for you
So damn easy to see
And it can't be forever
And it won't be for long
So don't you think that it's better
We speak the same tongue
Out here in this weather
We must surely belong
Birds of a feather
Whatever the song:
Please give me a lift man
It can't be for far
The way that you shift man
In your empty car,
I've got the highway blues
In my holy (holey, wholly) shoes
And I cannot choose
What I look like
And I got here from yesterday
On porridge and bait
Swallowing sorrow
Following fate
Poaching tomorrow
From God and the state
Of homo his shadow
The well known long haired straight
But I've got a good reason
For being this way
I'm happy for certain
And hoping to stay
Travelling trust
Across the new day
Gathering dust
Down your highway
Please give me a lift man...
It can't be for far
The way that you shift man
In your empty car
I've got the highway blues
In my holy shoes
And I cannot choose
What I look like
Out on the streets
Or where my drum beats
In between the clean sheets
Of my love life
And I need little Margaret
Out here again
Screwing some traffic
From the shaven insane
With thumbs like a dragnet

She pulls like a train
And she looks like a magnet;
And she comes like a warm rain
Please give me a lift man, etc