

# 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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