

Hitchin' a Ride

Green Day

Hey mister, where you headed?
Are you in a hurry?
I need a lift to happy hour
I say oh no
Do you brake for distilled spirits?
I need a break as well
The well that inebriates the guilt
One, two, one, two, three, four
Cold turkey's getting stale
Tonight I'm eating crow
Fermented salmonella
Poison oak, no
There's a drought at the fountain of youth
And I'm dehydrating
My tongue is swelling up, I said
One, two, one, two, three, four
Troubled times
You know I cannot lie
I'm off the wagon
And I'm hitchin' a ride
There's a drought at the fountain of youth
And I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up
I said... Shit!
Troubled times
You know I cannot lie
I'm off the wagon
And I'm hitchin' a ride
Don't know where I'm going, hitchin' a ride
Say birthday boys, hey!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>