

Green Day, Hitchin' A Ride

Hey mister, where you headed?
Are you in a hurry?
I need a lift to happy hour
Say oh no
Do you brake for distilled spirits?
I need a break as well
Oh well that inibriates the guilt
1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4
Cold turkey's getting stale
Tonight I'm eating crow
Fermented salmonella poison oak, no
There's a drought at the fountain of youth
Now I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up
I said 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4
Troubled times,
You know I can not lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride
There's a drought at the fountain of youth
Now I'm dehydrated
My tongue is swelling up
I say SHIIIIIT!
Troubled times, you know I can not lie
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride (don't know where I'm going)
Hitchin' a ride (don't know where I'm going)
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