

# Green Day, Hitchin' A Ride Live

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.

1, 2

1, 2, 3, 4

Cold turkeys 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 say

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, and I'm dehydrating  
My tongue is swelling up,  
I say SHIT!

(guitar solo)

Troubled times, you know I can not lie  
I'm off the wagon and I'm hitchin' a ride

(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
(No, no way!) Hitchin' a ride  
Take one for the road trip!