Sweet Hitch-Hiker
Words and Music by J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright (in 4)

VERSE

1. Was Rid-in' a-long-side the high-way,— Roll-in' up the coun-try-side,
2. (Cruis) in' on thru the junc-tion,— I'm fly-in' 'bout the speed of sound,
3. (Was) bust-ed up a long the high-way,— I'm the sad-dest rid-in' fool a-live.

Think-in' I'm the de-vil's heat-wave,— What you burn in your cra-zy mind?
No tic-in' pe-cu-liar func-tion,— Cain't no rol-ler coast-er show me down.
Wond-ering if you're go-in' my way,— Won't you give a poor boy a ride?

Saw a slight dis-trac-tion,— Stand-in' by the road;
I turned a-way to see her,— Woah! she caught my eye;
Here she comes a-rid-in— Lord, she's fly-in' high.
She was smilin' there, Yellow in her hair;
But I was rollin' down, Movin' too fast;
But she was rollin' down, Movin' too fast;
Do you wanna, I was thinkin',
Do you wanna, She was thinkin',
Do you wanna, She was thinkin',
CHORUS
Would you care?
Can it last?
Can I last?
Sweet Hitch-(a)-Hiker,
We could make music at the
Greas-y King.
Sweet Hitch-(a)-Hiker,
Won't you ride on my fast
12.
D. S. and fade-
out on Chorus
2. Cruis-
ma-chine?
3. Was
ma-chine?