

Hitch-Hiker

Written by Dick Reicheg & Eric Weissberg

1. Well won't somebody stop and give a poor boy a ride,
The night time will be coming soon and it's getting cold outside,
And my hand is getting numb from sticking out my thumb,
But if I can just keep moving on then I'll be satisfied.

chorus: 'cos I'm a hitch-hiker, I'm a boy without a home,
A suitcase and my old guitar are the only things I own,
And though I've tried to settle down in lots of little old towns,
The only time I'm happy is when I'm rambling 'round.

2. You might find me on the freeway or on route sixty-six,
With nothing in my pockets 'cept my old guitar picks,
And I'd be glad to sing a song if you'll just take me along,
But if you don't like my singing, we can just talk politics.

chorus:

3. I first started on my rambling ways about ten years ago,
To try and learn about the things that every man should know,
But the more that I see, the more I want to be free,
To settle down and be satisfied ain't good enough for me.

chorus:

coda: Yes, the only time I'm happy is when I'm rambling 'round.