

Highway 1

Foxboro Hot Tubs

Highway 1, tb by whatsername - www.whatsername.at

Intro one, two " a one, two three, four you doing it fucking wrong

Versel

B D E A B IÂ'm on **A** midnight dead trip
I m on a mission from God.
A stolen car and a death wish.
To hell on Highway 1

Chorus

E
Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour.
E **B** **B**
I m gonna fly til the tires can t fly no more, C mon!
E
I ve got my blues, gonna make a racket.
F#
Nothing to lose but this straight jacket on too tight.
G A
I m al--ive!!!

Verse2

B D E A B
As the wind comes off the ocean.
And my hair is combed just right.
I m in a stolen locomotion.
Straight out of 1965.

Chorus

E E B B E E F# G A
So, pass the bottle, a hundred miles per hour.
I m gonna fly til the tires can t fly no more, C mon!
I ve got my friends and a shark skin jacket.
Nothing to lose, gonna live it up til I die.
I m al"ive, Whoo!!

Guitar Solo 4x verse theme **B D E A B**

Verse3

B D E A B
Well, on the night before the supper.
And I m gonna smash the glass just right.
So, give me one good dose of thunder.
Before I fall on my ass tonight.

Chorus

E E B B E E F# G A
Four on the floor, a hundred miles per hour.
I m gonna fly til the tires can t fly no more, C mon!

I ve got my blues, gonna make a racket.

Nothing to lose but this straight jacket on too tight.

I m al--ive!!!

B D E A B C mon!

B D E A B Hahaha!

2x **B D E A B**