

**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**