

Sweet Hitch Hiker
John Fogerty

By Brian Mayled: rarcommando@msn.com

VERSE:

D **G**
Was Ridin along side the highway, rollin up the country side.
D **G**
Thinkin I m the devil s heatwave, what you burn in your crazy mind?
D **C** **G**
Saw a slight distraction standin by the road;
C **A**
She was smilin there, yellow in her hair;
D
Do you wanna, I was thinkin , would you care.

Refrão ----- A

Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,
G **D**
We could make music at the Greasy King.
A
Sweet Hitch-a-Hiker,
G
Won t you ride on my fast machine? -----

VERSE:

D **G**
Cruisin on thru the junction, I m flyin bout the speed of sound,
D **G**
Noticin peculiar function, I ain t no roller coaster show me down.
D **C** **G**
I turned away to see her, Woah! she caught my eye,
C **A**
But I was rollin down, movin too fast;
D
Do you wanna, She was thinkin can it last.

Chorus

SOLO during D C G C A D

VERSE:

D **G**
Was busted up along the highway, I m the saddest ridin fool alive.
D **G**
Wond ring if you re goin in my way, won t you give a poor boy a ride?
D **C** **G**
Here she comes a ridin , Lord, She s flyin high.

C

A

But she was rollin down, movin too fast;

D

Do you wanna, She was thinkin can I last.

Repeat the Chorus 3 times