

## 101 North

Tomahawk

Hitch a ride  
Hitch a ride

Eagles swirl and they pick up the bones  
I'll shut you down like a bank on a Sunday  
The engine has no stories to tell because there's no-one to tell 'em to  
The last drugstore has sold the very last pill

Out on the road and I am high enough, thumb's up  
You're pullin' over, gonna pick me up, shut up  
The rusty wiper blades move along, in song  
Having a lonely body in your car, shut up

My piece is in your ear movin' fast, thinkin' clear  
I'll squeeze if you don't steer and follow the line straighter, shut up  
You are the bullet, I am the gun, I won  
Screw on the silencer and have some fun

Gray highway deserting me  
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way

Hitch a ride  
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Treading water in an ocean of champagne  
You blow a spark plug when you see a drop of blood  
And how many joyrides will it take, the sombre spasms harboring  
Those pulsing neon hangovers, hang me

It's Friday night, I'm gonna fuck or fight, that's right  
This time and all I need is one more ride, shut up  
I'm car-jacking on a fine spring afternoon  
Don't kid a kidder, don't shit a bullshitter, shut up

I'm hotter than the crack you're cookin' up, heat up  
I'm colder than the smack you're jackin' up, shut up  
I'm a balloon and I am losin' air, beware  
Squeak, ah, squeak, there's blood on me

Gray highway, deserting me  
Hitchhiking, a pair of high-beams coming my way

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