

# Gasoline Alley Bred

## The Hollies

Oh woman get your head out of curlers !  
Time to get your butt out of bed !  
Get down your hats and your baggage my child

Going back home getting back to the homestead.  
I'm gonna heat me some water

Put a shine upon my shoes.  
Telephone my mac keep the room above Joe's  
Cause we're coming back  
Coming back to the homestead.  
Ev'rything is packed gettin' back to the homestead this time.  
This time we'll stay  
Baby.

I know that we could have made it.  
We had ideas in our heads.  
And I wish somehow we could have saved it

But we're gasoline alley bred.  
Yet the years haven't really been wasted

And I know it in my head.  
We did good for the life that we tasted  
Cause we're gasoline alley  
Gasoline alley bred.

Woman did you really believe it

I did ev'rything a man could do.  
Breakin' my back just to make us a dime.  
That don't mean a thing when no one wants to know you.  
I've seen the hurt upon your face.  
How many times do you think that I've cried

Knowin' ev'ry day your heart was gettin' broken

Holdin' back your pride 'till you were nearly chocking  
Oh  
Let's get away

Baby

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