

# A Little Gasoline

Clark, Terri

Throwing pictures out the window  
Scattered by the way the wind blows  
Bye bye baby, that's the last I'll see of you  
Shoe box full of old love letters  
I'll tear each one till I feel better  
And I won't look back 'cause I don't like the view  
What my heart needs now is rest  
So I'm packing up and I'm headed west  
My mind's made up, I'll put it to the test  
Pushing myself and this old machine  
Burning fumes and what's left of my dreams  
Let 'em go 'cause I don't need no strings  
Just give me a road and a little gasoline  
We talked in circles 'til the words ran out  
And it all came down to an angry shout  
Before I knew it I was in third gear and gone  
Well, this had been coming for a long, long time  
If I said I'm sorry, well, I'd be lying  
If you think I'll never make it, well, you'd be wrong  
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