A Little Gasoline

Terri Clark

Throwing pictures out the window
Scattered by the way the wind blows
Bye bye baby, that's the last I'll see of youShoe 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 viewWhat 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 testPushing 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 gasolineWe 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 goneWell, 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 wrongWhat my heart needs now is rest
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