

# Gasoline Alley

Rod Stewart

I think I'm goin' mad and it's makin' me sad  
It's a yearnin' for my old back door  
I realize maybe I was born to lead  
Better swallow my silly country pride Goin' home, running' home  
Down the gasoline alley where I started from  
Goin' home, and I'm running' home  
Down the gasoline alley where I was born When the weather's better and rails unfreeze  
And the wind won't whistle 'round my knees  
I'll put on my weather suit and catch you in the rain  
I'll be home before the milk's upon the door Goin' home, running' home  
Down the gasoline alley where I started from  
Goin' home, and I'm running' home  
Down the gasoline alley where I was born But if anything should happen and my plans go wrong  
Should I stray to the house on the hill  
Let it be known that my intentions were good  
I'd be singing in my alley if I could And if I'm goin' away and it's my turn to go  
Should the blood run cold in my veins  
Just one favor I'd be askin' of you  
Don't bury me here it's too cold Take me back carry me back  
Down to gasoline alley where I started from  
Take me back, won't cha carry me home down  
The gasoline alley where I started from Take me back carry me back  
Down the gasoline alley where I started from  
Take me back, carry me back down  
The gasoline alley where I started from Take me back carry me back  
Down the gasoline alley where I started from

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