

Gasoline

Sheryl Crow

Way back in the year of 2017
The sun was growing hotter
And the oil was way beyond it's peak
When crazy Hector Johnson broke into the refinery
And the black gold started flowing just like Boston tea
It was the summer of the riots
And London sat in sweltering heat
And the gangs of Mini Coopers
Took the battle to the streets
But when the creed was handed down
For no more trucks and no more cars
They threw cans of petrol
Through the windows of Scotland Yard and they yell
?Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah?
When the mounties stormed the palace
Of the Saudi family
They held them up for ransom
Without disturbing their high tea
But their get away was shaky
They stalled in the Riyadh streets
'Cause you can't make it very far
When your tank is on empty
But the final can of gasoline was loaded on a truck
And driven through the streets of Agra to the palace aqueduct
You see, all the majesty of worship
That once adorned these fatal halls
Was just a target for the angry
As they blew up the Taj Mahal, and they yell
?Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah?

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
My friend, Gary ran a market way down in Tennessee

Where the farmers got together
And talked about this great country
But when the government turned it's back on farming
Man, what I hear, is they dragged the pumps out of the ground
With a big vintage John Deere
Well, I had soldiers on my payroll
Standing guard on my front drive
Snipers on my roof poised at those
Who didn't want me alive
'Cause they audited my taxes
And my family under threat
'Cause I had a message and a megaphone
And I'll scream it to the death, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gasoline will be free, will be free, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You got the farms in Argentina
Making fuel from sugar cane
You got the bastards of the Washington
Afraid of popping that greed vain
'Cause the money's in the pipeline
And pipeline's running dry
And we'll be the last to recognize
Where there's shit, there's always flies

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