A Pain In The Gas

Billy Ray Cyrus

Left for work this morning without any warning
That little tiny gate said it's that time
So I started looking, but I just kept on looking
As I read the prices there upon those signsSoon I knew my luck was out, my tank was drying
Just about put me on my feet, send me crying
So I pulled up to a pump, feeling as dumb as a stump
Grabbed that nozzle and bent over one more timeIt's a pain in my gas, it's killing me so fast
All my hard earned money just thrown away
Blame Bin Laden or Sudan, Iraq or Iran
All I know is this hurtin' just won't pass
There seems to be a real pain in my gasSo if you see me coming, begging or bumming
Under these three questions that I ask
Who's to blame for all my sorrow? Does relief lie in tomorrow?
In the meantime could I borrow a little cash?'Cause there's a pain in my gas, it's killing me so fast
All my hard earned money just thrown away
Blame Bin Laden or Sudan, Iraq or Iran
All I know is this hurtin' just won't pass
There seems to be a real pain in my gasHelp me doctor there's a deep pain in my gas
Mr. President there's a real pain in my gas

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