

# 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 signs Soon 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 time It'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 gas So 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 gas Help me doctor there's a deep pain in my gas  
Mr. President there's a real pain in my gas

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