

Gasoline

Whiskey Myers

I don't mind work and I love to fish
And I've been known as a son of a bitch
When life gets tough, I roll my sleeves up
Yeah, I get it done, it's always enough
I toil real hard with nothing to show
I owe it all to the savings and loan
So break our backs and make us slaves
All for the love of the USA

Times get harder, give me a fire starter
Drench myself up in holy water
Spiritual things, the Heartland bleeds
I need a Bible, a gun, and gasoline

Ain't nothing much to do in this town
The industry's gone and the mill has closed down
And up on the hill lives a Jezebel
She's got some sin and some pills to sell
So no need to lie with your opium eyes
When you got a script there's no need to hide
Bitch and moan and dance in the street
We'd rather have bombs than food to eat

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And you think that you're really gonna make a change
Maybe you and I are the ones to blame

Times get harder, give me a fire starter
Drench myself up in holy water
Spiritual things, the Heartland bleeds
I need a Bible, a gun, and gasoline, yeah

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