

Hollies

"Gasoline Alley Bred"

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Oh, woman get your head out of curlers
Time to get your butt outta bed
Get down your hats and your baggage my child
Goin' back home gettin' back to the homestead

I'm gonna heat me some water
Put a shine upon my shoes
Telephone my ma, keep the room above Joe's
'Cause we're comin' back, comin' back to the
homestead
Everythin' is packed, gettin' back to the homestead
This time, this time we'll stay, baby

I know that we could have made it
We had ideas in our heads
And I wish somehow we could have saved it
But we're gasoline Alley Bred
Yet the years haven't really been wasted
And I know it in my head
We did good for the life that we tasted
'Cause we're gasoline Alley
Gasoline Alley Bred

Woman you can really believe it?
I did everythin' a man could do
Breakin' my back just to make us a dime
That don't mean a damn when no one wants to know
you

Woman I know how your feelin'
I've seen the hurt upon your face
How many times do you think that I've cried?
Knowin' every day that your heart was gettin' broken
Holdin' back your pride till you were nearly chokin'
Let's get away, baby

I know that we could have made it
We had ideas in our heads
And I wish somehow we could have saved it
But we're gasoline Alley Bred
Yet the years haven't really been wasted
And I know it in my head

We did good for the life that we tasted
'Cause we're gasoline Alley
Gasoline Alley Bred
(Gasoline Alley)
Gasoline Alley Bred
(Gasoline Alley)
Gasoline Alley Bred
(Gasoline Alley)
Gasoline Alley Bred

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