

## Sheryl Crow Feat. Ben Harper "Gasoline"

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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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