

## Phil Ochs "Gas Station Women"

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Everything is going wrong, everything is bad  
There's no one I can talk to when I am feeling sad  
She broke my heart a million ways, I'm losing all my  
friends  
The boys down at the factory ask me where I've been

Fill 'er up with love, please won't you, mister?  
Just the hi-test is what I used to say  
But that was before I lost my baby  
I'll have a dollar's worth of regular today

I never should have left my home, never left the farm  
But the city was exciting it couldn't do me any harm  
The more folks I run across, the less I seem to know  
The days go by too quickly the nights go by too slow.

Fill 'er up with love, please won't you, mister?  
Just the hi-test is what I used to say  
But that was before I lost my baby  
I'll have a dollar's worth of regular today

I cannot face another girl, I believe I'll turn to drink  
So I won't remember, so I won't have to think  
Tomorrow will bring happiness or at least, another day  
So I will bid farewell and I'll be on my way

Fill 'er up with love, please won't you, mister?  
Just the hi-test is what I used to say  
But that was before I lost my baby  
I'll have a dollar's worth of regular today

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