

## 6 Gig "Gasoline Trail"

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Work hard towards nothing,  
a garden growing hurts.  
Fresh wheels but no body,  
a truck that just won't work.  
Dead leaves burn as easily as gasoline does,  
gasoline does.  
And now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and your color is violet.  
Work hard for nothing,  
a garden growing rusts.  
Dead flower 4 barrel,  
fertilizing the dirt.  
Dead leaves burn as easily as gasoline does,  
gasoline does.  
And now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and your color is violence.  
Why can't I decide  
between two things I've found  
in my own lifetime  
left here all the time.  
And now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and your color is violence.  
And now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised, my friend,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and your color is violence.  
And now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and now your soul is bruised,  
and your color is violence.

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