

Krig

"Burnin' Gasoline"

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He was an old country singer; sparks flew from his fingers
As he stood behind a chicken wire cage,
And the songs he was singin', they were soulful and honest,
But the frat boys booed him off of the stage.
I bought him a drink and sat down at his table.
He said, "boy, if I look tired, I am...
I drove four-hundred miles just to play for the tip jar,
And nobody here gives a damn."

CHORUS:

"I've spent my life out on some lonesome highway
Dead set on chasin' a dream.
There was a time when this road led somewhere,
But now I'm just out here
Burnin' gasoline."

Well, we drank a few more and he talked about the old days
When he wrote songs for Conway and Merle.
He said, "son, my tunes were the heart of country music,
But now it's a whole different world."
I said, "here's to the good ones," and we turned up our bottles
As the bar owner walked through the crowd.
He said, "it's gettin' late, and you haven't played your last set,"
And the old man said, "oh, yes I have."

REPEAT CHORUS

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