

## Trash Can Sinatras

### "No gasoline"

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I fold and unfold it,  
I rolled it and sold it  
My hands turning blue with the cold  
Well-fired at one end  
And coo's-arsed the other  
On Friday I met a girl,  
On Friday I met a cowboy girl.

I stuck to her guns  
As she showed me her circus  
And asked me to stow away  
The theater was empty  
A pedestrian entry  
The night they towed the shows away  
Riding shotgun, I worked the waltzer  
With diesel hair and petrol temper

No gasoline?  
Syphon off rancid ritas  
Another tortured weekend ahead.

I'm in, I'm in, amen

The beer tent was empty,  
I sang "one for my baby",  
But the bastard just closed the bar.  
No dumbo above us, no whipcrack  
Or sawdust-  
And no more stars in these eyes

Billy smart,  
He broke my heart  
Now there's no magic in the mudflats.  
No gasoline?  
Syphon off rancid ritas  
Took uppers and downers  
And flying arounders

I've time to waste, cause mine's not money.  
Another tortured weekend ahead  
Amen.

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