

# Billy Ray Cyrus, A Pain In The Gas

Left for work this mornin'  
Without any warnin'  
That little tiny gage said it's that time  
So I started lookin'  
But I just kept on lookin'  
As I read the prices there upon those signs  
Soon I knew my luck was out  
My tank was dry and just about  
Put me on my feet and send me cryin'  
So I pulled up to a pump  
Feeling as dumb as a stump  
Grabbed that nozzle and bent over one more time  
It's a pain in my gas  
It's killin' me so fast  
All my hard earned money just thrown away  
Blame bin Ladin or Sudan  
Irak or Iran  
All I know is this a-hurtin' just won't pass  
There seems to be a real pain in my gas  
So if you see me thumbin'  
A-beggin' or a-bummin'  
Ponder these three questions that I ask  
Who's to blame for all my sorrow  
Does relief lie in tomorrow  
In the meantime could I borrow  
A little cash  
'cause there's a pain in my gas  
It's killin' me so fast  
All my hard earned money just thrown away  
Blame bin Ladin or Sudan  
Irak or Iran  
All I know is this a-hurtin' just won't pass  
There seems to be a real pain in my gas  
Help me doctor there's a deep pain in my gas  
Mr president there's a real pain in my gas