Phil Ochs, Gas Station Women

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 D7 G The boys down at the factory ask me where I've been Fill 'er up with love Please won't you, mister? D7 Just the hi-test is what I used to say G But that was before I lost my baby D7 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