

Sheryl Crow, Gasoline

Way back in the year of 2017
The sun was growing hotter
And oil was way beyond its peak
When crazy Hector Johnson broke into a refinery
And the black gold started flowing
Just like Boston tea

It was the summer of the riots
And London suffered sweltering heat
And the gangs of Mini Coopers
Took the battle to the streets
But when the creed was handed down
For no more trucks and no more cars
They threw cans of petrol through the windows
At Scotland Yard

Gasoline
Will be free, will be free
Gasoline
Will be free, will be free

When the Mounties stormed the palace
Of the Saudi family
They held them up for ransom
Without disturbing their high tea
But their getaway was shaky
They stalled in the Riyadh streets
'Cause you cant make it very far when your tank is on empty

Final can of gasoline was loaded on a truck
And driven through the streets of Agra to the palace aqueduct
You see, all the majesty of worship that once
adorned these fatal halls
Was the target for the angry
As they blew up the Taj Mahal

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Gary ran a market way down in Tennessee
Where all the farmers got together and talked about this great country
But when the government turned its back on the farming man, what I hear
They dragged the pumps out of the ground
With a big vintage John Deere

Ive got soldiers on my payroll
Standing guard on my front drive
Snipers on my roof poised at those
Who didnt want me alive
'Cause they audited my taxes
My family under threat
'Cause Ive got a message and a megaphone
And Ill scream it to the death

Gasoline
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You got the farms in Argentina
Making fuel from sugar cane
You got the bastards in Washington

Afraid of popping that greed vein
'Cause the moneys in the pipeline
And the pipelines running dry
And well be the last to recognize
Where there is shit theres always flies