

Rolling Stones, Petrol Gang

Please Mr. President, say it isn't so
And I have a buck till I'm on duct ten row
Please Mr. President, say it isn't so
I don't wanna, pay \$10.00 for gas
I got nowhere to go...

I talk to Mr. Getty
I talk to Texaco
I talk to Standard Oil
They say they got plenty to go..oh
Please Mr. President, say it isn't so
I don't have to sell my Cadillac that I just paid for
I just paid for...

Play it faster Stu
Bit behind there..dear
About two miles (pause) behind me
Please Mr. President, say it isn't so
I don't have to sell my Cadillac that I just paid for

I talk to Mr. Getty
And I talk to Standard Oil
They say they got plenty

But they ain't gonna part for no more

Please Mr. Getty, I'm from Standard Oil
I'm down in Houston, where they got it all stored
I phone the coaster, the funk, and all the guard
We don't need none of those
We don't need any of that Arab stuff

Aw, please Mr. President, say it isn't so
I don't have to sell my Cadillac, I just paid for

My friend says the trouble is this country's too Goddamn big
Maybe we should pull it in from the ages a bit
Maybe that way we'll have so far to go

I called Mr. Getty, I even called-up Texaco, Texaco
They got plenty left, they got, plenty to go
Hey Mr. President, say it isn't so
Aw, Mr. President, say it isn't so

Why do I have to sell my Cadillac I just paid for, I just paid
for...