

Tom Russell, A Dollar's Worth Of Gasoline

Oh Happy Lands, Oh Happy Lands
We have paid for our admission
And our dancing clothes are freshly cleaned
Now we're drivin' towards the judgement
On a dollar's worth of gasoline

Julio hits the boulevard runnin' scared and filled with hateful love
Was a dollar's worth of flaming petrol thrown inside the social club
Where upstairs his Honduran friends were drunk on the American Dream
Yah they were ready for, ready for their glory ride on a dollar's worth of gasoline

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Oh, the banana daiquiris, the exotic drinks from many foreign lands
But when the smoke hit their lungs, they died with their drinks in their hands
Oh Julio, poor Julio, all twisted up with his romantic need
Poor real estate developers all twisted up with their greed

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87 people with a smoky taste of hell on earth
87 coffins lined up all around the big cathedral church
"Building Violations!" the politicians beat their chests and screamed
Well they got a lot of mileage on a dollar's worth of gasoline

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