

Tom T. Hall, Back When Gas Was Thirty Cents A

Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon America was young and strong and brave
Lord knows that I didn't have much money
And my old car had seen some better days
You were young and fresh as brand new roses
I was so in love and strong and brave
Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon and love was only sixty cents away
I don't think I'd know you if I'd see you I practice my forgettin' till it works
Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon I didn't know the meaning of hurt
(fiddle)
Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon
And sweet magnolias line those country roads
We burned a tank of love most every weekend
And on work days I helped 'em fix the roads
My friends were many and our dreams were certain
Whoever thought we'd go our seperate ways
Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon and love was only sixty cents away
I don't think I'd know you...
Back when gas was thirty cents a gallon and love was only sixty cents away