

Gas Station Women

Phil Ochs

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
The boys down at the factory ask me where I've been

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 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.

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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

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