

# Gasoline

Sheryl Crow

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

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 can't 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

Gasoline will be free, will be free

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

I've got soldiers on my payroll  
Standing guard on my front drive  
Snipers on my roof poised at those  
Who didn't want me alive  
,cause they audited my taxes  
My family under threat  
,cause I've got a message and a megaphone  
And I'll scream it to the death

Gasoline will be free, will be free

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 money's in the pipeline

And the pipeline's running dry  
And we'll be the last to recognize  
Where there is shit there's always flies