

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