

We'll I'm running out of fuel  
Yeah I'm rolling on the fumes  
But I stand, stand the test of time  
With a millions miles ahead  
Oh, my batteries are dead  
But I roll, rolling down the line

Now I lose my frown, 'cause it's saturday night  
The music's loud and everything's alright  
It's alright, alright to me, it's alright  
It's true, all you gotta do, is fill my tank with booze  
And everything will be just fine  
All you gotta do is fill me up with booze  
And everything will be alright

Now my heart is growing cold  
And my stories getting old  
I agree, it's boring being me  
I am running out of air  
Used it all and nothing spared  
But I breathe, breathing gazoline

Now I lose my frown, 'cause it's saturday night  
The music's loud and everything's alright  
It's alright, it's alright to me, it's alright  
It's true, all you gotta do, is fill my tank with booze  
And everything will be just fine  
All you gotta do is fill me up with booze  
And everything will be alright

Yeah, but I lose my frown, and it's saturday night  
The music is gone but everything's fine  
It's alright, it's alright to me, it's alright  
It's true, all you gotta do, is fill my tank with booze  
And everything will be just fine  
All you gotta do is fill me up with booze  
And everything will be alright

All I ask of you, is fill me up with booze  
And everything could be, should be, would be alright