

Gazoline Business

The Bones

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