

Gasoline Alley Bred

The Hollies

Oh woman get your head out of curlers,
Time to get your butt out of bed!
Get down your hats and your baggage my child,
Going back home - getting back to the homestead.

I'm-a gonna heat me some water,
Put a shine upon my shoes.
Telephone my mac keep the room above Joe's,
'cause we're coming back, coming back to the homestead.
Ev'rything is packed gettin' back to the homestead.
This time, this time we'll stay - baby.

I know that we could have made it,
We had ideas in our heads.
And I wish somehow we could have saved it,
But we're Gasoline Alley bred.
Yet the years havn't really been wasted,
And I know it in my head.
We did good for the life that we tasted,
'cause we're Gasoline Alley -
Gasoline Alley bred!

Woman did you really believe it,
I did ev'rything a man could do.
Breakin' my back just to make us a dime.
That don't mean a thing when noone wants to know you.
Oh, woman I know how you're feeling,
I've seen the hurt upon your face.
How many times do you think that I've cried,
Knowin' ev'ry day your heart was gettin' broken,
Holdin' back your pride 'till you were nearly chocking;
Oooh - let's get away - baby.

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(Gasoline alley...)

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