Gasoline Shovels & Rope

Left, right, left right left

G C G

Pack em up Charlie gonna leave this place
G D G

Turn our shoulders to the Indie space
G C G

It don t matter if ya gone today
G D G

Long as everybody stay away
G C G

Rich is rich and poor is poor
G D G

And the money you have ain t good no more
G C G

Wait in a line, wait in a line
G D G

D Am C
Everything you planted is gone to wrought G
No one around to pull the little you got D Am C
Four big wheels American steel G
Pour gasoline on the killing field

Hey mister can I buy a little time?

March them soldiers down that line
March them boys in straight time
Good four boys like feel on the fire
Bad news comin down the eggbeat wire
Dance and turn til your fingers burn
What if anything did you earn?
Pain it tastes like a savage fire
The blood lust of the youth gone wild

Everything you planted is gone to wrought No one around to pull the little you got Four big wheels American steel Pour gasoline on the killing field

Everybody s sick there s a fever going round Set it on fire, burn the whole thing down Go somewhere, he s gona do time Where nobody has to hear that terrible sound Everything you planted is gone to wrought No one around to pull the little you got Four big wheels American steel
Pour gasoline on the killing field
Pour gasoline on the killing field
Pour gasoline on the killing field