

**Gasoline Alley Bred**  
**The Hollies**

Gasoline Alley Bred

**Bb** **Bbmaj7**  
Woman get your hair out of curlers, time get your butt out of bed.  
**Fm** **D#**  
Get down your hats and baggage, my child.  
**Cm** **F**  
Going back home, going back to the homestead.

**Bb** **Bbmaj7**  
I m a-gonna heat me some water and put a shine upon my shoes.  
**Fm** **D#**  
Telephone my ma, keep the room above Joe s  
**Cm** **F**  
Cause we re coming back, coming back to the homestead.  
**Cm** **F**  
Everything is packed, getting back to the homestead  
**C** **D#** **F**  
This time, this time we ll stay, baby.

Chorus:

**Bb** **D#** **Bb** **D#** **Bb**  
I know that we could have made it; we had ideas in our heads.  
**D#** **Bb** **D#** **Bb**  
And I wish somehow we could have saved it but we re Gasoline Alley bred.  
**D#** **Bb** **D#** **Bb**  
Yet the years haven t really been wasted and I know it in my head.  
**D#** **Bb** **D#**  
We did good for the life that we ve tasted cause we re Gasoline Alley  
**D#m** **Bb**  
Gasoline Alley bred

Woman, you can really believe it, I did everything a man could do.  
Breaking my back just to make us a dime.  
That won t mean a damn when no one wants to know you.

Woman, I know how you re feeling. I ve seen the hurt upon your face.  
How many time do you think that I ve cried?  
Knowing every day that your heart was getting broken,  
Holdin back your pride til you were nearly chokin  
Oh, let s get away, baby.

Chorus

**G#** **Bb**  
Gasoline Alley, Gasoline Alley Bred (repeat to fade)

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