

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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