

# Rod Stewart, Gasoline Alley

(Rod Stewart, Ron Wood)

I think I know now what's making me sad  
It's a yearnin' for my own back yard  
I realize maybe I was wrong to leave  
Better swallow up my silly country pride

Going home, running home  
Down to Gasoline Alley where I started from  
Going home, and I'm running home  
down to Gasoline Alley where I was born

When the weather's better and the rails unfreeze  
and the wind don't whistle 'round my knees  
I'll put on my weddin' suit and catch the evening train  
I'll be home before the milk's upon the door

Going home, running home  
down to Gasoline Alley where I started from  
Going home, and I'm running home  
down to Gasoline Alley where I was born

But if anything should happen and my plans go wrong  
Should I stray to the house on the hill  
Let it be known that my intentions were good  
I'd be singing in my alley if I could

And if I'm called away and it's my turn to go  
Should the blood run cold in my veins  
Just one favor I'll be asking of you  
Don't bury me here, it's too cold  
Take me back, carry me back  
Down to Gasoline Alley where I started from  
Take me back, won't you carry me home  
Down to Gasoline Alley where I started from

Take me back, carry me back  
Down to Gasoline Alley where I started from  
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