

# Heavy Fuel

## Dire Straits

Last time I was sober, man I felt bad  
Worst hangover that I ever had  
It took six hamburgers and scotch all night  
Nicotine for breakfast just to put me right  
'Cos if you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool, you got to run  
On heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuel  
YeahMy life makes perfect sense  
Lust and food and violence  
Sex and money are my major kicks  
Get me in a fight I like the dirty tricks  
'Cos if you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool  
Yes if you wanna run cool, you got to run  
On heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuelMy chick loves a man who's strong  
The things she'll do to turn me on  
I love the babes, don't get me wrong  
Hey, that's why I wrote this songYeah  
I don't care if my liver is hanging by a thread  
Don't care if my doctor says I ought to be dead  
When my ugly big car won't a-climb this hill  
I'll write a suicide note on a hundred dollar bill  
'Cos if you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool  
Yes if you wanna run cool, you got to run  
On heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuelHeavy, heavy fuel  
Heavy, heavy fuelHeavy, heavy fue-uel  
Heavy, heavy fue-uelHeavy, heavy fue-uel  
Heavy, heavy fue-uelHeavy, heavy fue-uel

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