

Ass Ponys, Fire In The Hole

we were burning leaded gasoline
rather fight than switch
found a stack of dirty magazines
hidden in the ditch

making fun of nearly everything
that lined up in our sights
i remember you used to come around
you came around, you'd come around
you came around, you came around

fire in the hole

pop the clutch and holler rabbits feet
roll the windows down
take a drink to find the strength you need
then pass the bottle 'round

i remember we used to ride around
we rode around, we'd ride around
we rode around, we rode around

fire in the hole