

Old 97's, Bel Air

I've been lightin' matches in the boiler room,
Wearing sulphur perfume.
(Don't I smell nice?)
You come sniffin' around just like you own the joint,
You know it's rude to point.
(Don't make me tell you twice.)
Well I like the way you walk,
That's why I left my door unlocked.
I must be going off half-cocked. (I sometimes do.)
You think it's funny, but I know it ain't no joke.
There's nothing left to read in here, there's nothing left to smoke.
Before the band the band kicks in, I guess I'd better start.
(I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart.)
You poured whiskey in my Slurpee, swear to God you got me drunk,
Now I'm thinking that I'm sunk.
(And I can't swim.)
I'm drowning in the back seat of a '61 Bel Air,
I got a mouthful of your hair.
(A handful of skin.)
I ain't suffocating,
I'm just sick and tired of waiting.
Stop this pointless hesitating. (Pull me in.)
There's an awful lot of stars out here, an awful lot of sky.
I'm turning on the radio, they're playing "Let it Ride."
Before the band the band kicks in, I guess I'd better start.
(I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart.)
We could cruise the lake like psychos,
Scare the kids on motorcycles.
(There ain't nothing I would rather do.)
It's 3-D on the TV, but it's empty on the street.
If it weren't for me and you, the avenue would be incomplete.
And I should say this, before this whole thing even starts,
I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart.