

# The Smell Of Gas

Danny Michel

I love the smell of gasoline,  
And I love an older car.  
I never drove it fast, and I never drove it far.  
I just sit here in the front seat,  
And stare at the stars.  
I got it from this biker,  
He said "you're gonna like her"  
It'll stop on a dime, and got more chrome than a silvermine.  
It never won't turn over, you can sleep in it till you're sober  
,  
And folks are always giving you the right of way.  
But the wheelskirts were missing,  
The gas gauge wouldn't budge.  
The wipers just made it worse, am I cursed from above?  
The radio caught on fire, and fried the power seats,  
And there's this overwhelming smell of roses and bleach.  
Now there's nothing I love more,  
Than a slow and peaceful ride.  
I thought of all the people who came to lay down here inside.  
From the Mississippi Chapel to the Meaford Tabernacle.  
I wondered how they lived and wondered how they died.  
Now the lady said I was crazy,  
The clerk said I was sick.  
The cop said it was just creepy, and that I had no respect.  
So maybe we best retire, like all your sudden guests.  
It's time I put you out to pasture, and lay you to rest.  
So I took his fifty dollars,  
And I handed him the keys.  
My stomach tied a knot, as it squealed up the street.  
Cause he drove it like a jackass, I shouted "hey not so fast!"  
Cause I respect an older car, and I love the smell of gas.