

## Bel Air

Old 97's

I've been lightin' matches in the boiler room  
Wearing sulfur 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 un-  
lock-  
ed  
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 s-  
moke  
Before the band kicks in, the getting 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 'Ready to ride'  
Before the band kicks in, the getting 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 rath-  
er 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