

Out on the Airstrip

Urge Overkill

Ah, take me with you...
You ground the flyboy
you'll be clear for miles
They're throwing a party
They're throwing vials
You been wearing a gymsuit
Flagging him down
Now to land this bigass bird
then pussy-bound

Out on the airstrip
the weather's is clear
nothing be ugly
can see him in here

Out on the airstrip
the weather's so clear
nothing so ugly
can see him in here

John hear of duress's
We're only guided yeah
we're doing ninety
we're doing fine
oh we're almost there

we're up there (way the fuck up there)
wine and having some bud
side door high post slo-mo
like no gun, no luck

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the weather's is clear
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Out on the airstrip
the weather's so clear
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And the girl's claps were always wild
when I asked her what that town did for shits
Well she just rolled onto the runway
and flashed me a picture of her kid

when the sun came up, she was hidden
and the speedballer started taking her high
I swore that morning