

## 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

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  
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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