

Mustang Kids

Zella Day

The mustang kids are out
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts
Black tar, tambourine
Playing for the girls in the back seats

The mustang kids are out
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts
White line, motor cade
Sweeter than your baby face

Small town gang got nothing to do
We got guns, got drugs, got the sun and the moon
We got big city plans but it always rains
And the sheriff is a crook and knows me by name

I said momma was insane and daddy was a criminal
I grew up in a trailer with a dream of fucking centerfolds
Now I'm making money experimenting with chemicals
The fact I'm still alive is why I still believe in miracles

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Small town gang yeah we get so bored
That I stole a shotgun and robbed a liquor store
We're running these streets, we're the mustang kids
Only doing what we want and don't take no shit

I might seem wild but momma raised a gentleman
In another life, no telling who I would have been
Now you're a king or a boxer in a ring,
But I'm just me so I sing

The mustang kids are out (6x)

I've been hearing all these things about you,
Creepin' into all the things that I do,
I've been hearing all these things about you
About you, about you

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