

# Out On The Airstrip

## Urge Overkill

Ah, take me with you  
You ground the fly boy  
You'll be clear for miles  
They're throwing a party  
They're throwing vials  
You been wearing a gym suit  
Flagging him down  
Now to land this big ass 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 slow 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  
Can see him in here  
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 speed baller started taking her high  
I swore that morning  
Girl, we're gonna fly, we're gonna fly  
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 goddamn clear  
No nothing so ugly  
Who is gonna buy you a meal, no

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>