

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

Songwriters

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