El Camino

Elizabeth Cook

I know this guy, hes all wrong for me
He wears shirts that are trippin on LSD
I must be high as a kite on diesel fumes
He got me sportin bell bottoms and braids to school
I never thought hed get this far
Certainly not in THAT kind of funky-ass car
Hes been pickin me up everyday at the curb
In his nineteen seventy-two refurb
EL CAMINO (Brown and Tangerine)
EL CAMINO (Drinkin gasoline)
CAMINO (Lean and obscene)
EL CAMINO
I told him your car is CREEPY man
And not in a gangsta kinda way
But in a PERV kinda way
You got a lot of nerve drivin that kind of car
And takin me fishing out to the park
Youre like some dude on blow in that movie Boogie Nights
And this Friday night you wanna go to the fights in your
After Saturday matinee roller derby
We went parking and things got blurry
I thought man I cant get much hotter
And then I caught a whiff of pina colada
And we were making love in the disco era
And he was Travolta and I was Farrah
I was like man what is happening here
Dude must of put a qualude in my beer
If I wake up married, Ill have to annul it
Right now my hands are in his mullet

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