

# 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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