

Bel Air

Old 97's

I've been lightin' matches in the boiler room
Wearing sulfur perfume, don't I smell nice?
You come sniffin' around just like you own the joint
You know it's rude to point, don't make me tell you twice
Well, I like the way you walk, that's why I left my
door unlocked
I must be going off half-cocked, I sometimes do
You think it's funny but I know it ain't no joke
There's nothing left to read in here, there's nothing left to smoke
Before the band kicks in, the getting better start
I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart
You poured whiskey in my Slurpee, swear to God you got me drunk
Now, I'm thinking that I'm sunk and I can't swim
I'm drowning in the back seat of a '61 Bel Air
I got a mouthful of your hair, a handful of skin
I ain't suffocating, I'm just sick and tired of waiting
Stop this pointless hesitating, pull me in
There's an awful lot of stars out here, an awful lot of sky
I'm turning on the radio, they're playing 'Ready to ride'
Before the band kicks in, the getting better start
I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart
We could cruise the lake like psychos
Scare the kids on motorcycles, there ain't nothing I would rather do
It's 3-D on the TV but it's empty on the
street
If it weren't for me and you, the avenue would be incomplete
And I should say this before this whole thing even starts
I'll stomp a mud hole in your heart

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