

Danny Michel

"The Smell Of Gas"

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I love the smell of gasoline,
And I love an older car.
I never drove it fast, and I never drove it far.
I just sit here in the front seat,
And stare at the stars.
I got it from this biker,
He said "you're gonna like her"
It'll stop on a dime, and got more chrome than a
silvermine.
It never won't turn over, you can sleep in it till you're
sober,
And folks are always giving you the right of way.
But the wheelskirts were missing,
The gas gauge wouldn't budge.
The wipers just made it worse, am I cursed from
above?
The radio caught on fire, and fried the power seats,
And there's this overwhelming smell of roses and
bleach.
Now there's nothing I love more,
Than a slow and peaceful ride.
I thought of all the people who came to lay down here
inside.
From the Mississippi Chapel to the Meaford Tabernacle.
I wondered how they lived and wondered how they
died.
Now the lady said I was crazy,
The clerk said I was sick.
The cop said it was just creepy, and that I had no
respect.
So maybe we best retire, like all your sudden guests.
It's time I put you out to pasture, and lay you to rest.
So I took his fifty dollars,
And I handed him the keys.
My stomach tied a knot, as it squealed up the street.
Cause he drove it like a jackass, I shouted "hey not so
fast!"
Cause I respect an older car, and I love the smell of
gas.

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