

The Front Bottoms

"Mustang"

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We were sixteen riding in a mustang
Somebody handed it back to me
I took a hit and then I stared out of a window
I knew I'd never be the same

We were flying, down a highway
I had the radio up full blast
Threw a beer bottle up against a stop sign
We had to stop for gas

Chorus:
Hey mama, I'm out for the weekend
These friends of mine ain't worth a damn
They ain't never gonna make it in the real world
Keep praying mama, maybe I am

We'd drive the back roads
Out by the ghost bridge
We'd always stop our car halfway across
Someone'd tell a story 'bout a fatal car crash
We'd turn the motor and the lights off

We'd always try to make it back home on time
Never seemed to fail we never did
We were young and we were howling at a full moon
Bunch of no good punk ass kids

Repeat Chorus

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