

Tism

"Gas! Gas! - An Ecstasy Of Fumbling"

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Drivin' along, something pollutin' the air - well, uh,
Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

Chorus:

C'mon, baby, let me drive you home;
I'm as sensitive as Wilfred Owen.

Why ask me where it come from, who's an
encyclopedia?
Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

It's coming from the air vents - look, would I lie to ya?
Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

Stay in the car, girl, needn't go back to Pa;
Don't worry baby, it must be the area.

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