

## **Mothers Of Invention**

### **"The Air"**

Visit "[The Air](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The air

Escaping from your mouth

The hair

Escaping from your nose

My heart

Escaping from the scraping

And the shaping

Of the draping . . .

I'm awaking

In a T-shirt

In a Chevy

At the beach

And I'm freezing

And I'm wheezing

And I know

You were only teasing

I hit you

Then I beat you

Then I told you

That I love you

In my car

In a jar

In my car

In a jar

The air

Escaping from your pits

The hair

Escaping from my teeth

My hands

Are gripping

But they're slipping

And they're dripping

'Cause I'm tripping

I got busted

(Wasted)

Coming through customs

(I'm so wasted)

With a suitcase

(Wasted)

Full of tapes

(I'm so wasted)

It was special

Tape recording

And they grabbed me

While I was boarding

Yes, they grabbed me

Then they beat me  
Then they told me  
They don't like me  
And I crashed  
In my Nash  
We can crash  
In my Nash  
We can crash  
In my Nash  
We can crash  
In my Nash  
We can crash  
In my Nash

Visit [Mothers Of Invention](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.