

Urge Overkill "Out On The Airstrip"

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Ah, take me with you
You ground the fly boy
You'll be clear for miles
They're throwing a party
They're throwing vials

You been wearing a gym suit
Flagging him down
Now to land this big ass bird
Then pussy bound

Out on the airstrip
The weather's is clear
Nothing be ugly
Can see him in here

Out on the airstrip
The weather's so clear
Nothing so ugly
Can see him in here

John hear of duress's
We're only guided, yeah
We're doing ninety
We're doing fine
Oh, we're almost there

We're up there
Way the fuck up there
Wine and having some bud
Side door high post slow mo
Like no gun, no luck

Out on the airstrip
The weather's is clear
Nothing be ugly
Can see him in here

Out on the airstrip
The weather's so clear
Nothing so ugly
Can see him in here

And the girl's claps were always wild
When I asked her what that town did for shits
Well, she just rolled onto the runway
And flashed me a picture of her kid

When the sun came up, she was hidden
And the speed baller started taking her high
I swore that morning
Girl, we're gonna fly, we're gonna fly

Out on the airstrip
The weather's is clear
Nothing be ugly
Can see him in here

Out on the airstrip
The weather's so goddamn clear
No nothing so ugly
Who is gonna buy you a meal, no

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