

The Smell Of Gas

Danny Michel

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.