

# Mustang Kids

Zella Day

The mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
Black tar, tambourine  
Playing for the girls in the back seats

The mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
White line, motor cade  
Sweeter than your baby face

Small town gang got nothing to do  
We got guns, got drugs, got the sun and the moon  
We got big city plans but it always rains  
And the sheriff is a crook and knows me by name

I said momma was insane and daddy was a criminal  
I grew up in a trailer with a dream of fucking centerfolds  
Now I'm making money experimenting with chemicals  
The fact I'm still alive is why I still believe in miracles

The mustang kids are out (6x)

Mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
Black tar, tambourine  
Playing for the girls in the back seats

The mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
White line, motor cade  
Sweeter than your baby face

Small town gang yeah we get so bored  
That I stole a shotgun and robbed a liquor store  
We're running these streets, we're the mustang kids  
Only doing what we want and don't take no shit

I might seem wild but momma raised a gentleman  
In another life, no telling who I would have been  
Now you're a king or a boxer in a ring,  
But I'm just me so I sing

The mustang kids are out (6x)

I've been hearing all these things about you,  
Creepin' into all the things that I do,  
I've been hearing all these things about you  
About you, about you

Mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
Black tar, tambourine  
Playing for the girls in the back seats

The mustang kids are out  
Rolling over hills and the roundabouts  
White line, motor cade

Sweeter than your baby face