

Skillet, Gasoline

I'm sitting with my heart out on the table
I'm doing a face to face with God
He picked up my heart and said,
What you want me to do with this?
I just blinked my eyes no smile, no laugh, no tears
No shrugging my shoulders

It crossed my mind, Yeah I got an idea
You could take my heart and put it in a padlocked box
What if they grab too hard or smash it, or throw it down
I'm scared of being hurt, I just want to live, live a happy life!

You want to, you want to
Soak my heart in gasoline
Light a match and consume me
Soak my pride in gasoline all of you and none of me

I was reminded my heart reeks of gasoline
It bears the mark of a slave committed to life
Anyone who wants it
Will have to grab it from a real big God try to touch me,
You'll be consumed, you'll be consumed I want to, I want to

I'm sitting here with my heart out on the table
Next to a bloody mess that was once a man's heart
I looked at God and said, What do you want me to do with this?
He said, Already done, already done, that heart was Jesus