

The Airborne Toxic Event, Gasoline

Five, six, seven, eight!

All the time, awake
You're still on my mind
But we were on our own
Almost all the time

And she'll step away
For a second or two
And I close my eyes
And I think of you

We were only seventeen
We were holding in our screams
Like we'd torn it from the pages
Of some lipstick magazine
And you scratch and turn
And say, "let's burn ourselves up 'til we scream"
Like gasoline

Those tender days
At your mother's house
And your father would find
My hand inside your blouse

But they tell me that
You're married now
Oh my dear, I fear
I can't understand how

We were only seventeen
We were holding back our screams
Like we'd torn our lives from the pages
Of some girly magazines
And you scratch and turn
And say, "let's burn these sheets down to the seams"
Like gasoline

I was only twenty one
I wasn't having any fun
And the words you said
Tore through my head
Like bullets from a gun
And I shoulda just shown up and said,
"Get in this car, let's run"

And these years have seen
So many imitations turning green
Each like the last, they go right past,
Like credits on a screen
But your memory blazes through me
Burning everything
Like gasoline
Like gasoline
Like gasoline