

NOFX, We Threw Gasoline On The Fire And Now

Brilliant!

A word describing something dumb
You create to desecrate the villain I've become
A prophet, not to be made but heard
Speaks in tongues and sarcasm
To me it's plain, to you absurd
You don't know me let alone my intent
Actions do not always self represent
I don't feel urgency in explaining
My conscience so vaguely clear

Seen as jealousy so fast across the earth
Flower blooms it's planting fumes
The miracle rebirth
A cynic, in the search of something more
The fragrant air cannot compare
To what it was the great before

Remember the good old days
Remember the sound
Remember the sweet mustiness underground
No, I don't feel the need for relivin'
Some things are better off dead

Never thought the furnace
Was going to burn us
We worked the bellows for so long
The comfort of the fire appetize us
Looks like we burned ourselves alive

Remember the old band we filled ears with pain
Nothing to lose there was nothing to gain
I don't miss my span of attention
I do miss my old friend Tim