

Bobs

"Spontaneous Human Combustion"

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Spontaneous Human Combustion

Poof, there goes another one

A raging fire, a funeral pyre

An unexpected cremation

They were kissing in a crowded mall

when they burst right into flames.

Charcoal bricquets in thirty seconds

Their last words -- each other's names

Did they have a deep seated problem?

Was this their farewell?

Did they cause themselves to ignite

Leaving that awful smell?

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She was walking on Rodeo Drive

She exploded with a flash

The police had no explanation

Their only clue -- a pile of ash

Did her Visa card reach its limit

on that shopping spree?

Did she blow her top when she read

"Buy one -- get one free"?

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Is it passion, is it heartburn?

Is it the wrath of god?

Maybe it's friction in the bloodstream

starts a fire in your bod?

Is it caused by stress or frustration?

Or by what you eat?

Never snack on cabbage and wasabe,

you'll get smoking feet

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