

## Headphones

### "Gas And Matches"

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All the way up here  
I was thinking it over  
I wish we could drink some beer  
And work it out.

Our lungs were burning  
We're starting to worry  
I couldn't catch my breath  
Or slow my heart beat.  
We took your photograph;  
We thought thought we'd have a few good laughs  
at your expense.

Here you thought we were your friends.  
I guess now you know.

Or do you?

Are they really  
People like that  
or is this idea  
Making shit up  
pity party  
feeling sorry for yourself

We were begging for mercy  
You were holding a gas can  
You had our hands tied  
Behind our backs  
I started crying.  
I thought it was over.  
You pulled a matchbook from your back pocket.

We took your photograph  
We thought we'd have a few good laughs  
at your expense.  
Here you thought we were your friends.  
I guess now you know.

We knew you were half and half  
But we never knew you were

a psychopath  
or that you'd have the last laugh  
I guess now we know.  
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