

## John Ralston

### "Gas & Matches"

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Wind, re-wind, wind, wind  
She drifts off to sleep  
Her head's full of vines  
Praying now to my sweet lord  
To turn us back around like a ship back to the shore

Is the fire out?  
Did the winter winds blow it back down?  
Is the fire out?  
Then bring it back somehow  
Or are we just living with gas and matches in our house  
of cards?

Now we're burning up our history  
Like the early morning mist disappearing to the sea  
Turning on and off the lights  
To see what we've got left by the day and by the night

Is the fire out?  
Did the winter winds blow it back down?  
Is the fire out?  
Then bring it back somehow  
Or are we just living with gas and matches in our house  
of cards?

So where'd you go?  
Can I follow you?  
I don't mind where you're going to  
Can I follow you?  
But you don't even talk  
No, you don't even say a word  
Not a word

Is the fire out?  
Did the winter winds blow it back down?  
Is the fire out?  
Then bring it back right now  
Or are we just living with gas and matches?  
Yeah, are we just living with gas and matches?  
Are we just living with gas and matches in our house of  
cards?

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