

Nofx

"We Threw Gasoline..."

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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

The seed is gently sown back to mother earth
The flower blooms it's planting fumes, the miracle
rebirth
The 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 gonna 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

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