

## **Nofx**

# **"We Threw Gasoline On The Fire And Now We Have Stumps For Arms And No Eyebrows"**

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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 opaquely clear  
The seed is gently sown back to Mother Earth  
The flower blooms resplendent fumes  
A miracle rebirth

The cynic in a 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 reliving  
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 apathized us  
Looks like we burned ourselves alive

Remember the old band we filled ears with pain  
Nothing to lose, there was nothing to gain  
No, I don't miss my span of attention  
I do miss my old friend Tim

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