

Nofx

"We Threw Gasoline On The Fire..."

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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

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

'Member the good old days, 'member the sound
'Member 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
Comfort of the fire apathized us
Looks like we burned ourselves alive

'Member 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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