

Sam Kinison

"New Candles"

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You Tried You All 13 Channels, But They Burned Me Out
Again

'cause It's Over Whenever They Say
I Quit Sending Postcards 'cause no One Know What to
Revere,
And the Mailman Can't Come in to Explain

So I'm Out of Gasoline, and I Hate See, and It's Hard to
Never Mind.
It's Hard to Never Mind.

I Bought Myself New Candles, They Only Burn Old
Flames.
I Guess It's All the Same Anyway

Looked Through My High School Annuals to See Who I
Still Knew
But My Point of View's Forever Changed

All This Gasoline Just Goes to Show That no One Never
Minds.
It's Building Up, Bottled Up in Time

All Your Energy Just Says to Me That You Never Can't
Unwind.
Just Bring It Down, Bring It Down This Time.

And Should It Count Against Me, If I Keep Everything
That You Send Me?
Are You Going to Find Me So the Bogs? Aren't Empty All
the Time?

I Think Way Too Much About the Way Things Should Be
Said
'cause It Just Can't Leave My Head All the Way.

It Seems My Brand New Candles Would Catch On Fire
Today
I Think I Might Get Burned Anyway

All This Gasoline Just Goes to Show Not Everything Is
Nice.

I do My Best, Not Everything Is Right

All Your Energy Just Says to Me That You Never Can't
Unwind.
Just Bring It Down, Bring It Down This Time.
Please Bring It Down, Bring It Down.

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