

## Skillet "Gasoline"

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I'm sitting with my heart out on the table  
I'm doing a face to face with God  
He picked up my heart and said,  
"What you want me to do with this?"  
I just blinked my eyes no smile, no laugh, no tears  
No shrugging my shoulders  
It crossed my mind, yeah I got an idea  
You could take my heart and put it in a padlocked box  
What if they grab it too hard or smash it, or throw it  
down  
I'm scared of being hurt, I just want to live, live a happy  
life!  
You want to, You want to  
Soak my heart in gasoline  
Light a match and consume me  
Soak my pride in gasoline  
All of You and none of me  
I was reminded my heart reeks of gasoline  
It bears the mark of a slave committed for life  
Anyone who wants it will have to grab it from a real big  
God  
Try to touch me, you'll be consumed, you'll be  
consumed  
I want to, I want to  
I'm sitting with my heart out on the table  
Next to a bloody mess that was once a man's heart  
I looked at God and said, "What you want me to do with  
this?"  
He said, "Already done, already done, already done"  
That heart was Jesus...

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