

Soda Yells

"You've Got Gasoline In Your Throat"

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Melting faces and double figures
A little blue man tells me "you're just raving"
But I feel it's all so unstable
And my mind is blowing on petroleum bubbles

Hypnotic lips and dancing concepts
Keep following the arrows all over around me
Straight going nowhere
Where everything collapses away to the corners

You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat

Flying slowly up in this room
I look at the floor on another dimension
Trying to sit down and put it out
slipping so high and burying me over the skies

You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat
You've got gasoline in your throat

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