

## Airborne Toxic Event, The "Gasoline"

Visit "[Gasoline](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

All the time awake, you're still on my mind.  
We were on our own almost all the time.  
Just step away for just a second or two  
And I close my eyes and think of you.

We were only seventeen, we were holding in our  
screams  
Like we'd torn it from the pages of some girly  
magazine.  
And you'd scratch and turn and say,  
"Let's burn ourselves until we scream."

Like gasoline.

All those tender days at your mother's house...  
and your father would find my hand inside your blouse.  
They tell me that you're married now.  
Well, my dear, I fear I can't understand how.

When we were only seventeen, we were holding back  
our screams,  
like we'd torn our lives from the pages of some lipstick  
magazine,  
and you'd scratch and turn and say,  
"Let's burn these sheets down to the seams."

Like gasoline.

I was only twenty-one, I wasn't having any fun  
And the words you said tore through my head like  
bullets from a gun.  
And I should have just shown up and said,  
"Get in this car, let's run."

And these years have seen so many imitations turning  
green.  
Each like the last, they just go past like credits on a  
screen,  
With your memory blazing through me, burning  
everything.

Like gasoline. [x3]

Visit [Airborne Toxic Event, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.