Gasoline

Skillet

I'm sitting with my heart out on the table
I'm doing a face to face with God
He picked up my heat and said
"What you want Me to do with this?"
I just blinked my eyes, no smile, no laugh
No tears, no shrugging my shouldersIt crossed my mind, yeah I got an idea
You could take my heart and put it in a padlocked box
What if they grab too hard or smash it or throw it down
I'm scared of being hurt, I just want to live, live a happy lifeYou 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 meI was reminded my heart reeks of gasoline
It bears the mark of a slave committed to 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

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