

# Gasoline

## The Silent Comedy

Written by J. Benjamin

We were walking in a circle hand in hand  
And your feet were sinking deeper in the sand than mine  
You had sold me the mansion in your head  
I would cut your hair and you would dye it red as fire  
As crackling fire

And I held the phone  
So you were not alone  
I had to take you home you could not drive

You had smiled when you told me you were brave  
That your life was in other hands to save not mine  
I saw the mansion you had made me love ignite  
And as you were fading it was growing bright with fire  
With a crackling fire

And when you tried to stand  
You had to take my hand  
You said I think your plan will be splitting from mine

We made a pile of all your remaining clothes  
Where youâ€™re heading now you wonâ€™t be needing those itâ€™s fine  
We soaked the pile till it dripped with gasoline  
And I lit a match as if Iâ€™d never seen a fire  
And it was a big roaring fire

And your heart beat failed  
As it stopped leaving its trails  
The last thing you exhaled while you were alive  
Was

I am alright  
I am alright  
I'm doing just fine  
Yeah

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Lyrics submitted by Ottis.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>