Gas on Skin

Rustic Overtones

I said, don't put gas on skin
What if it catches, that's not like our leather jackets.
He said, here's when you lose your innocence.
He said, boy life's not pretend, then lit the matches.
And I'm afraid I've never seen a flame as big.
Fire in the mattress, things just smoldering.
He's not in love with anything at all,
The gas smells like his alcohol.

They weren't fast enough,
Everything just blackened up next door,
I let it burn, I let it burn, I let it burn,
And I was getting in my car. Getting in my car.

Why can't someone else be who just witnessed this?
Because you sold me for the note you should have wrote,
I just said you went to bed with cigarettes.
They don't know you've never smoked,
They don't know you've never smoked,
And that you weren't in love with anything at all.
No one broke your heart, you just never got involved.

They weren't fast enough,
Everything just blackened up next door,
I let it burn, I let it burn, I let it burn,
And I was getting in my car. Getting in my car.

Getting in my car. Getting in my car

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