

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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