

Gasoline

Garrison Starr & Jay Nash

Gasoline

I can smell it on my clothes
You wrapped your arms around me
And I woke up soaked in gasoline
Trampoline
I used the last of my faith
When you shot me straight up to the sky
And I crashed right through your trampoline
I wanna be brave
But you don't make it easy
When every time I get close
You get a little bit farther away
Hand grenade
It's difficult to feel safe
When you're taking little bitty steps
Terrified you don't upset my hand grenade
Rear view mirror
Somehow things become so clear
I'll be damned if I let you
Take a backseat to the view in my review mirror
I know you wanna be brave
But I don't make it easy
When every time I get close
You get a little bit farther away
I wish I could save you from all the shrieking voices
Inside your head that rip you
To shreds and tell you lies
Like there's no happiness to find
Gasoline, gasoline

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