

All the time awake  
You're still on my mind  
But we were on our own  
Almost all the time  
And she'll step away  
For a second or two  
And I close my eyes  
And I think of you

We were only seventeen  
We were holding in our screams  
Like we'd torn it from the pages  
Of some lipstick magazine  
And you scratch and turn  
And say "Let's burn ourselves up 'till we scream"  
Like gasoline

Those tender days  
At your mother's house  
And your father would find  
My hand inside your blouse  
But they tell me that  
You're married now  
Oh my dear, I fear  
I can't understand how

We were only seventeen  
We were holding back our screams  
Like we'd torn our lives from the pages  
Of some girly magazines  
And you scratch and turn  
And say "Let's burn these sheets down to the seams"  
Like gasoline

I was only twenty one  
I wasn't having any fun  
And the words you said  
Tore through my head  
Like bullets from a gun  
And I should have just shown up and said  
"Get in this car, let's run..."

And these years have seen  
So many imitations turning green  
Each like the last, they go right past  
Like credits on a screen  
But your memory blazes through me  
Burning everything  
Like gasoline  
Like gasoline  
Like gasoline...