

Gasoline

Josh Pyke

Those were the days awash in a coma,
and you couldn't even go outside.
Look for the shade,
out of discomfort,
and slide into the downhill ride.
Sometimes you can't forget how you are,
turn up the volume to hear the alarms.

A year on the phone,
a year with a bruise
and a wish to reach the other side.
You came in to play like a reserve,
but you're sittin' on the bench to hide.
Sometimes you can't forget how you are,
turn up the volume to hear the alarms.

Heaven and earth,
a gift or a curse,
they're not that far.
I didn't deserve all i discerned about how you are.
Now your ringing bells,
and I'm dodging shells,
I smell gasoline, it's alarming.
I was taking cues from watching you.
Now you're out of view,
it's alarming.
And you kind of lost me too.

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