

I'm sitting with my heart out on the table  
I'm doing a face to face with God  
He picked up my heart and said,  
What you want me to do with this?  
I just blinked my eyes no smile, no laugh, no tears  
No shrugging my shoulders

It crossed my mind, Yeah I got an idea  
You could take my heart and put it in a padlocked box  
What if they grab too hard or smash it, or throw it down  
I'm scared of being hurt, I just want to live, live a happy life!

You want to, you want to  
Soak my heart in gasoline  
Light a match and consume me  
Soak my pride in gasoline all of you and none of me

I was reminded my heart reeks of gasoline  
It bears the mark of a slave committed to life  
Anyone who wants it  
Will have to grab it from a real big God try to touch me,  
You'll be consumed, you'll be consumed I want to, I want to

I'm sitting here with my heart out on the table  
Next to a bloody mess that was once a man's heart  
I looked at God and said, What do you want me to do with this?  
He said, Already done, already done, that heart was Jesus