

# SET YOURSELF ON FIRE

When we were young and wanted to be someone  
All it took was a right hand shaped like a gun  
Who needs reality when you can live a dream  
Just two young mouths in search of a scream

When there's no room left in the middle  
When there's no room left, you don't move at all

We were gunpowder kids in a world made of gasoline  
Washed our hands in petrol till they looked clean  
Before we knew it all of our clothes were soaked  
Set ourselves on fire and followed the smoke

When there's no room left in the middle  
When there's no room left, you don't move at all