There Is No Mathematics to Love and Loss

Anberlin

If you're leaving, leave the cigarettes
You've already got the lighter and the keys
She packs her boxes, he knows that she's serious
Not by the look on her face but by the lack of rings

Words lost their meaning long ago
Right around the time when she let him know

Have you ever heard a word?
Rather be lonely in love than alive with you and dead
Have you ever heard a word?
Hear me out this time, hear me out this time

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There is algebra in gasoline
Burning pictures, pages and photographs
Fire can make a conscience clean
Strike the match, we'll see, strike the match, we'll see

Rolls the window down, calls his name and pulls away
Rethinks every word he's said in disarray
Watched their house burn and in turn
What made it home, drive away, what made it home, drive away

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Where does one start
To pick up pieces of a gasoline heart?
When all he has is driving away

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