

## Young Lungs

Into It. Over It.

I've conjured up a plan  
As a sentimental man  
To destroy our things in style

It involves our belongings in a pile  
Some lighter fluid and a smile  
And some matches with "Chicago" inscribed on every stick

Strangers could see the flames for miles  
From any highway or any hilltop  
And we'd pass out as the smoke billows and spills into our young lungs

With what strength that we'd have left  
We'd save each other's final breaths  
For a distressed phone call to 9-1-1

And in minutes they'd arrive  
Horrorified at what they might find  
It'd be you and I and a pile of ashes, hand in hand and in each others arms  
Hand in hand and in each other's arms  
Hand in hand and in each other's arms

But it's not that bad  
They revived me on the scene and took my temperature and pulse  
And while the handsome paramedic gave you mouth-to-mouth, I bit my tongue  
In hopes they could save your life  
In hopes they could save your life  
Just you and I and a pile of ashes, hand in hand and in each others arms

In a week when we look back  
We'll be bandaged up, but laugh it off  
And your skin might be thicker and my stuff, it might be gone  
But we'll have crammed everything we need in this song  
We'll have everything we'd need inside this song  
Just you and I and a pile of ashes, hand in hand and in each others arms