

Petroleum

Yard Act

Imagine if I
Had to give you my soul
In a moment when my soul was asleep
For it happens sometimes
Through no fault of our own
It's just a momentary blip in the passing of time
It's not a sign that the embers of passion are dying

My bones burn
And the brain that's controlling them
Knows that the soul needs petroleum
That's how it goes
Boom-boom, ba-ba-ba-boom

I'm grateful in ways
I could never explain
In a moment I can never escape
But I can't phone it in (No, we can't phone it in)
No, I could never begin (He could never begin)
Yeah, I could never tell you how I'm feeling, if I'm not feeling it
It's a standard that I set myself to ruin relationships

My bones burn
And the brain that's controlling them
Knows that the soul needs petroleum
That's how it goes
Boom-boom, ba-ba-ba-boom

And if I knew how to control it
If I knew how to control it
If I knew how to control it I would

My bones burn
And the brain that's controlling them
Knows that the soul needs petroleum
That's how it goes
Boom-boom, ba-ba-ba-boom

My bones burn
And the brain that's controlling them
Knows that the soul needs petroleum
That's how it goes
Boom-boom, ba-ba-ba-boom

My bones burn
And if I knew how to control it
If I knew how to control it
If I knew how to control it I would
That's how it goes
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh
Hey-huh, hey-hey-hey-huh