

Extinguisher

(Written in Toronto 2018 - From the album Extinguisher by John Garrison)

We need water to douse this fire.
Don't let out all that we desire,
as the smoke is still rising higher.

After we both take the antidote,
to the venom spewed from our throat,
search the room for any kind of hope.

Picking through the wreckage I'm,
I'm looking for a sign of life.
Picking up pulses I resuscitate mouth to mouth.

And as the embers start to spark,
here we are standing side by side.

Extinguisher, Extinguisher.
Are you gonna let the fire, the fire burn?
Extinguisher, Extinguisher.
I ain't gonna use mine till you've finished yours.

In the silence of the aftermath,
we analyse and we regret.
I take your hand and take a deep breath.

As we both crawl across the floor,
close our eyes and run out the door,
to find there was no fire at all.

Looking at the damage I,
I realise no one died.
But where do we go from here?
We look into each other's eyes.
We look into each other's eyes.
We look into each other's eyes.

Extinguisher, Extinguisher.
Were you really gonna let the, the fire burn?
Extinguisher, Extinguisher.
Were you gonna let me use mine before yours?
Extinguisher, Extinguisher.