

and do what I do
so what I think comes true

Yeah
think and do
think and do
think and do
think and do
think what I think
and do what I do
so I do what I know
that I *want* to do
stop thinking of you
stop thinking of you
think of somebody new
think of somebody new

I think I think I think I think
I do I do I do I do
I think that she's starting to come into view
I really do
I really do
and she's pretty cute
and I like her too

Now I know I can do what I want to do
stop thinking of
stop thinking of
stop thinking of
who?

Spontaneous Combustion

Red orange yellow blue flame white chalk white angel white
flash
in the middle of the night white
sugar white
sugar burning in a hidden place

Spontaneous combustion
spontaneous combustion

When the mooks mate
when they salivate
as they congregate and deviate
too much love much too late
mooks mate by virtue of the way they can relate to

Spontaneous combustion
spontaneous combustion

Molecules
in solid things
careen create their chemical sting
add what they want to whatever they bring
freedom
to energy
silence
for the lightning to flash in take wing so the solids sing
makes 'em all a little frightening

Spontaneous combustion

Are you listening
out there?
do you have any
spontaneous
combustion
to spare?

Spontaneous combustion
in the summertime
in the tall grass
in a perfect dream
in a distant mind
in a sleeping head
that wants to wake but
catches fire instead

Spontaneous combustion
spontaneous combustion
will save us
from sanity
preserve our
humanity

if we want it
if we need it
if we feed it
whatever it wants
to consume in heat
till there's nothing left but the chill of death
and its strange mate
fertility

Spontaneous combustion
spontaneous combustion

Of the sudden kind
one thing happens then another and the next
things seen in sequence really happening simultaneous-
ly or la or another sign of the
irreproachable eloquence that the flame streams as it breathes light
imperious quite serious but delirious
you know nearly religious and

Spontaneous combustion
spontaneous combustion
on the rooftop
where we first kissed
and the place burned
like a cigarette
and we knew it
from the sunburn
that our love left
and the danger
of it turning
into regret
never can forget
never can forget
never can forget

Spontaneous combustion

Spontaneous combustion

Spontaneous combustion

Ssssssst—*poof*