

Flame-thrower

The Chills

Wouldn't you like to see me fail
See myself and then turn tail
Lose all my drive and the music goes stale
But let me warn you I'm very careful
In fact I think you should be fearful
I still don't want to see you hurt
I still don't want to see you cry
You never tried to talk to me
You look upon me as way down there
Your flaming head up in the air
I still like you I think you're great
Talk with me, talk with me, talk with me, talk with me
It's not too late
Some day, some day, some day, some day,
Some day, some day, some day, some day,
Maybe, maybe, maybe then
If anybody is, it's me
I'm the Flamethrower
I still don't want to hurt you