

Untitled

Fuel

I wanted to feel something
To be something to see somethingIf I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these daysFantasy once reality
Becomes such a parodyIf I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these daysBury these days
Bury these daysIf shining or if shaking
It's reality fakingAnd if I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these daysIf I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these daysBury these days
Bury these days

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