Fuel

Ani Difranco

They were digging a new foundation in Manhattan
And they discovered a slave cemetery there
May their souls rest easy now that lynching is frowned upon
We've moved on to the electric chair
And I wonder who's gonna be president
Tweedledum or tweedle dumber?
And who's gonna have the big
Blockbuster box office this summer
How 'bout we put up a wall
Between the houses and the highway
And then you can go your way
And I can go my way
Except all the radios agree with all the TVs
And all the magazines agree with all the radios
And I keep hearing that same damn song
Everywhere I go
Maybe I should put a bucket over my head
And a marshmallow in each ear
And stumble around for another dumb numb week
For another hum drum hit song to appear
People used to make records as in a record of event
The event of people playing music in a room
Now everything is cross-marketing
It's about sunglasses and shoes
Or guns or drugs, you choose
We got it rehashed, we got it half-assed
We're digging up all the graves
And we're spitting on the past
And we can choose between the colors
Of the lipstick on the whores
'Cause we know difference
Between the font of twenty percent more
And the font of Teriyaki, you tell me
How does it make you feel?
You tell me what's real
And they say that alcoholics are always alcoholics
Even when they're as dry as my lips for years
Even when they're stranded on a small desert island
With no place in two thousand miles to buy beer

And I wonder is he different is he different, has he changed
What he's about or is he just a liar
With nothing to lie about
I'm headed for the same brick wall
Is there anything I can do about anything at all
Except go back to that corner in Manhattan
And dig deeper, dig deeper this time
Down beneath the impossible pain of our history
Beneath unknown bones
Beneath the bedrock of the mystery
Beneath the sewage system an the path train
Beneath the cobblestones and the water main
Beneath the traffic of friendships and street deals
Between the screeching of kamikaze cab wheels wheels
Beneath everything I can think of to think about
Beneath it all, beneath all get out
Beneath the good and the kind and the stupid and the cruel
There's a fire just waiting for fuel
There's a fire just waiting for fuel
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There's a fire just waiting

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