

Fuel

Ann Beretta

Just another boy fueled by the revolution, Just another unlucky soul left for you to tread on, Just another one living in this mass confusion, Just another empty hearted soul left for you to burn! Automatic is the way that she moves, It's an illusion, And in time I think I'll believe that it was good to know you, So I live by my words and my own convictions, But for now I'll have to believe I'm living to learn. So hard to forgive what I could never forget, When your words they cut so deep, So I pick the scabs with nothing left to lose, You know I've got the scars to prove. So hard to forgive what I could never forget, When your words they cut so deep, So I pick the scabs with nothing left to lose, You know I've got the scars to prove. Just another boy fueled by the revolution, Just another unlucky soul left for you to tread on, Automatic is the way that she moves, It's an illusion, And in time I think I'll believe that it was good to know you. So hard to forgive what I could never forget, When you're words they cut so deep, So I pick the scabs with nothing left to lose, You know I've got the scars to prove.

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