Feeding The Fire

No Use For A Name

It used to be easy to listen to people
And take everything with a grain of salt
But now that I'm older I still hear voices
I do not wish to be involved
I don't want to be involved
With the incinerator anymore
that lifestyle is such a bore
Find the door
I want to leave this place
Can't take it anymore
Locked in a room and
The flames are burning down around me

And now I see the door
But I won't find a key
It's kinda sad but i'll never find
A better place to be
I'm not feeding the fire anymore
It makes me want to keep it locked inside
You got the gasoline but I don't have a light
I wanna hang out it's not a good time
I'd rather be somewhere that I could find
People that don't live off the words
That are said by someone else
Cause talking shit is so bad for your health

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