

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 em
pty hearted soul left for you to burn! Automatic is the way tha
t 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 pi
ck the scabs with nothing left to lose, You know I've got the s
cars to prove. So hard to forgive what I could never forget, Wh
en your words they cut so deep, So I pick the scabs with nothin
g left to lose, You know I've got the scars to prove. Just anot
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