

Empty Spaces

Fuel

Mister, could you maybe lend a hand
To help a drowning, starving, soulless man
Whose eyes are blind and feelings all but numb
Whose ears are all so deaf and mouth is dumb

This is the way, is the way
I fill your spaces now
It's the way, it's the way
'Cause all that's been left for me
Is the fight to fill these empty spaces now

Night is day and day is night again
And all that's eating bites with toothy grins
The pages of my memory torn in twain
Where reconstructing lies could not contain

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Now
Now

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I fill your spaces now
It's the way, it is the way
'Cause all that's been left for me
Is the fight to fill these empty spaces
Empty spaces now

Empty spaces
Empty spaces