

Fuel For Fire

M. Ward

My heart is always on the line
I've travelled all kinds of places
The song is always the same
Got lonesome fuel for fire

Got forty-fives to play at night
Got books to spend with every weekend
The story's always the same
Got lonesome fuel for fire

Fuel for fire, a bitter ending
Til a sweet, sweet death
Fuel for fire, the sour note inside
An orchestra wail
Fuel for fire, uncomfortable poses
Between famous last words
Fuel for fire, a missing person
In a small, small world

I dug beneath the wall of sound
I ended up back where I started
The song is always the same
Got lonesome fuel for fire

And so my heart is always on the line
I've travelled all kinds of places
The story's always the same
Got lonesome fuel for fire