

# Fuel, What More Am I

Black bird leaps for the sky  
(as the wind is raging)  
Thrusted his wings to fly  
(Forward he can go)  
Gives in to demands  
(changes his direction)  
He just can't understand  
(Why he's swept away)

We strive for the sun  
Jokin' the week away  
About the scorchin' dye  
What more am I

All the worms writhing in the clay  
(Crawling in the dampness)  
Crawling out to bathe  
(crawling to the ground)  
stare at the empty page  
(as the earth is opened)  
Meaning has slipped away  
(Might as well be them)

We strive for the sun  
Jokin' the week away  
About the scorchin' dye  
What more am I