

# Ani DiFranco, Fuel (spoken Word)

Ani DiFranco

Little Plastic Castle

Fuel (spoken Word)

They were digging a new foundation in manhattan

And they discovered a slave cemetery there

May their souls rest easy

Now that lynching is frowned upon

And we've moved on to the electric chair

And i wonder who's gonna be president, tweedle dum or tweedle dummer?

And who's gonna have the big blockbuster box office this summer?

How about we put up a wall between houses and the highway

And you can go your way , and i can go my way

Except all the radios agree with all the tvs

And all the magazines agree with all the radios

And i keep hearing that same damn song everywhere i go

Maybe i should put a bucket over my head

And a marshmallow in each ear

And stumble around for

Another dumb- dumb waiting for another hit song to appear

People used to make records

As in a record of an event

The event of people playing music in a room

Now everything is cross-marketing

Its about sunglasses and shoes

Or guns and drugs

You choose

We got it rehashed

We got it half-assed

We're digging up all the graves

And we're spitting on the past

And you can choose between the colors

Of the lipstick on the whores

Cause we know the difference between

The font of 20% more

And the font of terakiyi

You tell me

How does it...make you feel?

You tell me

What's ...real?

And they say that alcoholics are always alcoholics

Even when they're as dry as my lips for years

Even when they're stranded on a small desert island

With no place within 2,000 miles to buy beer

And i wonder

Is he different?

Is he different?

Has he changed? what's he about?...

Or is he just a liar with nothing to lie about?

Am i headed for the same brick wall

Is there anything i can do about

Anything at all?

Except go back to that corner in manhattan

And dig deeper, dig deeper this time

Down beneath the impossible pain of our history

Beneath unknown bones

Beneath the bedrock of the mystery

Beneath the sewage systems and the path drain

Beneath the cobblestones and the water mains

Beneath the traffic of friendships and street deals

Beneath the screeching of kamikaze cab wheels

Beneath everything i can think of to think about  
Beneath it all, beneath all get out  
Beneath the good and the kind and the stupid and the cruel  
There's a fire just waiting for fuel

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