Fuel, No Speech

O.K. Ready to take off do it slow I'm living on the bottom I got to go five little fingers grabbing at the glass gone, those days now I'm running up and down in my cage

Too late to defend, I'm buried - insane don't you know there's more to life than to win are you that kind of stereotype? it's no time, there's no time there's nothing I could answer

No Speech as long (as) I get nothing No Speech as long (as) I get nothing but I want to get home let me free, this is not my home

Put away your flashing stick don't try to get closer-through my head

give me a little bit more of your own a little more, don't wanna be anybody's clown

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