

No Use For A Name, Feeding The Fire

It used to be easy to listen to people
And take everything with a grain of salt
And now that I'm older I still hear voices
I do not wish to be involved

I don't want to be involved with the incinerator anymore
That lifestyle is such a bore - Find the door

I want to leave this place can't take it anymore
Locked in a room and the flames are burning down around me
And now I see the door but I won't find a key
It's kinda sad but I'll never find a better place to be

I'm not feeding the fire anymore

It only makes me want to keep it locked inside
You got the gasoline but I don't have a light
I wanna hang out, it's not a good time
I'd rather be somewhere that I can find
People that don't live off the words that are said by someone else
Cos talking shit is so bad for your health

That lifestyle is such a bore - Find the door

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I'm not feeding the fire anymore