

# Sneaker Pimps, The Fuel

I've got the fuel in my head from the flash, I need to break sweat  
I've got the feeling I might get offensive, I might be some threat  
I want back doors, want blood on the sheets again  
Give me back doors, give me blood on sheets again

I feel the fuel like a thorn, cuts in deep  
I want to see cheap  
Like a rose on a bed without scent I need my self-respect  
For shames sake by any other name  
When the seeds take, it grows like weeds and spreads like flames

I've got the fuel but the fuel got me burning me up when it fires again, fires again  
I've got the fuel but the fuel got me  
Bringing me off when it cools again, cools again, cools again, cools again

I've got the fuel but the fuel got me burning me up when it fires again, fires again  
I've got the fuel but the fuel got me  
Bringing me off when it cools again, cools again, cools again, cools again