

Fran Healy

"Fuel On The Hill"

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He's the fuel on the hill
See him coming for the kill!

Day after day, prone on a hill
A man like a nitro junkie is drinking straight from a still

Nobody wants to slow him They can see he needs his
fuel
He's a Beatallibanger

He drinks fuel on the hill Til the sun's going down
Eyes seeing red And the world spinning 'round

Hard, loose, and clean, head in cloud
Quenching his thirst with metal screaming perfectly
loud

No one else wants to hear it Beatle black or Metalli-
white
Fuck 'em man, white knuckle tight

Woah?the fuel is pumping engines You can tell what he
wants to do
Your face on the chrome is burning

He never listens to them He knows they're the fools
On he burns and they don't like him

On he burns... !

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