

## **Ani Difranco**

### **"Fuel"**

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They were digging a new foudation in Manhattan  
And they discovered a slave cemetary 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 may

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-numb 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 teriakiyi  
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 train  
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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