

You say you heard when your name was spoken,
but you can't even read my spelling.
Some of us are ashamed that it's broken,
but we're not the ones that you see yelling.
We're running on empty 'cause I keep burning the fumes.
We're running on empty, stop sign's got us all confused.
You say we're coming apart with the motion,
but narrow-mindedness will keep us sinking.
That kind of thing decimates my devotion,
but there's nothing there to stop us thinking.
We're running on empty 'cause I keep burning the fumes.
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