

## Nothing New

Gob

another dollar fifty another ride on the bus the seat left alone  
is still warm the person next to me talks to me as if he knows me  
but that's ok i don't mind i look out the window while he talks  
on i do the usual try to figure out what these people do.  
in their own solitude some seem so plain some seem so lonesome  
lost depressed and true it's all inside of you.  
wandering and waiting all your life for something new to change you  
but it all seems to turn in circles nothing's new finding  
and learning all you need is something to guide you nothings  
stimulates no inspiration