

Nothing

Editors

The sun said nothing
About my demise
My fall to the floor

Sparks from your stare
Cascade into mine
Started a war
Started a war

Monday morning
Hungover, red eyes
Hide it all the way

We walk through a crowd of strangers
Two minutes from your door
You lived there all your life

Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left

Out of it you handle it for everyone
Take a poison dart to my heart and then I'm gone

Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left

These floorboards creaking
My body's old
The sun casts a shadow
At dusk that cuts through your bones
Your body and soul

Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left
I got nothing left
I got nothing left