

Joy Of Nothing

Foy Vance

Waking up with the pouring rain
Same old sun and the sky again
Calling the doves and fighter planes
Sharing the sky like it's nothing strange
Falling silhouette on an evening sky
A morning greedy of babies' cry
And the same lonely night lullabies
The joy of nothing is a sweeter something
And I will hold it in my heart
I will hold it in my heart.

Ulysses and eulogies
Gainsborough, Gainsbourg, Socrates
All mean no light, everything
Oh, the joy of nothing is a sweeter something
And I will hold it in my heart
I will hold it in my heart.

Oh, the joy of nothing is a sweeter something
And I will hold it in my heart
Yes, I will hold it in my heart .

Oh, the joy of nothing is a sweeter something
I will hold it in my heart
I will hold it in my heart .