

Nothin' I Love

John Hiatt

I play some poker on Friday night
But I'm always holding my cards too tight
I got a tell, it's my twitchy eye
They take my money and it makes me cry.

Oh, nothing I love,
Oh, nothing I love
Nothing I love
Is good for me, but you!

Well I'm smoking cigars, baby, one, two three
'Till they don't even taste good to me.
I drink too much, I take too many pills
Ain't too long before my mind gets ill.

Oh, nothing I love
Ain't nothing I love
There ain't nothing I love
Good for me, but you!

Well I keep a slink slack slidin' down a slippery slope
I get my kicks till I just came cold
My friends start thinking that I'm just too soft
But this ain't the kind of the thing, you can just sleep on!

Well I eat too much until I'm fat and skinny
I wish I knew what was eating me.
I want another piece of pie, come on, and cut the cake
Don't know how much more of this I can take

Oh, nothing I love
Oh there ain't nothing I love
There ain't nothing I love
Is good for me but you!

There ain't nothing I love, baby
Good for me, but you!
There ain't nothing I love, baby
Ain't nothing I loved before but you!