

## 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!