

Nothing

Mason Jennings

Make yourself at home, 'cause i'm going out
Across the street to get us some water
'cause this water's brown, and i'm so embarrassed
To have you here but i want you around
Usually i'd sing, or play you my guitar
But i know it won't get very far with you
'cause you like music that makes you move
And mine has a groove, but it's nothing i can prove
Please know what I mean
When i say, nothing
Things that i buy and things that i think
Haven't made this a better place to be
Drugs that i try and drinks that i drink
Haven't made this a better place to be
It's still just a room with the drums in the middle
A couch along the wall that works as my bed
I still have a phone that rings all day
I still have things i wish i would of said
Please know what i mean
When i say, nothing
When i say
This whole thing's been hard on me
It breaks my heart, do you know what that means
My new place seems strange to me
It breaks my heart, do you know what that means
It means nothing