

# Na Na Nothing

Mike Doughty

Well your man won't dance, but I will.  
He's just a cup of punch that you'll spill.  
You gonna hang him from the sails of a sinking sloop.  
Crowded with the goons and the dopes you dupe.

You get na na nothing,  
I found out that I'm a chump,  
And you were cold cold hearted to me.  
You got la la lucky that I told you  
what I did and you're so so sorry,  
But not the way you want.  
You're gettin' na na na na na na nothing from me.  
Na na nothing from me.

I was in flux, I was a clunker, I was busted craft.  
I was the swellest of the swells in the roughest rough.  
Now I'm bound to the bend of your bone-white wrist.  
Shun the pill popper, love the pharmacist.

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