

# Nothing In Return

Roky Erickson

I call your name in the midnight but you don't hear me at all  
I love you so dearly and nearly but you don't love me at all  
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts  
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

Every day and night I dial your number  
But you never answer the phone  
Are you really not there when I call you  
Where could you so much chance to roam  
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts  
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

I searched you out found your name fast  
But my name you never seemed to have caught  
How in this world can I date you  
When you won't give me a thought  
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts  
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

If I only knew how to get you  
But I've tried all I know  
And failed except for loving you so  
I am writing for no love Cyrano, Cyrano

It used to be I'd look into a crystal ball  
To see and know futures all  
But the Gypsy said the gaze lacked feeling  
The picture was relatively cloudy  
So I changed the clearness of the reeling

If I only knew how to get you  
But I've tried all I know  
And failed except for loving you so  
I fell like writing for no love Cyrano  
But the hunchback Quasimodo  
But the hunchback of Notre Dame  
Was at least in the same play and on the same stage