

# Nothing at All

Santana

I am a victim of my time  
A produce of my age  
There's no choosing my direction  
I was a holy man but now  
With all my trials behind me  
I am weak in my conviction

And so I walk to try to get away  
Knowing that someday  
I will finally have to face  
The fear that will come from knowing that  
The one thing I had left was you  
And now you're gone

You were a victim of my crimes  
A product of my rage  
You were a beautiful distraction  
I kept you locked away outside  
Let misery provide  
And now I am ashamed

And so I walk to try to find a space  
Where I can be alone to live with my mistakes  
And the fear that will come  
From knowing that the one thing  
I had left was you  
And now you're gone