

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