

Nothin' For You

T.S.O.L.

I got nothin' for you
You can look under my rug
I got no smack for you
You're entranced from that drug

I got no tears for you
I got nothin' to worry about
I got no fear for you no-no-no
My guns I just lay around

My body is achin' inside out
And my nose is always cold
Am I still twenty-four
Or am I starting to grow old?
Am I growin' old?

Suicide is just a state of mind
Not for me, I've got places to hide
Day to day, nights are wicked
Stealin' is my way of life
I got to pay my bills today,
Where'd I leave my knife?

No-no-no-no
I've got nothin' for you
Nothin' for you