

All of This and Nothing

The Psychedelic Furs

A phone book full of accidents
A girl to drive your car
A suit to wear on Mondays
And a coat, a magazine

A heavy rain a holiday
A painting of the wall
A knife, a fork and memories
A light to see it all

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand
Hey I never meant that stuff
I want to turn you 'round

Dominoes a pack of cards
A picture of the queen
A dress to wear on Sundays
And a handle for the door

A letter that I sent for you
A note you left for me
A wave, a pack of cigarettes
A pocket full of beads

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand
Hey I never meant that stuff
I want to turn you on

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand
Hey I never meant that stuff
I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand
Hey I never meant that stuff
I want to turn you on

The sound of people getting drunk
A ceiling and a sky
A bank that's full of promises
A telephone that lies

A visit from your doctor
He crawls in through the door
A mirror you can look in
So that you know where you are

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand
Hey I never meant that stuff
I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything
That I can understand

Now I'm left with all of this
A room full of your trash