

## Nada

### The Refreshments

I see the lightning from the storm down in Mexico  
And I see my speedometer doesn't work  
I cross the desert and disappear into the tumbleweeds  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

I hear the thunder from the storm down in Mexico  
And I leave the border far behind  
I feel the dust coat my teeth and turn my sweat to mud  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all  
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
I've been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven  
I'm just waiting for that cold black soul of mine  
To come alive

Well, I feel the wind blow from the storm down in Mexico  
Gasoline for another hundred miles  
I cross the river and leave my shoes up on the other side  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all  
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
Been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven  
I'm just waiting for that cold black, sun-cracked soul of mine  
To come alive

Come alive, yeah

Well, I feel the rain drops from the storm down in Mexico  
Truck will go no further, out of gas  
I walk through the desert past the lizard and a rattlesnake  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all  
And anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
There ain't no morals to these stories at all  
And everything I tell you, you can bet will be a lie  
I been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven  
I'm just waiting for that cold black, sun-cracked  
Numb-inside, soul of mine  
To come alive

Come alive  
Come alive  
Come alive