

# Nothing Matters

The Rifles

In the still of night  
We try so hard to fight  
Through our hopes  
And every little moment of despair  
And over every town we're flying  
on the ground  
But never really know where we belong  
'til we get there  
Nothing matters  
No nothing really matters  
In the times when we fall down.

Through the changing times  
We never compromise anything  
Inside our empty hearts to fit the crowd  
So overlook the sound  
Trying to pull you down  
As far as I can see  
It's jealous people talking loud.

And nothing really matters  
No nothing really matters  
In the times when we fall down  
You just keep proud  
'Cos nothing really matters  
No nothing really matters  
If you're running when you hit the ground.

And there's nothing that feels quite like  
the way it feels coming back around.

Keep keeping on.