

# I've Pursued Nothing

The Tossers

It's three o'clock at the end of the day.  
It's three o'clock in the morning gray.  
I'm alone and I'm very, very worried.

All the bottles of wine have ravaged my mind.  
Another day's gone by and I'm worried.

And the night, and the night, it is bitter and short.  
For I know that a new day is coming.  
Another day, another day, all alone and blue.  
But for you I've pursued nothing.

I dropped out of school to dwell on a dream,  
And now all that guilt is engulfing me.

I can't concentrate, I'm failing.  
Oh, where can she be?  
I'm alone and I'm very, very worried.

I know that I've always felt this way.  
God, I know that it's always been this way.  
Since I was young, I've always felt this way.  
Well, do I fuck myself for the consistency?

I know that I have stumbled, and I know I've not been sharp.  
And when I'm leaving this world behind,  
I won't bring another soul here to fall flat on their face,  
or leave this world unkind.