

Nothing

Daniel Johnston

Not that you want to be

Out of curiosity

Just a corsage of the world

I was in love with a girl

I would the violence foresee

All that it ought to be

Blessed by generosity

Sure to put your heart in a whirl

Stop to pick up a dollar bill

As the blood drips at the mill

You have fried chicken

You ate it up so fast

Laid down its life just for you

Now you have nothing to do

Just a television tube

Oh for goodness sake

And the love you make

Skipping stones at the lake

You have a half baked idea

To think we'd be so glad to see ya

Lost in your lonely room

How they grow up and bloom

Young girls in the magazine

How they took part in your doom

Baby step out of the room

Hunger and lust for life
She was like any housewife
Darning the socks with concern
Glad you ever were born
Just to get up in the morn

While all the while you work
Surrounding by amateurs
Craving and love showing fame
Thinking your hope was refrained
In the emotional pain

Nothing to do but cry
As you dry your eyes
Watching the soap opera die
Longing for the freedom of success
When we're all just a temporary guest

Living in such a mess
I'll bring you back again
To the flight you used to have been
How could you really win
Pledging your resistance to sin?

Applied in the twilight
Anything to make it right
When there's nothing left but nothing
But an empty song
Why did it have to go wrong

How it all works out
Something about it so
Thinking that love is a crime
You were a friend of mine
Standing there with missed time

You're gonna make a joke
That is sure too follow
Happy to be that way
Tomorrow is a brand new day
What do you have to say?

Nothing.