

# Bunch Of Nothing

Eric Church

Why the long face there Sammy?  
Why'd you come draggin' in here?  
Now sit-down boy before you hurt yourself  
And I'll let you bend my ear

Love is a bitch, ain't it buddy  
When baby turns the tables on your head  
I know you came in here to bring back her leaving  
I'll leave you with this instead

I know every hole in the Clinch River  
And I know how to find them bass  
I know how to tune a six string Martin  
And kick Saturday in the ass  
I know how to make that moon shine  
I know you want your sunshine back  
I know a whole lotta 'bout a lil' somethin', somethin'  
And a whole bunch of nothing 'bout that  
A whole bunch of nothing 'bout that

Before my mind took a vacation  
I had a situation like you got  
They tell me that I had a good woman gone bad  
But I can't remember what I forgot  
Now just kick back and listen up son  
I'll help you get to where I am  
Get you going full throttle, and leanin' on the bottle  
And some bait in a coffee can

I know every hole in the Clinch River  
And I know how to find them bass  
I know how to tune a six string Martin  
And kick Saturday in the ass  
I know how to make that moon shine  
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I know where to go and you know how to get there  
Off you go, hit the road buzz and a pole, a wing and a prayer

I know every hole in the Clinch River  
And I know how to find them bass  
I know how to tune a six string Martin  
And kick Saturday in the ass  
Yeah, I know how to make that moon shine  
I know you want your sunshine back  
I know a whole lotta 'bout a lil' somethin', somethin'  
And a whole bunch of nothing 'bout that  
A whole bunch of nothing 'bout that

Yeah, a whole bunch of nothing baby  
Whole bunch of nothing 'bout that  
Yeah, a whole bunch of nothing baby  
Why the long face there Sammy?