

Nothing In Return

Roky Erickson

I call your name in the midnight but you don't hear me at all
I love you so dearly and nearly but you don't love me at all
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

Every day and night I dial your number
But you never answer the phone
Are you really not there when I call you
Where could you so much chance to roam
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

I searched you out found your name fast
But my name you never seemed to have caught
How in this world can I date you
When you won't give me a thought
There's nothing in this big round world that worse hurts
Than paying out and receiving nothing in return

If I only knew how to get you
But I've tried all I know
And failed except for loving you so
I am writing for no love Cyrano, Cyrano

It used to be I'd look into a crystal ball
To see and know futures all
But the Gypsy said the gaze lacked feeling
The picture was relatively cloudy
So I changed the clearness of the reeling

If I only knew how to get you
But I've tried all I know
And failed except for loving you so
I fell like writing for no love Cyrano
But the hunchback Quasimodo
But the hunchback of Notre Dame
Was at least in the same play and on the same stage