

Nothing Out There

Ruston Kelly

It came from the wild
It came from the deep
Like a misunderstanding
Or an ancient disease
She asked what I meant
"Were you talking to me?"
I just turned from the window
And the empty streets

"It's not like there's something to do"
I sighed as I untied my boots
And dramatically walked out the room
Said "Why should I care
It's a whole lot of nothing out there"

When I was a kid
I'd sneak out after dark
In the blue hour flying
On old handlebars
I'd ride to the junkyard
And talk to the stars
Dreaming of far away places
In abandoned cars

"Will I always be empty or numb?"
I'd yell at the red rising sun
It's been this way since I was young
And I guess I'm just scared
That it's a whole lot of nothing out there

She sat on the bed
Sipping her drink
Flipping through pages
Of some magazine
When I came back in the room
She was smiling at me
And I climbed in beside her on top of the sheets

"This world can be lonely and cold"
She whispered and pulled me in close
"But the good news is you're not alone
I'm with you I swear
It's a whole lot of nothing out there"

It's a whole lot of nothing out there