Nothing at All

Taking Back Sunday

You wait in the dark for the music to soothe you to sleep Swallow your fears Become them eventually You sit like King David Watching women through the windows and walls Chase your desires until you find nothing at all I shake my heavy head and find ways to shift the blame I hate the rules but I still play the game I got an eye on the prize Another on the clock on the wall I get what I want until I want nothing at all (All) (Nothing at all) (All)