

# All of This and Nothing

The Psychedelic Furs

A phone book full of accidents  
A girl to drive your car  
A suit to wear on Mondays  
And a coat, a magazine

A heavy rain a holiday  
A painting of the wall  
A knife, a fork and memories  
A light to see it all

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand  
Hey I never meant that stuff  
I want to turn you 'round

Dominoes a pack of cards  
A picture of the queen  
A dress to wear on Sundays  
And a handle for the door

A letter that I sent for you  
A note you left for me  
A wave, a pack of cigarettes  
A pocket full of beads

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand  
Hey I never meant that stuff  
I want to turn you on

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand  
Hey I never meant that stuff  
I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand  
Hey I never meant that stuff  
I want to turn you on

The sound of people getting drunk  
A ceiling and a sky  
A bank that's full of promises  
A telephone that lies

A visit from your doctor  
He crawls in through the door  
A mirror you can look in  
So that you know where you are

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand  
Hey I never meant that stuff  
I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything  
That I can understand

Now I'm left with all of this  
A room full of your trash