

Nothing

She's holding on
To a world she's never known
And when she gets there she will find that she has nothing
She packs her things
But there's not a lot to bring
'Cause everything that she has held on to is nothing
She comes down the stairway in the morning
Heads into the kitchen in the dark
Opens up the shutters
Tryin' to let out all the clutter in her heart

She's wakin' up
To an empty coffee cup
Everything once was enough but now it's nothing
She heads home
Down a road that is unknown
In a taxicab alone straight to nothing
In the garden she picks up the pieces
All the pieces of her broken mind
Barefoot in the flowers
She spins around for hours undefined

Nothing is 'cause nothing was
Nothing she will be because
Nothing seems like nothing's wrong
Nothing it's been all along
Nothing left for her to find
Nothing weighing on her mind
Nothing more for her to say
Nothing is enough today

She packs her things
But there's not a lot to bring
'Cause everything that she has held on to is nothing
So she heads home
Down a road that is unknown
In a taxicab alone straight to nothing
Everything is nothing
Everything is nothing
Everything is nothing

*Written by Frankie Moreno
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