

Bob Dylan, Too Much Of Nothing

Too much of nothing
Can make a man ill at ease
One man's temper might rise
While another man's temper might freeze
In the day of confession
We cannot mock a soul
Oh, when there's too much of nothing
No one has control.

Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian
Give them all my salary
On the waters of oblivion.

When there's too much of nothing
It can cause a man to weep
He can walk the streets and boast like
Of what he'd like to keep
But it's all been done before
It's all been written in the book
And where there's too much of nothing
Nobody should look.

Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian
Give them all my salary
On the waters of oblivion.

And too much of nothing can make a man a liar
It can cause one man to sleep on nails
It can cause others to eat fire
Everybody's doin' somethin'
I heard it in a dream
But when there's too much of nothing
It just makes a fella mean.

Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian
Give them all my salary
On the waters of oblivion.