

# Gotthard, Nothing Left At All

Hey man, the story's getting old  
Big lies, they always have been told  
But right now you face another man  
This time I turn the page around  
No rhyme, no reason to be found  
Why should I play the fool again

I keep on running in circles  
In a crazy human race that never ends  
I was never taking more than I needed  
Always standing at the end of the line  
Waiting for my turn to succeed it  
But it's hard to keep playing the part  
When there's nothing left at all

How come we always run for more  
The rich is stealing from the poor  
How come we're never satisfied  
Don't know what I'm afraid to lose  
Somehow I'm not allowed to choose  
God knows I've never really tried

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