

King Missile, She Had Nothing

She had nothing to say
She had nothing to say
"Well, that's a start," she thought to herself
And she picked up her pen and the small notepad
And she laid down on her bed
Paralyzed, she held the pen
Oh, maybe eight millimeters from the page
For at least a half an hour
And then she thought to herself,
"Oh, who am I kidding?
I know I have nothing to say."
She wanted to throw the pen away
No, she wanted to take a hammer
Pound the pen into her skull
Blood gushes out like Old Faithful
World engulfed in a red sea
The final flood
No, screw the pen
Keep the hammer
Get a chisel
Sculpt away at the skull
Reveal the ivory woman in agony
Hidden within
"No, screw those ideas," she said
"I'm just gonna write," she said
"I don't care if I got nothing to say
I'm just gonna scribble away
Until I find something"
Yeah, but she's crossing out every other word
She knows she's not fooling anybody
She knows she has nothing to say
Just like me