

# Mike Scott, Nobody 'Cept You

(Bob Dylan)

There's nothing 'round here I believe in  
'Cept you, yeah you  
And there's nothing to me that's sacred  
'Cept you, yeah you

You're the one that reaches me  
You're the one that I admire  
Every time we meet together  
My soul feels like it's on fire  
Nothing matters to me  
And there's nothing I desire  
'Cept you, yeah you

Nothing 'round here I care to try for  
'Cept you, yeah you  
Got nothing left to live or die for  
'Cept you, yeah you

There's a hymn I used to hear  
In the churches all the time  
Make me feel so good inside  
So peaceful, so sublime  
And there's nothing to remind me of that  
Old familiar chime  
'Cept you, uh huh you

Used to play in the cemetery  
Dance and sing and run when I was a child  
Never seemed strange  
But now I just pass mournfully by  
That place where the bones of life are piled  
I know somethin' has changed  
I'm a stranger here and no one sees me  
'Cept you, yeah you

Nothing much matters or seems to please me  
'Cept you, yeah you  
Nothing hypnotizes me  
Or holds me in a spell  
Everything runs by me  
Just like water from a well  
Everybody wants my attention  
Ev'rybody's got something to sell  
'Cept you, yeah you