

# Robert Post, Got None

When I was a little boy I used to wonder  
Just how old you'd have to be to feel good  
Now I've seen a thousand girls but I still wonder  
Cause they just don't make sense to me  
God knows I've tried

I've tried to be the unpredictable one  
I've tried to be the friend that they could rely on  
I've still got none  
Got nothing at all

And so I fall into the open  
Just singing out your name  
And when I'm done, crashed and maimed  
I hope that's where you'll find me

You know that if it's up to me I'll still be holding  
My own hand the day I die  
So please release me now

I've tried to be the mean mysterious one  
I've tried to be the sweetest candy you'd suck on  
I've still got none  
Got nothing at all

And so I fall into the open  
Just singing out your name  
And when I'm done, crashed and maimed  
I hope that's where you'll find me

And it's a good day for being found  
Just crawling in the dirt with my head underground  
And it's a good day for you to come  
Collecting all the pieces of the damage done

And after all the bandages are gone  
I hope you'll find a favorite part you can work on  
Cause I've got none  
Got nothing at all

And so I fall into the open  
Just singing out your name  
And when I'm done, crashed and maimed  
I hope that's where you'll find me