

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