

# Ron Sexsmith, Nothing Good

He sees it coming from a mile away  
He knows all the rules by heart and so the game is played  
He&#039;s trading love for this sordid night of bliss  
Though nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this  
Nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this

You&#039;ve seen how people rise in times of need  
Forget all their pettiness, forget all their greed  
But he can&#039;t rise above this warm and reckless kiss  
Though nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this

From this only sorrow  
From this no future, only tomorrows

And when the morning comes tumbling down  
No trace of the night before, it&#039;s still the same old town  
But deep inside now hides a stranger in his midst  
And nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this  
Nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this