

# Stroke 9, Not Nothin'

Hello I'm sitting here  
Thinking and writing  
Writing and talking  
Without you

Situated in the corner of the corner  
So far from nothing  
Suspecting not accepting  
That it's true

It really hits me when I'm  
Walking into the market  
I hear things I used to say  
Is it wrong to be here anyway

Fade away  
What was I thinking when I thought I could make you stay  
What was I thinking when I thought I was right  
Not nothin'

I'm on to something here  
It's all becoming clear  
Clearly confusing  
Less than amusing  
Castrated like a corpse to a coroner  
So close to nothing  
Forgetful not regretful  
Of what I am

It really hits me when I'm  
Hanging with other monkeys  
Thinking of shit to say  
Is it wrong to be here anyway

I'm on to something  
It's something I'm on to  
but it's really nothing