

# Anne Clark, Nothing At All

Anne Clark  
Miscellaneous  
Nothing At All

All this tenderness has come to nothing  
All that we require is being rearranged  
I've no wish to look to the future  
For my exspectations will no doubt be changed

Just rolloing along on the rest of the waves  
My statements and strategies are quickly dismissed  
Poisoned pens in invisible paper  
Steel knuckles concealed by velvet fists

What is the chance of us living  
Some of our simplest dreams  
Are all the structures we build here  
Really as frail as they seem

The dying are the lovers of this modern world  
The power and the glory survives  
With radio active bargaining  
And the valueness of our lives

My turn to crumble  
My turn to fall  
From so very humble  
To nothing al all.