

Beaumont, Next To Nothing

All the time we spend so fruitless
And the loneliness kills and spills
Into the next day
But next to nothing, you're something
Next to nothing, you're all I need
I feel like I'm drowning
But I'm washing my hair
Such a conversation killer
But I'm glad that you're there
But next to nothing, you're something
Next to nothing, you're all I need