

# Clifford T. Ward, Nothing New

There's nothing new, nothing planned

It's not even sad or slightly grand

Only you and me apart

Still thinkin' how we got too smart

Tryin' to build on sand.

Was it you fault, was it me?

I can't remember or no longer see straight

But if you decide to write

Make it fast, make it tonight

There just might be someone else.

This American dream

Is wearing thin at the seams

We all seem to go through phases

And phrases that don't always rhyme.

If I came back unannounced

Would you still be expecting me

Would it be a nice surprise

Could we start again and this time try

Or would I find you with someone else?

INSTRUMENTAL

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