

Md. 45, Nothing Is Something

Dig in the trash, there's nothing to eat
Sores on my tongue, sores on my feet
Open the fridge, there's only pickles and beer
Breakfast of champions, only things served in here
Nothing is something I'll get some today
Nothing is something I'm wasting away
Nothing is something my life's in decay
Nothing is something
Going to a party, to look for my friends
I know I ain't got none, hell I can always pretend
Everyone will be there, where the girls go
I don't know where it is, And I don't know where to go
Things I do, decisions I make
My life story's a comic book, that explains the way I look