

# 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