

Nica Costa, Nothing

It's late in the evening
and you're breathing someone else
you come home to call me
and i ask you
what you've been doing with yourself

and you say nothing at all
you say nothing at all

your flight's longer than usual
and your conscience ain't no company
i'm there smiling and warm
i miss you so
i can't wait to show how i feel
but you feel nothing at all
you feel nothing at all

there we were, never strangers before
there was a light that shined on us
but now there's nothing at all

oh you should'a take a look around
before you lay that woman down yeah
you're better get a hold of yourself
cause there's a woman here who's willing to try

weeks go by
and your mind seems preoccupied
i felt a piece missing here
but when i ask you about what's going on
you say it's all me my dear

so i thought nothing of it all
i thought nothing at all

oh you should'a take a look around
before you lay that woman down yeah
you're better get a hold of yourself
cause there's a man in you about to die

with nothing
with nothing