

The Byrds, Nothing Was Delivered

Written by Bob Dylan

Nothing was delivered
And I tell this truth to you
Not out of spite or anger
But, simply because it's true
Now you must provide some answers
For what you sell has not been received
And the sooner you come up with them
The sooner you can leave

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest

Nothing was delivered Just what you had in mind
When you made everybody pay
Now I hope you won't object to this
Giving back all of what you owe
And the sooner you come up with them
The sooner you can leave

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest

Nothing was delivered
But I can't say I sympathise
With what your fate is going to be
Yes, for telling all those lies
No, nothing was delivered
Yes, and someone must explain
That as long as it takes to do this
Then that's how long you'll remain

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest