

# Two Gallants, Nothing To You

Well my kind's been around forever  
And I claim to be one of the few  
But the lost cause of words walks away with my nerves  
'Cause I'm gay as a choir boy for you

You got hair that recalls me of rivers  
Runs softly while you dream of you  
But your heart is so cold that it shivers  
'Cause that I know is I'm nothing to you

And I followed you into the party  
That no one invited me to  
But alone I made love to my 40  
And played make-believe it was you

But I watched you forget your belongings  
And belongings you've got quite a few  
I filled up your bag with my longings  
And searched through this whole, wide city for you

And we'll walk 'neath the street lamps forever  
You'll say you remind me of you  
It's so damn cliché that it's clever  
It's so fucking false, you think that it's true

'Cause I heard that you forgot that you were (a) lover  
And lovers you've got one or two  
But you can't tell one from the other  
Now, mama, now you're nothing to you

And it's down by the riverside (wasting away)  
And it's down by the riverside (beating the clay)