

Psychedelic Furs, The

"All Of This And Nothing"

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A phone book full of accidents

A girl to drive your car

A suit to wear on Mondays

And a coat, a magazine

A heavy rain a holiday

A painting of the wall

A knife, a fork and memories

A light to see it all

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Hey I never meant that stuff

I want to turn you 'round

Dominoes a pack of cards

A picture of the queen

A dress to wear on Sundays

And a handle for the door

A letter that I sent for you

A note you left for me

A wave, a pack of cigarettes

A pocket full of beads

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Hey I never meant that stuff

I want to turn you on

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Hey I never meant that stuff

I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Hey I never meant that stuff

I want to turn you on

The sound of people getting drunk

A ceiling and a sky

A bank that's full of promises

A telephone that lies

A visit from your doctor

He crawls in through the door

A mirror you can look in

So that you know where you are

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Hey I never meant that stuff

I want to turn you 'round

You didn't leave me anything

That I can understand

Now I'm left with all of this

A room full of your trash

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