

411**"There Is Nothing"**Visit "[There Is Nothing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I took the way out back
And walked out of the north station,
In these busy streets
People buy fake brands and chinese stereos
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

I am the watcher now, I arrived here way too early
Someone hits me in a rush carrying a giant tv dish
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

That's how they keep in touch with a distant past that I
don't understand
It's 8 o' clock it seems like nighttime awaits the Proper
time to fall
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

Wooo
My body's slow
You're far out
You got to keep it cool
Don't let it get to you

Cheap sunglasses, prostitutes, this ain't nothing new
I'm meeting a friend of mine
He lives up there in a room, 3 meters square
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

I say I'm gonna gut the house
And I will make one better
He says you do it man that's a good plan
Just make it happen
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

We ain't taking no subway we wanna stay in the last
sunlight
As it fades away so suddenly

We bump into the night
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

Wooo
My body's slow
You're far out
You got to keep it cool
Don't let it get to you

Streetlights still dim I look around
And get the feeling that this place
It's somewhere no one really wants to be at all, but
that's alright
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

The small time crooks and begger-women are being
led off to their homes
The blinking lights invite me
Telling I don't need no sleep tonight
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

I love the way alcohol tastes, today's hangover
I wash it away
This city's just big enough
To lose yourself entirely
In one day
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

Wooo
My body's slow
You're far out
You got to keep it cool
Don't let it get to you

Bebop music a ceiling of smoke we're talking lazily
about our hopes
Closing time always comes on time
The fruits of spoiling kids, it's us
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

We go on and on and on,
Oh what is the outcome
Take a deap breath make a new wish you'll get through
one day
We go on and on and...
Unconscious

We haven't got a clue
Keep your mouth shut
Get in line
This ain't nothing new
This ain't nothing new

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