

Clifford T. Ward "Nothing New"

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There's nothing new, nothing planned
It's not even sad or slightly grand
Only you and me apart
Still thinkin' how we got too smart
Tryin' to build on sand.

Was it you fault, was it me?
I can't remember or no longer see straight
But if you decide to write
Make it fast, make it tonight
There just might be someone else.

This American dream
Is wearing thin at the seams
We all seem to go through phases
And phrases that don't always rhyme.

If I came back unannounced
Would you still be expecting me
Would it be a nice surprise
Could we start again and this time try

Or would I find you with someone else?

INSTRUMENTAL

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Is wearing thin at the seams
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