

## Grinder "The Nothing Song"

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The empty page in front of me  
Is strangling my nerves  
The pencil I'm chewing  
Won't write by itself  
40 cigarettes further  
My lungs just start to whistle  
This got to be done  
I'm out of time  
But my mind is still on strike

This song's 'bout nothin'  
I had no idea  
So this one's called the nothing song  
Never again I'll do so wrong  
Hey, hey  
I somehow filled the lines  
It was done in time  
A last minute score  
Don't you be mopin' no more  
I've got it  
Uh, I somehow like it

The others called me lazy  
I guess they're somehow right  
But sometimes it is really hard  
To create a simple rhyme  
Sure all this sounds stupid  
And a little bit senseless  
But now that I'm tired  
And nearly drunk  
I'll better go to bed

Bullshit

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