

Burton Cummings

"Nothing Rhymed"

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If I gave up the seat I'd been saving
For some elderly lady or man
Am I being a good boy, am I your pride and joy?
Mother, please tell me, please, say I am

And if while in the course of my duty
I perform an unfortunate take
Would you punish me so unbelievably so?
Mother, please tell me, please, say I ache

This feeling inside me could never deny me
The right to be wrong if I choose
The best feeling I get from just placing a bet
Is to lose

Nothing old, nothing new, nothing ventured
Nothing gained, nothing stillborn or lost
Nothing further than proof
Nothing wilder than youth

Nothing older than time, nothing sweeter than wine
Nothing physically, recklessly, hopelessly blind
Nothing I couldn't say, nothing, why?
'Cause today, nothing rhymed

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