

Peter Searcy

"Nothing"

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Your head in your hands on the edge of the bed
She's sleeping gently in her head
You know nothing's going to work out right
You know nothing's going to be just fine
You know nothing's going to work out now that you've
crossed that line
You see a devil in the mirror
You see an image coming clearer
It says nothing's going to be all right
Nothing's going to be just fine
Nothing's going to work out that you've crossed that
line
Doesn't she know that you're leaving this time
Doesn't she know that you're already gone
Doesn't she know that you're leaving this time
You're pacing the floor like you're going somewhere
You run your hands gently through her hair

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