

Pulp

"Glass Door"

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Suspended in nothing too dramatic
Leads me wanting dissonance
My fulfillment is often sporadic
Trying to lift my resonance

Nothing is yours
Nothing is mine
Nothing is yours
NOTHING IS YOURS!

Nothing is yours
Don't get so caught up with all that owing that stores
All your vibes inside this glass door

Depression sets in like a neighbour unwanted
But you can't refuse 'cause it's not your house
Once you stop buying discover the honted
Void that you fill with material malice

Nothing is yours
Nothing is mine
Nothing is mine
NOTHING IS YOURS!

Nothing's set in stone for the fearful
Nothing's set in stone for the fearful
Nothing's set
Your life is rented
So BURN ALL THE SHIT
YOU
OWN!!

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