

Mike Doughty

"Na Na Nothing"

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Well your man won't dance, but I will.
He's just a cup of punch that you'll spill.
You gonna hang him from the sails of a sinking sloop.
Crowded with the goons and the dopes you dupe.

You get na na nothing,
I found out that I'm a chump,
And you were cold cold hearted to me.
You got la la lucky that I told you what I did and you're
so so sorry,
But not the way you want.
You're gettin na na na na na na nothing from me.
Na na nothing from me.

I was in flux, I was a clunker, I was busted cruft.
I was the swellest of the swells in the roughest rough.
Now I'm bound to the bend of your bone-white wrist.
Shun the pill popper, love the pharmacist.

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