

## NoMeansNo

# "The Day Everything Became Nothing"

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The day everything became nothing, I was standing  
underneath a  
streetlight, wishing I had a cigarette. I can't recall  
anything  
unusual about it. If there was something in the air, if  
the skies had  
clouded over, I wasn't aware, I was too bored to care.  
No thunder  
roared. No lightning cracked. No missiles rained from  
the sky. This  
was no sneak attack. There was just suddenly this  
awful lack. Things  
had changed, that's for sure.  
The day everything became nothing, you couldn't put  
your finger on  
what had gone wrong. The alleys were still dirty; the  
garbage still  
smelled; there was no panic in the streets; just a lot of  
grief--in  
people's faces, in their eyes--a mixture of horror and  
total surprise.  
This was no apocalypse. No one heard a voice from the  
sky, there were  
no miracles at the 7-Eleven, no one screamed, no one  
even asked why.  
It was just like everything had somehow, quietly died.  
So let it die!  
I can't recall much of what happened next. I was on my  
way to visit  
this woman I knew. All we had in common was good  
sex, and now I  
couldn't even remember her address. A group of us,  
just strangers,  
got together and we formed a committee to discuss  
the problem. We  
talked about things like assured mutual destruction  
and emotional  
responsibility. I couldn't remember my name, so I  
called myself Bob.  
It's weird being a Bob, but I'll get used to it. I have to.

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