

The Rifles

"Nothing Matters"

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In the still of night
We tried so hard to fight
Through our hopes
And every little moment of despair
And over every town
We're flying on the ground
But never really know where we belong
Till we get there
Nothing matters
No nothing really matters
In the times when we fall down.

Through the changing times
We never compromise
Anything inside our empty hearts to fit the crowd
So overlook the sound
Trying to pull you down
As far as I can see
It's jealous people talking loud.

And nothing matters
No nothing really matters
In the times when we fall down
You just keep proud
Cause nothing matters
No nothing really matters
If you're running when you hit the ground.

And there's nothing that feels quite like
The way it feels coming back around.

Keep keeping on...

And there's nothing that feels quite like
The way it feels coming back around.
Coming back around.

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