

Byrds, The

"Nothing Was Delivered"

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Nothing was delivered
And I tell this truth to you
Not out of spite or anger
But, simply because it's true

Now you must provide some answers
For what you sell has not been received
And the sooner you come up with them
And the sooner you can leave

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest

Nothing was delivered
And it's up to you to say
Just what you had in mind
When you made everybody pay

Now I hope you won't object to this
Giving back all that you owe
And the sooner you come up with them
And the sooner you can go

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest

No, nothing was delivered
I can't say I sympathize
With what your fate is going to be
Yes, for telling all those lies

No, nothing was delivered
Yes, and someone must explain
That as long as it takes to do this
Then that's how long you'll remain

Nothing is better, nothing is best
Take care of your health and get plenty of rest

