

# Nothing Much At All

## Local H

Do you recall the word you said to me  
The one you could not wait to hear from me  
You called yourself the poet to my face  
And the minute that you said it  
You turned into nothing much at all  
Whoa, yeah

When the who's, the what's and why's and where's  
Your psyche come face-down and hit me full up-front  
And you chase away the praise  
You called yourself the rebel to my face  
And the minute that you said it,  
You turned into nothing much at all  
Yeah

Do you recall the word you said to me  
The one you could not wait to hear from me  
You called yourself the beauty to my face  
And the minute that you said it  
You turned into nothing much at all  
And the minute that you said it  
You turned into nothing much at all  
The minute that you said it  
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