

Nothing New

Isidore

My little one
Where have you been
Your blinding eyes
What have they seenThe people down in Lincoln town
Wore their hats upon their sleeves
I heard some talk in old New York
Just ask the autumn leaves
I never saw it for myself
It's just what I believeIt's somebody else now
And they are not you
The difference just burns me
But that's nothing new
Nothing newI wrote a song in Wollongong
It made me sad for days
The hotel man from Turkestan
Soaking up the rays
I wish I'd been a woman then
I might have been amazedThe better I make it
The worse that I do
And it's so ancient
But that's nothing new
Nothing newThe music was liquid
Somehow it slipped through
Ah, it all escapes me
But that's nothing new to you nowThe truth was a lie and
The ointment was glue
I was found missing
But that's nothing new
Nothing newThe feeling was absent
Red wine was blue
The gift is the present
But that's nothing new to you now
And there's nothing more to do nowOh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothingOh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothing
Oh, now it's all for nothingThey blind their eyes

What have they seen

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