

Nothin' I Love

[John Hiatt](#)

I play some poker on Friday night
But I'm always holding my cards too tight
I got a tell, it's my twitchy eye
They take my money and it makes me cry. Oh, nothing I love,
Oh, nothing I love
Nothing I love
Is good for me, but you! Well I'm smoking cigars,
Baby, one, two three
'Till they don't even taste good to me.
I drink too much, I take too many pills
Ain't too long before my mind gets ill.
Oh, nothing I love
Aint nothing I love
There aint nothing I love
Good for me, but you! Well I keep a slink slack slidin' down a slippery slope
I get my kicks till I just came cold
My friends start thinking that I'm just too soft
But this ain't the kind of the thing
You can just sleep on! Well I eat too much until I'm fat and skinny
I wish I knew what was eating me.
I want another piece of pie, come on, and cut the cake
Don't know how much more of this I can take
Oh, nothing I love
Oh there ain't nothing I love
There ain't nothing I love
Is good for me but you!
There ain't nothing I love, baby
Good for me, but you!
There ain't nothing I love, baby
Ain't nothing I loved before but you!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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