

Nothing At All

Taking Back Sunday

You wait in the dark for the music to soothe you to sleep
You swallow your fears
You become them eventually
You sit like King David
Watching women through the windows and walls
Chase your desires until you find nothing at all
I shake my heavy head and find ways to shift the blame
I hate the rules but I still play the game
I got an eye on the prize
Another on the clock on the wall
I get what I want until I want nothing at all
Until I want nothing at all
Until I want nothing at all
Until I want nothing at all

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