# Nothing Left

## Lou Doillon

So you got what you wanted
Surprised?
Cut all the strings, all the loose ends
And what now?
Well it's face to face
You and yourself
Oh but freedom doesn't taste quite the same
When there's no one aroundMy brain's amiss, and my heart's a mess
And I've got nothing, nothing left
My brain's amiss, and my heart's a mess
And I've got nothing, nothing leftThe only one you ever trusted
You failed!
The one "gold soul" that kept you standing
In the back you stabbed!
Is there nothing sacred
In your hands
Oh but freedom doesn't taste quite the same
When there's no one aroundMy brain's amiss, and my heart's a mess
And I've got nothing, nothing left
My brain's amiss, and my heart's a mess
And I've got nothing, nothing left

Songwriters
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