

# 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 around  
My 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  
The 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 around  
My 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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