

# Nada

## The Refreshments

I see the lightning from the storm down in Mexico  
And I see my speedometer doesn't work  
I cross the desert and disappear into the tumbleweeds  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime I hear the thunder from the storm down in Mexico  
And I leave the border far behind  
I feel the dust coat my teeth and turn my sweat to mud  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime There ain't no moral to this story at all  
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
I've been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven  
I'm just waiting for that cold black soul of mine To come alive  
I feel the wind blow from the storm down in Mexico  
Gasoline for another hundred miles  
I cross the river and leave my shoes up on the other side I tip the bottle and bite the lime  
There ain't no moral to this story at all  
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
Been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven I'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked soul of  
mine  
To come alive  
Come alive, yeah  
Well, I feel the rain drops from the storm down in Mexico Truck will go no further, out of gas  
I walk through the desert past the lizard and rattlesnake  
I tip the bottle and bite the lime  
There ain't no moral to this story at all Anything I tell you very well could be a lie  
There ain't no morals to these stories at all  
And everything I tell you, you can bet will be a lie  
I been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven I'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked numb-  
inside soul of mine  
To come alive  
Come alive, come alive  
Come alive.

Songwriters

BLUSH, BRIAN DAVID/CLYNE, ROGER MEADE/EDWARDS, ARTHUR BUDDY/NAFFAH, PAUL  
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