

# Nothing

## Phish

Nothing's ensconced, nothing's entrenched  
Nothing's entangled or twisted or wrenched  
Everything smoothly flows right through my head  
What I had hoped might linger is swept off instead  
Tunnels and channels and chasms and rifts  
Shiny split streams and unclimbable cliffs  
I see you there ever so slowly being drawn to the sea  
As if by some signal that's unheard by me  
I stand on a feature, the sheet of blue stone  
Then for one instant I'm not quite alone  
Your hand is extended but then you rescind  
And you, like my thoughts, are blown off by the wind  
Nothing's ensconced, nothing's entrenched  
Nothing's entangled, or twisted, or wrenched  
Everything smoothly flows right through my head  
What I had hoped might linger is swept off instead

Lyrics provided by

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