

# Nothing New

## Gob

Another dollar fifty, another ride on the bus  
The seat left alone is still warm  
The person next to me talks to me  
As if he knows me But that's okay, I don't mind  
I look out the window while he talks on  
I do the usual try to figure out  
What these people do in their own solitude Some seem so plain, some seem so lonesome  
Lost depressed and true, it's all inside of you  
Wandering and waiting all your life  
For something new to change you But it all seems to turn in circles  
Nothing's new finding  
And learning all you need is something to guide you  
Nothings stimulates no inspiration

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