All Of This And Nothing

The Psychedelic Furs

a phonebook full of accidents
a girl to drive your car
a suit to wear on mondays
and a coat a magazine
a heavy rain a holiday
a painting of the wall
a knife a fork and memories
a light to see it all
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
hey i never meant that stuff
i want to turn you round
dominoes a pack of cards
a picture of the queen
a dress to wear on sundays
and a handle for the door
a letter that i sent for you
a note you left for me
a wave a pack of cigarettes
a pocket full of beads
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
hey i never meant that stuff
i want to turn you on
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
hey i never meant that stuff
i want to turn you round
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
hey i never meant that stuff
i want to turn you on
the sound of people getting drunk
a ceiling and a sky
a bank that's full of promises
a telephone that lies
a visit from your doctor
he crawls in through the door
a mirror you can look in

so that you know where you are
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
hey i never meant that stuff
i want to turn you round
you didn't leave me anything
that i can understand
now i'm left with all of this
a room full of your trash

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