Ain't Nothin' To It

The Stranglers

Back up boy forty five feet
Always looking for a freebie
Why don't you let up sometime
Hawks out here with his axe and me with this lead sheet on
Trying to scuffle up those two's and fews
For uncle so I can bail out my full orchestration

Looks like he got me but this cat wouldn't feed
Grass to a horse in a concrete pasture
He's so tight he wouldn't buy a pair of shorts for a flea
Just look at him n' dig that vine

All off tome his strollers look like he's ready to jump
He's playing ketchup n' I got to tighten his wig
Hold it down n' I'll come up with line two like I said

Ain't nothin' to it, just here
Ain't nothin' to it, just here
Ain't nothin', ain't nothin' to it just here

I saw that dinner up the street guzzlin' foam in
The drink den and the sharks are droppin' the shucks
Like the yellow kid trying to tighten her and
Weaving the four f's all around her

I nixed her out long ago, man, she's too some-timey
She will and she won't
She do and she don't always on the fence and
Sleeps with her glasses on

Man
Man

Ain't nothin', ain't nothin' to it just here

She's faust to me, so skip it and forget it
She's faust to me, so skip it and forget it

Ain't nothin' to it [Repeat until fade]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by GREENFIELD, DAVID / DUFFY, BRIAN JOHN / BURNEL, JEAN JACQUES / CORNWELL, HUGH ALAN
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/