

Nothing (Acoustic)

Editors

The sun said nothing
About my demise
My fall to the floor Sparks from your stare
Cascade into mine
Started a war
Started a war Monday morning
Hungover, red eyes
Hide it all the way We walk through a crowd of strangers
Two minutes from your door
You lived there all your life Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left Out of it you handle it for everyone
Take a poison dart to my heart and then I'm gone Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left Ooh
Ooh
These floorboards creaking
My body's old
The sun casts a shadow
At dusk that cuts through your bones
Your body and soul Every conversation within you
Starts a celebration in me
Till I got nothing left
I got nothing left
I got nothing left
I got nothing left
Ooh
I got nothing left
I got nothing left

Songwriters

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