

Nothing Left

[Nick Roes](#)

Every time I feel this way I write a song in which I say
I know the bad things here today aren't here to stay
And as I play
I wonder 'bout the ugly things, about the ruin which hatred brings,
I'm sorry that whoever's king can't fix these things, and then I sing:
What is this world coming to?
There's nothing left for me to do,
But spend my lifetime loving you.

In this mixed up world I see, only you make sense to me.
I don't really know you but I know you would be good for me.
We could solve the problems of this whole wide world in bed my love,
And if I get the courage to, some day I'll sing this song for you:
What is this world coming to?
There's nothing left for me to do,
But spend my lifetime loving you.

Come on now, be my Bride; I'd like to see the other side.
We'll find a place where we can hide
From hate and fear and tears and lies.
What is this world coming to?
There's nothing left for me to do,
But spend my lifetime loving you.

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