

# Nothin' for You

## T.S.O.L.

I got nothin' for you, well, you can look under my rug  
I got no smack for you, you're entranced from that drug  
I got no tears for you, I got nothin' to worry about  
I got no fear for you no, no, no, my guns it just lay around Well, my body is achin' inside out and my nose is  
always cold  
Am I still twenty-four or am I starting to grow old? Am I growin' old?  
Suicide is just a state of mind, not for me, I've got places to hide  
And day to day, nights are wicked, stealin' is my way of life  
I got to pay my bills today where'd I leave my knife Say, no, no, no, no I've got nothin' for you  
I've got nothin' for you  
I've got nothin' for you

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