

# And Now I'm Nothing

## The Wonder Years

I can't help myself  
I keep ending up in Memorial Park  
Breaking finger nails while I claw at the frozen ground  
Because as long as I'm home  
I can dig up these bones  
There's no point to just letting go  
And as long as you've known me I've been backing out slowly  
I won't end up underneath the snow

This is where it's been  
The manger scene every Christmas  
Next to the cannon  
Every year someone steals baby Jesus  
Nobody stops them  
It's a nice tradition

I'll put my life back together in silence  
While writing songs on Molly's guitar  
And Suburbia, stop pushing  
I know what I'm doing

So I moved myself and two boxes of things  
To the basement room at Richie's house  
And I'm happy here for now  
Because I've been in search of some steadier footing  
Or just a place to call home  
I know that I'm introspective when broken  
But I've been spending most of my nights here alone  
And that doesn't scare me like it did a year ago

I'll put my life back together in silence  
While writing songs on Molly's guitar  
And Suburbia, stop pushing  
I know what I'm doing  
Suburbia, stop pushing  
I know what I'm doing  
Suburbia, stop pushing  
I know what I'm doing

I had dreams of myself

As the Allen Ginsberg of this generation  
But without the talent, madness or vision  
I guess it's looking hopeless  
We're a city left digging out cars in unison  
And humming like we've healed  
I know we've got miles to go  
But I'm putting my shoulder to the wheel

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Lyrics submitted by Greg MacDonald.

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