

Doing Nothing

Harper Lee

Nothing, we're doing nothing
Just sitting and wondering why nothing's happening
Everyone was there in a wooden chair doing nothing
Still doing nothing, drinking smoking
Nothing's happening
No one seems to care in their wooden chair
Doing nothing

I go walking through the park
Underneath a moldy sky
Thinking "yes I think this place
Would be such a lonely place to die,
Such a lonely place to die"

Nothing we're doing nothing
Literally frozen stiff from nothing happening
Something has to change
Cause it's no longer feeling strange
To do nothing Ad nauseam nothing
And feeling acutely every millisecond pass
We can ignore that this is sad
Because we know that it all adds up to nothing

I go walking though the park
Underneath the moldy sky
Thinking about all the different ways that would make lonely ways to die
All the lonely ways to die

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written by KEVIN BARNES
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