

# Nothing Left

## The Creative Assembly

We're all a little messed up in our own ways  
And we always, will be marking days on prison walls  
Every you think that maybe there's a chance for redemption  
Don't hold tight onto your own breath  
Before you know there's nothing left  
There's nothing left in your memories  
That has a thing to do with me  
Or where I've been for all these years  
Grinding smiles and forcing gears  
I never thought I'd ever be this old  
And I always, never made a point to never act my age  
Now I guess it's silly to expect anything more from

Everyone that gave so much and more  
You gave your time  
There's nothing left in your memories  
That has a thing to do with me  
That gives you reason to believe  
That the words I'm telling you  
Have always turned out to be true  
I've tried and I've tried to keep you satisfied  
Though I may never reach the top  
Every step along the climb is  
Everything I wanted in this life  
Cause you gave your time

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