

Harold And Joe

The Cure

Nothing ever gets in my way
Nothing ever gets on my mind
Nothing ever makes me stop to think about
Nothing of the kindNothing ever loses me sleep
Nothing ever wins my heart
Nothing ever makes me want to sing along
And nothing makes me want to startIf I'm falling down a mountain
Then I pick myself up
If I crash into an iceberg
I don't give a frightful look around
If I am burning then I put myself out
I'm so completely full
I scare the world
Oh, all the world
All inside outJust look around
Just look aroundNothing ever puts me out
Nothing ever pulls me in
Nothing ever makes me want to jump
Nothing makes me want to beginNothing ever gets me down
Nothing ever gets me uptight
And nothing ever makes me run around
And nothing makes me feel I mightIf I'm hanging from a peach tree
Then I cut myself down
And if I look into the sun
I just turn up the sound
And if I swallow death cap love rooms
Then I spit them right out
I'm so completely full
I scare the world
Yeah, all the world
Inside outJust look around
Just look around
Just look aroundNothing ever gets in my way
Nothing ever gets on my mind
Nothing ever makes me stop to think about
Nothing of the kindHarold and Joe
Go go go
Harold and Joe
Go go go

Yeah
Sing birds sing

Songwriters

SMITH, ROBERT JAMES / GALLUP, SIMON / THOMPSON, PORL / WILLIAMS, BORIS
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