Nothing Left

The Primitives

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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