

Nothing Good

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

He sees it coming from a mile away
He knows all the rules by heart and so the game is played
He's trading love for this sordid night of bliss
Though nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this
Nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this You've seen how people rise in times of need
Forget all their pettiness, forget all their greed
But he can't rise above this warm and reckless kiss
Though nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this From this only sorrow
From this no future, only tomorrows When the morning comes tumbling down
No trace of the night before, it's still the same old town
But deep inside now hides a stranger in his midst
And nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this
Nothing good, nothing good could ever come from this

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