

# Nothing to Write Home About

## Weed Diamond

Dear mother, what can I say  
It's been so long since I went away  
And yes, I miss the comforts of home  
But I guess, I'm better off on my own  
No one told me people could be so cruel  
Nobody told me about any of this in school  
Still nobody understands the things that I don't understand  
I've nothing to write home about  
Nothing I have figured out  
Still I have the same old doubts  
Nothing to write home about  
Dear John, that ain't my name  
I'm just hangin' 'round to take the blame  
I'm filled with guilt, I'm filled with shame  
Too much or not enough, it's all the same  
And no one wants to talk about the loss  
No one wants to talk about the cost  
Every one just looks away, just like any other day  
I've nothing to write home about  
Nothing I have figured out  
Still I have the same old doubts  
Nothing to write home about  
Nothing to write home about  
Who can teach me how to change my ways?  
Who will come and save the day?  
Who will tell me what to say  
When there's nothing left to say?  
Nobody told me about any of this in school  
No one told me I'd be taken for a fool  
And everyone just looks away, and tries to make it through the day  
I've nothing to write home about  
Nothing I have figured out  
Still I have the same old doubts  
Nothing to write home about  
Nothing to write home about

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