

Doing Nothing

of Montreal

Nothing, we're doing nothing
Just sitting and wondering why nothing's happening
Everyone was there in a wooden chair doing nothing
 Still doing nothing, drinking smoking
 Nothing's happening
No one seems to care in their wooden chair
 Doing nothing

I go walking through the park
 Underneath a moldy sky
Thinking ÅfÅ¢??yes I think this place
Would be such a lonely place to die,
 Such a lonely place to die"

Nothing we're doing nothing
Literally frozen stiff from nothing happening
 Something has to change
Cause it's no longer feeling strange
 To do nothing Ad nauseam nothing
And feeling acutely every millisecond pass
 We can ignore that this is sad
Because we know that it all adds up to nothing

I go walking though the park
 Underneath the moldy sky
Thinking about all the different ways that would make lonely ways to die
 All the lonely ways to die

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