

"The Nothing Man"

sitting, Waiting, Nothing in my head.
sitting, Waiting, Might as well be dead.

The old man across the street
he's staring back at me.
Looking in a mirror of past
that he used to be.

sit here and watch the sky
the days go by without me.
don't know who I am
or who I want to be

chorus:

I'm the Nothing Man
singing in Nothing Land
writing my Nothing Plan
doing Nothing.

go to work at eight a.m.
eat lunch right around noon
don't really like my job
hope I can quit soon

go home at 5 p.m.
turn on the T.V.
here I hang with the people I see
who I want to be.

chorus

A slave to your memory

Well the ^{things} I've got
And the things I've thought
Are nowhere near the same
And a life of chasing you
Has been a life filled with pain