

Pretty Soon There'll Be Nothing Left for Everybody

Harry Nilsson

Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for everybody
Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for you and me
Pretty soon there'll be no air to breathe
Pretty soon there'll be no pretty sea to see
Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for everybody

Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for everybody
Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for you and me
Pretty soon there'll be no plans to make
There'll be no aeroplanes to take
No trains of thought to break for everybody

Pretty soon there'll be no place to land
Pretty soon there'll be no sea or sand
No one to understand or lend a helping hand to anybody
Pretty soon there'll be no hearts to break
Pretty soon there'll be no bellyache
There'll be no pills to take, and make no mistake
There'll be nothing left for everybody

Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for everybody
Pretty soon there'll be nothing left for you and me
Pretty soon there'll be no sky
There'll be no one askin' why
There'll be no one left to cry for anybody