

# Nothing On My Mind

Paul Kelly

Rack 'em up Jim, it's your break  
Set 'em up Max, it's my shout  
You know I really could go a round or three  
You wouldn't believe the crap I've had to deal with this week  
And I'm shovelling most of it for free  
'Grace under pressure'-that's what the old man said  
Yeah the old man said a lot of things in his time  
Well, fighting a bull's one thing but fighting bullshit's another  
And around here you know the bullshit just never seems to die  
I just want nothing on my mind

Christ hell! It's warming up in here, listen to that guitar player will ya  
Do you think anyone could get him to turn down?  
Where'd Jim go, sorry I didn't catch your name  
It's impossible to hear a word above that sound  
I'm a little thirsty, I'm running out of money, hey I'm a legend not a star  
And I'll talk to anyone yes I will  
Just as long as I can keep ripping the scab off those cold little vicious ones as they keep coming right across the bar  
I just want nothing on my mind

There was a man on the radio today talking about the young people  
Said we should listen to the young people, said they're a victim of conspiracy  
The young people, Jesus! What's that supposed to mean? I never did one damn good thing 'til I was over thirty  
I'm gonna get up in the morning, chug-a-lug a coffee  
Get on my bike and ride away  
Find me a beach with a nice little break and I'm gonna catch waves after wave after wave  
Until there's nothing on my mind  
(Whoever brought me here will have to take me home)