

# Nothin' For You

T.S.O.L.

I got nothin' for you  
You can look under my rug  
I got no smack for you  
You're entranced from that drug

I got no tears for you  
I got nothin' to worry about  
I got no fear for you no-no-no  
My guns I just lay around

My body is achin' inside out  
And my nose is always cold  
Am I still twenty-four  
Or am I starting to grow old?  
Am I growin' old?

Suicide is just a state of mind  
Not for me, I've got places to hide  
Day to day, nights are wicked  
Stealin' is my way of life  
I got to pay my bills today,  
Where'd I leave my knife?

No-no-no-no  
I've got nothin' for you  
Nothin' for you