

Local H, Nothing Much At All

Do you recall the word you said to me?
The one you could not wait to hear from me
You called yourself the poet to my face
And the minute that you said it
You turned into nothing much at all
Whoa, yeah
When the who's, the what's and why's and where's
Your psyche come face-down and hit me full up-front
And you chase away the praise
You called yourself the rebel to my face
And the minute that you said it,
You turned into nothing much at all
Yeah

Do you recall the word you said to me?
The one you could not wait to hear from me
You called yourself the beauty to my face
And the minute that you said it
You turned into nothing much at all
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