

Title: You Taste Of Nothing At All

Verse 1: Looking good that's your game
Everybody asking what is your name
Blowing smoke up your arse
I'll take a rain cheque on you baby I'll pass

Bridge: I've heard enough of your story
Flying on the Morning Glory
You're a fake no mistake
I've had enough of you

Chorus: You're like a paper back book with all the pages blank
A painting by Picasso but the colours are black
A Scorsese movie with no script
A song without the music
A diver in free fall
A rose that smells so sweet
But you taste, taste, taste of nothing at all
You taste of nothing at all

Verse 2: expecting more giving less
You made your life one hell of a mess
Sending dreams up your nose
Your boring me now baby you're such a pose

Bridge: I've heard enough of your story
Flying on the Morning Glory
You're a fake no mistake
I've had enough of you

Chorus:

Verse 3: Looking good that's your game
Everybody asking what is your name
Blowing smoke up your arse
I'll take a rain cheque on you baby I'll pass

Bridge: I've heard enough of your story
Flying on the Morning Glory
You're a fake no mistake
I've had enough of you

Chorus: You're like a paper back book with all the pages blank
A painting by Picasso but the colours are black
A Scorsese movie with no script
A song without the music
A diver in free fall
A rose that smells so sweet
But you taste, taste, taste of nothing at all

Repeat to fade

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