

Nothing is nothing, but a conglomerate of words,  
All adding up to nothing at the sound and song of the birds;  
Nothing isn't anything that is worthwhile even to mention,  
When your down and you're out and just living on the pension.

Nothing ever means much to anyone at all as nothing never is,  
And nothing ever is nothing but something to worry about his;  
Nothing is like this or that putting out you r hat when it's empty,  
As if money is going t fall into it and you think there is plenty.

Nothing beats anything and nothing ever really worth having at all,  
Something is nothing when you're dead on the earth spinning ball;  
Nothing is for eating when you starving hungry and thirst for a drink,  
There is no way you're going to fill your stomach on pen think and ink.

Nothing tastes sweeter than whispering sweet nothings in her ear,  
And nothing beats loving kindness and the reproduction of the year;  
Nothing is for all creation that God made simply out of nothing,  
Like nothing is worth having when you're in the earth but something.

Nothing grows like a tree in spring and animals and people agree,  
That nothing you really need is worth more than all the greed;  
Nothing is like life and the love between two human being,  
And nothing beats the unification of a man and woman meeting.

Nothing tastes sweeter than honey and noting is better for eating,  
Like the busy bees of summer and winter with the cat by the heart;  
Nothing is worth barking at, that any dog whose has their day will do,  
And nothing is like God's love, when it all comes down to me and you.

Signed,

Something beat