

Nothing Ever Happens

♩ = 72

Voice

Post of- fice clerks put up signs say- ing 'po- si- tion closed.' And sec- re- taries turn off type- wri- ters and put on their coats. And

Bass

ja- ni- tors pad- lock the gates for se- cu- ri- ty guards to pa- trol. And ba- che- lers phone up their friends for a drink, while the

Bass

mar- ried ones turn on a chat show. And they'll all be lone- ly to- night, and lone- ly to- mor- row.

Bass

"Gen- tle- men, time please, you know we can't serve a- ny- more." Now the tra- ffic lights change to stop when there's no- thing to go. And by

Bass

five o'- clock ev- 'ry- thing's dead, and ev- 'ry third car is a cab. And ig- nor- ant peo- ple sleep in their beds like the doped white mice in the

Bass

co- llege labs. And no- thing e- ver hap- pens, no- thing hap- pens at all. The

Bass

nee- dle re- turns to the start of the song, and we all sing a- long like be- fore. And we'll all be lone- ly to- night, and lone- ly to- mor- row.

Bass

Te- le- phone ex- chan- ges click while there's no- bo- dy there. The Mar- tians could land in the car park and no- one would care. The closed- cir- cuit cam- eras in de- part- ment stores shoot the

Bass

same mo- vie ev- er- y- day. And the stars of these films nei- ther die nor get killed, just sur- vive con- stant ac- tion re- play. And

Bass

no-thing e- ver hap- pens, no- thing hap- pens at all. The nee- dle re- turns to the start of the song, and we all sing a- long like be- fore. And we'll

Bass

all be lone- ly to- night, and lone- ly to- mor- row.

Bass

And bill hoar- dings ad- ver- tise prod- ucts that no- bo- dy needs. While 'An- gry from Man- ches- ter' writes to com- plain a- bout

Bass

all the re- peats on T- V. And com- pu- ter ter- min- als re- port some gains on the val- ues of cop- per and tin. While A- mer- i- can bus- iness- men snap up Van Goghs for the

Bass

price of a hos- pi- tal wing. And no- thing e- ver hap- pens, no- thing hap- pens at all. The

Bass

nee- dle re- turns to the start of the song, and we all sing a- long like be- fore. And no- thing e- ver hap- pens, no- thing hap- pens at all. They'll

Bass

burn down the sy- na- gogues at six o'- clock and we'll all go a- long like be- fore. And we'll all be lone- ly to- night, and lone- ly to- mor- row.

Bass