

Well who would be a nobody left with out a friend?

It would turn you into emptiness and drive you round the bend;

A nobody is a somebody who has no importance at all,

It's as if everybody has gone away to try and make them feel small.

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Nobodies are people who don't care whether they l've or die,

That's why a nobody will sit down and start to want to cry;

So I ask you now are you a nobody do you fit into these lines,

Or are you one of those socialites who eats and wines and dines.

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Nobodies are lonely types left out on a branch or a limb,

They steal cars and burn up highways leaving only but a rim;

Nobodies don't mind being nobodies because they don't think or care,

And a nobody turns inside himself because he won't turn to God in prayer.

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I don't know if it's right if a nobody ever knew,

For if a nobody knew somebody it would never be right or true;

You've got to remember that somebody cares about us and them,

That's why I wrote this poem because that's where I really stem.

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Now nobody gives a damn about nobodies more than me,

For a nobody is a somebody who turns into a tree;

You see to me that's kind of heaven to live eternally,

And I wouldn't want to see a nobody who always had to be.

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If a nobody is ever a winner then nobody ever wins,

And if you beat up on a nobody then nobody ever sins.

Or if a nobody is ever perfect and we w nobody ever is,

Then nobody dies or reads about nobodies work or biz.

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Well a nobody is always special at the end of every day,

And when it's all said and done it goes nobodies way;

So if a nobody is really a somebody who goes through all of that,

Then maybe it's just a nobody's world and the earth is really flat.

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Signed,

Nothing Left.