

Nothing I Do

Words and Music by Glenn Simonelli

Nothing I do is ever quite good enough.
Every act seems to wither and rust.
Nothing I make is ever exceptional,
 maybe acceptable,
 but only just.

Every attempt to say something memorable
Always comes out sounding trite.
Any intent to please disappoints someone.
Nothing I ever do
 turns out right.

I write a song;
The lyrics shout "amateur".
I tell a joke;
No one laughs

The wines I make
All turn into vinegar.
The breads I bake
Come out flat,

I've just one claim that no one can criticize
Can't be out done or improved.
No one can fault all the joy that I feel inside
 when I realize
 I love you.

I may not be the one to impress the world.
My feats display modestly.
Still I rejoice, for not only do I love you
Greater still, it's true
 you love me.

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