Broken

Matt Nathanson

How ironic it all seems because I remember you telling me
about other lovers running out of words to say to each other
and how beautiful you thought it was and I agreed that
would never happen to you and me
so here we sit in silence, searching our heads for common ground
we've rehashed the past and beaten it down
left us with nothing, no present, no future
I still read your letter and all that evil makes me sick
But this is regimented pain and it gives me the illusion
that I have lived
I was the one that pushed you off the pedestal I put you on
And with my arms still outstretched I watched you fall
And break apart like glass on the highway
I realized my mistake a bit too late

Because I'd never risk picking up the pieces,
Jesus look at them all
I'd never risk picking up all those goddamn pieces
because I lose control at the sight of my own blood
I still read your letter, and all that bullshit makes me sick
But this is regimented pain and it gives me the illusion
that I have lived

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