

Vandalized

Matt Nathanson

Well, it's late at night.
There's nobody around.
Just the sounds of the cars
Upon the asphalt ground.
It's the waiting time,
When the hours grow still.
I gaze on through the glass
Inside my windowsill.
Though I know that you must be
Somewhere in this world,
In this place where, at birth,
You and I were both hurled,
To think that we once were relating
Is a thing that has almost grown foreign to me. It's a bad sight,
Such a terrible waste,
To spend your time talking
In such bad taste.
It's the same old line,
Though it's not you I blame.
It's your teachers and television
That you put to shame.
The night's lasting longer
Because I've filled my head
With the things I could have done
And the words I could have said.
But, in truth, I was only spectating
And that's a permanent part of reality. So many rude lines,
So many petty crimes
And you don't feel a need
To apologize.
Tonight is the time
That you stick in my mind,
But from now on I won't become
Vandalized. Now the room's started filling
With the dawn's early light
And the end has arrived
Of this long night.
I turn off the television
And I hit the bed

While your shade is still haunting
My ever-vulnerable head.
And there's no use
In trying to compromise
When the kindest things we say are when we tell each other lies
But it's time I should quit my complaining
And behave with a little more dignity.

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