Then I'll Be Smiling

Matt Nathanson

Trailed by a mess of masking tape
Construction paper
And the best of intentions
He tried to patch up every hole as he went
Back and forth and back again
And his friends half full of half concerns
Embarrassed looks and tired words
They burrowed deeper
Into the ignorant little lives they preferred
And he envied their distance
Their lack of concern, he thought
Once I shed the whole of me
Once I shed the whole of me
Then I'll be smiling

He cursed himself
And his instinct to nurse every idea to health
And all of the falls that he'd spent
Trying to coax his name
From the mouths of success, he thought
Once I shed the whole of me
Once I shed the whole of me
Then I'll be smiling
They litter me with small awarenesses
Then they ask if I'm good enough
Litter me with small awarenesses
Just to wake me up
Why do the fools wake me up

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