And Vandalism

You Am I

I know this guy
If I'm the mayonnaise, he's the cream
Some sit and wait for the ride
While others become the sceneAnd he can see a Wednesday morning
Like others see Friday night
It's all an open book
It's just how you vandalizeA double stitch on the shirttail
While the rest of us split on the seams
He talks about Art Blakey
And I pretend to know what he meansSo now it's three gigs a night
While your girl digs up the UAE
And burn up like a matchstick
The whole damn city can seeThe sun caught me hiding
Just enough for someone to see
My heart in my hands, the tracks of my glands
Cracking through the grit in my teethSo when did you decide
That there's only so much you can lose?
The best choices come
Just when there's nothing left to chooseSo you blow up letterboxes and chlorine bombs
'Coz it's a weekend blitz on the dicks
Who just can't whistle the tune
Yeah and yeah, hit while I sit here on my hands
Measuring compliments with a spoon
And I'm never too far awayI know this guy
If I'm the mayonnaise, he's the cream
Some sit and wait for the ride
While others become the sceneAnd he can see a Wednesday morning
Like others see Friday night
It's all an open book
It's just how you vandalize

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