

Miracles

Matt Nathanson

They built a hero out of expectations
and what a hopeless hero was he
with sticks for legs he shook when the wind blew,
even slightly
and he welcomed the smiles, he welcomed the applause
and he hoped that they'd never forget
just who they thought he was
they dressed him up in rich man's clothes
and told him he was beautiful
then they expected miracles
His parents were pleased they went to all the parties
he was groomed for greatness from the time he was young
raised on a diet of television
he was taught to listen, kept dumb
and he welcomed desire and reckless luxury
and the world soaked up every drop of drama and insecurity
they dressed him up in rich man's clothes
and told him he was beautiful
then they expected miracles
and then one day his admirers just quit him
they packed up their paint and were gone
and he stood alone,
their beautiful disaster,
wondering were he'd gone wrong
and he wanted the smiles and he wanted the applause
but no one would look him in the eye now,
no one returned his calls
they dressed him up in rich man's clothes
and told him he was beautiful
then they expected miracles

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