

Vietnam

John Grant

To say that I'm a man undone
Is understatement at its worst.
I was completely incapacitated
By your southern charm.
It hit me like an ancient gypsy curse.
But this instrument you use with such precision--
It's like a concrete wall
A thousand meters tall.
And I've tried to climb its icy walls a million times,
But I simply cannot find inside of me
The requisite resolve.

Your silence is a weapon.
It's like a nuclear bomb.
It's like the Agent Orange
They used to use in Vietnam.
And it's accompanied by an apathy
That's deafening to the ears.
You know it is complete and perfect,
And you wield it without fear.

It isn't complicated; you just don't care.
You attack me by not saying anything.
You say that you don't bring your anger to me,
But it poisons every fiber of your being.
Now you started something that you cannot finish,
And left me standing in the wreckage on my own.
And the only thing that brings me any comfort
Is the knowledge is that, no matter who you're with,
You'll always be alone.

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(2x)