

## Broken

Matt Nathanson

How ironic it all seems because I remember you telling me  
about other lovers running out of words to say to each other  
and how beautiful you thought it was and I agreed that  
would never happen to you and me  
so here we sit in silence, searching our heads for common ground  
we've rehashed the past and beaten it down  
left us with nothing, no present, no future  
I still read your letter and all that evil makes me sick  
But this is regimented pain and it gives me the illusion  
that I have lived gives me the illusion

I was the one that pushed you off the pedestal I put you on  
And with my arms still outstretched I watched you fall  
And break apart like glass on the highway  
I realized my mistake a bit too late  
Because I'd never risk picking up the pieces,  
Jesus look at them all  
I'd never risk picking up all those goddamn pieces  
because I lose control at the sight of my own blood  
I still read your letter, and all that bullshit makes me sick  
But this is regimented pain and it gives me the illusion  
that I have lived gives me the illusion  
that I have lived gives me the illusion