

# Vandalized

Matt Nathanson

Well, it's late at night.  
There's nobody around.  
Just the sounds of the cars  
Upon the asphalt ground.  
It's the waiting time,  
When the hours grow still.  
I gaze on through the glass  
Inside my windowsill.  
Though I know that you must be  
Somewhere in this world,  
In this place where, at birth,  
You and I were both hurled,  
To think that we once were relating  
Is a thing that has almost grown foreign to me.

It's a bad sight,  
Such a terrible waste,  
To spend your time talking  
In such bad taste.  
It's the same old line,  
Though it's not you I blame.  
It's your teachers and television  
That you put to shame.  
The night's lasting longer  
Because I've filled my head  
With the things I could have done  
And the words I could have said.  
But, in truth, I was only spectating  
And that's a permanent part of reality.

So many rude lines,  
So many petty crimes  
And you don't feel a need  
To apologize.  
Tonight is the time  
That you stick in my mind,  
But from now on I won't become  
Vandalized.

Now the room's started filling  
With the dawn's early light  
And the end has arrived  
Of this long night.  
I turn off the television  
And I hit the bed  
While your shade is still haunting  
My ever-vulnerable head.  
And there's no use  
In trying to compromise  
When the kindest things we say  
But it's time I should quit my complaining  
And behave with a little more dignity.

So many rude lines,  
So many petty crimes  
And you don't feel a need  
To apologize.

Tonight is the time  
That you stick in my mind,  
But from now on I won't become  
Vandalized.