

...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 scene
And he can see a Wednesday morning
Like others see Friday night
It's all an open book
It's just how you vandalize
A double on the shirttail
While the rest of us split on the seams
He talks about Art Blakey
And I pretend to know what he means

So 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 see
The 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 teeth
So when did you decide
That there's only so much you can lose?
The best choices come
Just when there's nothing left to choose

So 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 away
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