

# You Am I, ...And Vandalism

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 vandalise  
A double stitch 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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