

Matches

Sammy Kershaw

We met at The Broken Spoke Restaurant and Lounge
I lit your cigarette, then you wrote your number down
On the inside of a matchbook that was layin' on the bar
And a fire started burning somewhere in my heart

I didn't see it comin', guess I didn't read the signs
I just never thought you'd leave me after all this time
But today when I came home, my key was hollow in the door
And there was nothin' but a worn out book of matches on the floor

You took the bed
You took the dishes and the car
And you broke my trust
And you took advantage of my heart
And you left me there
With empty rooms and walls with holes and scars and scratches
If I find the strength to burn your memory down
At least you left the matches

The color's old and faded, the cover's worn and stained
But I can still make out the numbers and the heart beside your name
Until tonight they'd only lit a single cigarette
Now one by one I'm striking them to help me forget

And everybody at The Broken Spoke
Well they all thought my crazy story was a joke
Now they're all out in the parking lot
Staring at the smoke

You took the bed
You took the dishes and the car
And you broke my trust
And you took advantage of my heart
And you left me there
With empty rooms and walls with holes and scars and scratches
Now I found the strength to burn your memory down
Oh, at least you left the matches

Baby all that's left of our love now is ashes
Thank God you left the matches