

## Matchbox

Adam Cohen

I just want my lips to taste of you  
My heart, my breath to race with you  
I know this may sound out of turn  
But oh how the thought of you, burns

And now I got a  
Matchbox with your name and your number on it  
I'm not gonna wait  
No, I'm gonna call it  
I can picture us tangled our lips in a lock  
But these are just thoughts, little matchbox

I know your heart must be a busy port  
With so many people coming back and forth  
Is it foolish to feel like I do  
We only spoke for a moment or two

And now I got a  
Matchbox with your name and your number on it  
I'm not gonna wait  
No, I'm gonna call it  
First we'll do coffee, then we'll small talk  
I can picture us tangled our lips in a lock  
In some motel room where the springs are all shot  
We'll leave the door open and hope we get caught  
But these are just thoughts, little matchbox

Yeah I know this may sound out of turn  
But oh how the thought of you, burns

Now I got a  
Matchbox with your name and your number on it  
I'm not gonna wait  
No, I'm gonna call it  
I can picture us tangled our lips in a lock  
But these are just thoughts, little matchbox