

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

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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
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