

## The Old Matchbook Trick

Lambchop

The last time that I came here  
I came down with a fever  
The next day it was gone  
With the suddenness of it's arrival  
When we all were much younger  
Were we really different  
In the really real world we knew

Last night I saw the sun rise  
Over sleepy Barcelona  
Riding on a bus  
With the road crew from embrace  
While everyone was sleeping  
I noticed a reflection  
And saw the egg upon my face

The last thing I remember  
About waking up in kristians and  
Was gagging on my toothbrush  
As it brushed across my tongue  
And removed a drunken sailor  
Paid his bar and porno bill  
Gonna have to fuckin' hose him down

The clarity is blinding  
Where's the befuddled middleman  
The gentle goofus  
With his comedy and wit  
Spaced out in the crowd  
With the cramped and the cluttered  
Falls from your fingers to his hand  
Falls from his fingers to your hand

The old matchbook trick  
Keeps the table from wobble  
Slipped under the short leg  
Steadies the unsteadiness  
Of the lopsided conversation  
Makes a solid place to rest  
Arms and thought upon