

Matchmaker

Peter Bjorn and John

The ground was filled with snow, I really had to go
'Cause I saw you waiting for me
Before my inner eyes, and figured out replies
That would make it easier to see
That spring took a halt in kindness
Just to clear out our blindness
Matchmaker, a grand faker
Matchmaking me to you
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Matchmaking me to you

I'm not among the crowd, who screams out loud
But who whispers, when they are afraid
I'm quiet, the reverse, I don't like to rehearse
So socializing may seem dull with me
But you don't seem to mind, kind as you are, one of a kind
Matchmaker, a grand faker
Matchmaking me to you

Happy love cartoons, april fools
I'm so grateful for the way you're carrying me
Heavy load I guess but I confess
Half of the time I'm pushing you in front of me
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