

## 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