

Matches

The Format

Ashes to ashes
Some dust on the dash
I've got my cigarettes
But I can't find the fire
That's calming me down

I was just out on a night
With my friends
You are still out on a night
With your friends
And you don't seem to tire
When I'm not around

I'm under the tunnel
I'm holding my breath

I searched every pocket
That hung in the closet
'Till I found some matches
In a brown leather jacket
One I swore I've never worn
But it once kept you warm

Do you remember
We made love on the floor
And you still haven't called
So I'll wait 'til they're closing the bars

I made a wish
But the match never lit