

Clouds Crash

The Matches

Clouds crash on the hillside
Set to sail your soul at high tide
High time you left that shadow
dead weight in the meadow
Let it follow far below

Oh, Oh, Oh

Whoa, what a ceiling!
All the angels cracked and peeling
revealing constellations
one day you will name one
after a boy you knew
when you were back in middle school
and ingrained his name in love notes
everyone retained though
in a box, behind your raincoats

Oh, those days
Where rainy days meant
Traces, Faces, Raindrops made when
Racing cross the windshield
The pace of life wasn't real
Oh, though how we quicken
how the slope began to slicken
you slip into a grim then,
begin with where you've been and
in my linen you are skin again.

La da da
La da da da da daa
Da da daa
Da daa daa
La da da daa da da daa daa

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dead weight in the meadow.
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