

Matches

Wade Bowen

I wished I smoked cigarettes
Then I'd have a reason to keep some by my bed
and I wouldn't be searching out every drawer in the house for matches, matches

It hasn't rained here for weeks
Yeah, I've got the courage, got the gasoline
and theres a warm wind blowin off of the mountains in the east.

Can you feel the breeze?

Maybe we should just let go
Set whats left of us up in smoke
Cuz this love is full of lies, sorries we don't use
here I am to find myself down to one excuse
there with bitter emptyness, hell its a damn fuse,
it's gonna make a fine pile of ashes

Mistakes and memories will burn
More fuel for the fire another lesson never learned
One more chance for you and me to get it all out with matches, matches

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Cuz this love is full of lies, sorries we don't use
here I am to find myself down to one excuse
there with bitter emptyness, hell its a damn fuse,
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Once I find the matches

Cuz this love is full of lies, sorries we don't use
here I am to find myself down to one excuse
there with bitter emptyness, hell its a damn fuse,
it's gonna make a fine pile of ashes

Yeah It's gonna make a fine pile of ashes
once I find the matches

Well, I wished I smoked cigarettes
Cuz then I'd have a reason to keep some by my bed and
I wouldn't be searching out every drawer in the house for matches,
matches, matches