

## 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

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

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