

## The Whitlams

### "Met My Match"

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Met my match she was five foot one  
Face goes red bouncing up and down  
Takes her pleasure eyes wide open  
Big green eyes looking through me

Met my match she was pretty as a garden  
Gap-toothed as bright as a button  
So tiny curled up warm in bed  
Big green eyes looking through me  
I met my match

And she's coming 'round to me and all my funny ways  
I'm never friendly on the phone  
It pays to remember that the boy she had before me  
Well he couldn't have been perfect or she'd be with him  
still

I met my match pretty as a garden  
Met my match bright as a button  
I met my match

Light the candles I'm coming over  
I met my match five foot one her face goes red  
bouncing up and down  
Close the curtains I'm coming over  
I met my match

Words: Tim Freedman

Music: Tim Freedman, Andy Lewis

Tim Freedman: vocal, backing vocal, piano

Stevie Plunder: guitar

Andy Lewis: bass

Stuart Eadie: drums

Stevie Wishart: hurdy gurdy

Chris Abrahams: Hammond organ

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