

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

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