

## 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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