

Dessa

"Matches To Paper Dolls"

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I changed the locks
But your key, your key's still working
Can't train a moth, I guess
Each beast gets her burden
So we circle this old flame
Too much at stake
But too late to change
My nerves are shot
My reserves are exhausted
It's a tired plot, but we bought it
Now we're lost
Bewteen love and cholera
Saccharine read...
Such a sentimental novel
Give you cavities
If it doesn't drive you to the bottle
As for me, I'll take another kerosene,
If you've got it something harder
Built like a moth you see
I still get chills when you talk to me
But the years pass by now
In twos and threes
These thrills ain't as cheap
As they used to be

If you're asking, I can't say no
Just one more chapter,
Our book won't close
And I know it's madness
To play these odds
It's like giving matches to paper,
To paper dolls

I know it's madness, I know

Tried sweet talk, tried dynamite
But I sleepwalk
Back to the battle site
Fight fire with fire
But the fire won't fight
We just fly these circles like tired kites
You flash some fang

And I bat my lashes
And we're back again,
Ne end to this game with matches
We've been lovers and strangers
And friends who get angry
Made mistakes and amends
And brief moments of magic
We forgive and forget
And give into attraction
This whole thing depends
On amnesia and magnets
I'd be leaving for good
I'd be looking for better
But I got this broken habit
I keep gluing back together
The fervor the fire the feathers
The fever defies measure
And good sense won't venture
Where the moth won't let it

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