

The Matches "From 24C"

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Digits dial, digits dial... tone, monotone
Has she been feigning sleeping?
Framing she been all alone?

Downslide on the sidewalk,
I'm a distant ring
Out of body, out of body,
Pick me up, oh answer me

I just hurried over
Worried sick
You might be sick.

Gates are courting airplanes,
And clocks divorcing ticks
Before I left, thought I'd see you
At the show, you didn't show
Didn't message, didn't call
You didn't know, didn't you know?
I'm a liar too
Uh huh, that's why I think I understand you

Someone from your building holds for me a door
I'm in your lobby, your elevator
I'm on your floor, the second floor
I can hear you now
With my ear pressed to the paint
You're playing that cassette tape
That you took from me to take to Iowa
And that was near three years ago
Now I'm back up in that moment
Playing that yard sale Casio

I sang to you from a red room
(Together we'll grey, grey, grey)
Does he sing to you as well?
Much better, most would say
I hear him laughing
But I prefer this to the silence
When your lips are sealed against his
Or he fills your thighs with kisses
Or just for instance

He's clawing your fat,
Pushing your breasts into the mattress
You'll love a good many men, mmhmm
And loving me ain't gonna stop all of them
Like Adam we are flawed
In the image of our gods
Of our fathers, who never bothered
To consider they were not the only ones
(Faith, ohhh...)
Faith oh faith, is a way to believe lies that we need
Then to be faithful is to be truthless
But that's more than I need to say
Oh just don't run off and get married
And I'll surely be okay
'Cause I love you
They'll love a good many 'you's
Gotta go now
Pack my suitcase
Glad that you're okay,
And I love you, happy birthday,
See you in sixteen days.

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