

## The Matches

### "Scratched Out"

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Wake up and waste a day  
Chase away  
A day at a time  
And waste away  
Clean-faced today  
Clean taste of yay  
Toothpaste makes my  
Orange juice sour  
Waste an hour  
Or so  
My shower  
Is slow  
The flowers  
That grow  
Outside of my window  
Are blooming  
I'm assuming  
That you're comin' over soon  
It's almost half past four  
And you called here at noon  
'cause there's a picture  
That you wanna see  
Now I'm not even good at  
Being me  
Anymore.

She got nicotine-basted  
Lungs  
Wasted thumbs  
And one of them asphalt  
Tastin' tongues  
She wakes up  
To alarm  
Her make-up  
Is still on  
And she can't remember  
Why she set the damn thing  
Her heart is a machine  
Art is meant to be seen  
Not felt  
Not heard

It's just paint  
They're just words  
And fingers are for feeling  
Fists are for beating  
Scabs are for healing  
And blood is for bleeding  
That's just how  
I used to be  
But I'm not even good at  
Being me  
Anymore.

I wake up and waste an hour  
Pace and glower  
At the TV set wasting power  
And aching in my head  
I'm banking in the red  
And compulsively charging cd's to my account  
So come out  
Jenny  
Its getting late  
You Jersey girls like to make boys wait  
Now it's too late  
In the day  
For a matinee  
And I ain't got the  
Money to pay  
For you anyway  
What should I say?  
I know it ain't how it  
Used to be  
But I'm not good  
At being me  
Anymore.

[in first release of E.Von Dahl, instead of saying:  
"so come out  
Jenny  
Its getting late  
You Jersey girls like to make boys wait"  
It's  
"so come out  
Virginia  
Don't make me wait  
You Catholic girls start much to late"]

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