

Felice Brothers

"Burn These Matches"

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Call me sometime, 595-1768
That's all she wrote, right below what looks like Kate
What was I thinkin' even talking to her?
Like a hole in the head, that's the last thing that I need
I better burn these matches in my pocket
Before they burn the hell out of me
Chorus:
Yeah and I know how this story goes
Got a buddy who's been down that road
Instead of firing 'em up and throwing 'em out
He let that matchbook hang around
Sure enough, one closing time
That stranger wasn't hard to find
He dialed her up and the rest is history
I better burn these matches in my pocket
Before they burn the hell out of me
I should've left 'em right there
Next to that beer I bought for her
Should've said I was spoken for
Before we got out on that floor and danced the
Way we were
What was I thinkin' even leading her on?
I got everything a man could want or need
Better burn these matches in my pocket
Before they burn the hell out of me
Repeat Chorus
Anything a man could want, I got it
I better burn these matches in my pocket
Before they burn the hell out of me
Call me sometime, 595-1768

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