

Sam

"Matches"

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We met at the Broken spoke restaurant and lounge
I lit your cigarette then you wrote your number down
On the inside of a matchbook that was laying on the bar
And a fire started burning somewhere in my heart
I didn't see it coming, guess I didn't read the signs
I just never thought you'd leave me after all this time
But today when I came home, my key was hollow in the
door
And there was nothing but a worn out book of matches
on the floor
You took the bed
You took the dishes and the car
And you broke my trust
And you took advantage of my heart
And you left me here
With empty rooms and walls with holes and scars and
scratches
If I find the strength to burn your memory down
At least you left the matches
The color's old and faded, the cover's worn and
stained
But I can still make out the numbers and the heart
beside your name
Until tonight they'd only lit a single cigarette
Now one by one, I'm striking them to help me to forget
'And everybody at the Broken Spoke
They all thought my crazy story was a joke
Now they're out in the parking lot
Staring at the smoke
You took the bed
You took the dishes and the car
And you broke my trust
You took advantage of my heart
And you left me here
With empty rooms and walls with holes and scars and
scratches
Now I've found the strength to burn your memory down
Oh, at least you left the matches
Baby all that's left of our love now is ashes
Thank God you left the matches

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