

## Sammy Kershaw "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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