

## Format, The "Matches"

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Ashes to ashes  
Some dust on the dash  
I've got my cigarettes  
but I can't find the fire  
that's calming me down

I was just out on a night with my friends  
You are still out on a night  
with your friends  
and you don't seem to tire  
when I'm not around

I'm under the tunnel  
I'm holding my breath

I searched every pocket  
that hung in the closet  
'til I found some matches  
in a brown leather jacket  
One I swore I've never worn  
but it once kept you warm

Do you remember  
we made love on the floor  
and you still haven't called  
So I'll wait 'til they're closing the bars

I made a wish  
but the match never lit

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