

## Matches, The "Clouds Crash"

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Clouds crash on the hillside.  
Set to sail your soul at high tide.  
High time you left that shadow,  
dead weight in the meadow.  
Let it follow far below.

Oh, Oh, Oh

Whoa, what a ceiling!  
All the angels cracked and peeling,  
revealing constellations,  
one day you will name one,  
after a boy you knew  
when you were back in middle school  
and ingrained his name in love notes,  
everyone retained though,  
in a box, behind your raincoats.

Oh, those days  
Where rainy days meant  
Traces, Faces, Raindrops made when  
Racing cross the windshield  
The pace of life wasn't real  
Oh, though how we quicken  
how the slope began to slicken  
you slip into a grim then,  
begin with where you've been and  
in my linen you are skin again.

La da da  
La da da da da daa  
Da da daa  
Da daa daa  
La da da daa da da daa daa

Oh, oh, clouds crash on the hillside.  
Set to sail your soul at high tide.  
High time you left that shadow,  
dead weight in the meadow.  
In my linen you are skin again.

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