

## **Matches, The "Proctor Rd"**

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All of the people 'neath your feet  
You'll never speak to and never meet  
All of their windows all aglow  
All of the dark they each will go  
Same as the dark when eyelids close  
Where you find a house on Proctor Rd.

It's walls are your skin, tissue thin  
This is your Captain speaking:  
"Welcome to the place  
Seat backs return  
To your unimportance of great concern  
From your womb/tomb/seat in coach  
Feel the dead weight of a shadow approach

Feel the dead weight, weight of a shadow, shadow  
approach

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