

## **Matches, The**

### **"The Barber's Unhappiness"**

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Do me a favor, would you please  
hang up the receiver on me  
before I, before I talk my vocabulary dry.

[Chorus:]

Cold colas to coexist  
hold sodas in both her fists  
I...I'd hoped for a different you.  
there's comfort in the clamor of caf  s  
solace from the abyss of days  
I...I'd hoped for a different you.  
still I trace your gaze  
but that's stalker praise, and I lack the turn of phrase

Do me a favor, would you, my Doe  
Don't come over later, don't spend two days in a row  
I know my pre-calculated charm will soon run low.

[Chorus]

Every morning through Ma's twin rose trellises  
grammar, middle, and Lake High  
barber college, through Ma's twin rose trellises

I'd planned to pick for you a rose; my hell, this is  
a plan's as close as I'll ever get; my hell, this is  
I haven't yet, I haven't yet, I haven't yet...

[Chorus]

Do me a favor, be rational  
save me the labor of the breakup call  
just assume the worst  
when the phone don't ring, dismiss me to the hearse

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