Matches, The "Track 11"

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wake up and waste a day chase away a day at a time and waste away clean-faced today clean taste today toothpaste makes my orange juice sour waste a hour or so my shower is slow the flowers that grow outside of my window are blooming I'm assuming that you're coming over soon it's almost half past four and you called here at noon 'cause there's a picture that you wanna see now I'm not even good at being me anymore

she got nicotine-pasted lungs wasted thumbs and one of them asphalt tastin' tongues she wakes up to alarm her make-up is still on and she can't remember why she set the damn thing her heart is a machine art is meant to be seen not felt not heard

it's just paint
they're just words
and fingers are for feeling
fists are for beating
scabs are for healing
and blood is for bleeding
that just how
I used to be
but I'm not even good at
being me
anymore

I wake up and waste an hour pace and glower at the TV set wasting power and the aching in my head I'm banking in the red and compulsively charging cd's to my account

Version 1: so come out Virginia don't make me wait you Catholic girls start much too late

Version 2: so come out Jenny its getting late you Jersey girls like to make boys wait

now it's too late
in the day
for a matinee
and I ain't got the
money to pay
for you anyway
what should I say?
I know it ain't how it
used to be
but I'm not good
at being me
anymore

Note: The reason for the different versions is that the lyrics always tell version 1, but in the song The Matches always sing version 2, The reason is because version 1 had some copywrite issues so they had to change it.

The Matches re-recorded the song with new lyrics.

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