

Matches, The

"What Katie Said"

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La, la, la, la, la.

La, la, la, la, la.

Of a face full of words,
You'd think a few would be right. (Right?)
And with a few tips of courage,
You'd think my lips less tight. (Right?)

Shattered passenger window,
Beside itself on the floor, whoa.
They can take my stereo,
But you can't take me for a kid anymore.

I'm going back to your house,
Back from the dead.
Why can't I forget what Katie said?
You've got standards, girl,
What the hell are you doing with me?

STD payphone hanging off my face.
The roomie's got me on hold,
Damn, why am I such a disgrace?
With a fist full of change,
And absolutely no sense, whoa.
What little I learned about love is at my pride's
expense.

I'm going back to your house,
Back from the dead.
Why can't I forget what Katie said?
You've got standards, girl.
What the hell are you doing with me?

I'm going back to your house,
Back from the dead.
Why can't I forget what Katie said?
You've got standards, girl.
What the hell are you doing with me?

La, la, la, la, la.

La, la, la, la, la.

Oh, you always know the latest place to be.
With your waved-at friends, and your waved-at fees.
Your neon eyes blinking vacancy. Baby, baby.
You've always been the latest thing to be.
With your guestlist girls and their listless pleas
Hear hear, three cheers for your apathy.
Whoa.

I'm back in your house,
Back from the dead.
Why can't I forget what Katie said?
You've got standards, girl.
What the hell are you doing with me?

I'm going back to your house,
Back from the dead.
Maybe I'll forget what Katie said.
You've got standards, girl.
What the hell are you doing with me?
What the hell are you doing with me?
What's a decent girl doing with me?

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