

Michelle Branch, Angels And Ashtrays

I breathed on the window and wrote my name
I got matches in my pocket, they kept me warm today
As you walked me down the alleys, everything's fair game
And you fill me with the doubt of angels and ashtrays

And every little thing I say scares me to death
Cuz I know you'll break away and I can't keep promises
So crawl into your sheets and give me a call
Do you want to be repaid?
Do you want to be repaid?

I held your hand as you showed me how you feel
I got matches in my pocket, they kept me burnt away
As I forgot what's make believe and what was real
You just fill me with the doubt of angels and ashtrays

And every little thing I say scares me to death
Cuz I know you'll break away and I can't keep promises
So crawl into your sheets and give me a call
Do you want to be repaid?
Do you want to be repaid?