

The Matches, Scratched Out

wake up and waste a day
chase away
a day at a time
and waste away
clean-faced today
clean taste of yay
toothpaste makes my
orange juice sour
waste an hour
or so
Rush hour*
is slow
the flowers
that grow
outside of my window
are blooming
I'm assuming
that you're comin' 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-basted
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's 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 aching in my head
I'm banking in the red
and compulsively charging cd's to my account
so come out
Ginny*
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.

(in first release of E.Von Dahl, instead of saying:
"so come out
Jenny
its getting late
you Jersey girls like to make boys wait"
it's
"so come out
Virginia
dont make me wait
you Catholic girls start much to late")