

The Matches, A Girl I Know

She
Shes a memory
In the minds of guys
She doesnt know
know her
Shes
Behind there foreheads
Doing deeds
Shes never done before
And her worlds a blur
Her worlds a blur about her
The girls not green
Shes got no clue
Theyre whispering about her
Shes got no clue
Shes never quite sure what to do
With her hands
In social
Situations
She
She seems so well liked
But friends are few
And hardly friends at all
and Shes
So sick of herself sometimes
Leaves her stomach
Inside a bathroom stall
She never quite knows what to do
With her hands
In private
Situations
And her worlds a blur
Her worlds a blur about her
The girls not green
But shes got no clue
Theyre whispering about her
Shes got no clue
Shes never quite sure what to do
But she is the what
They are the matter
She is the glass
They are the shatter
She is the dawn
They are the Saturday
That never made it home
She
She hates dinner dates
And getting to know you
At awkward intervals
And her worlds a blur
Her worlds a blur about her
The girls not green
Shes got no clue
Theyre whispering about her
Shes got no clue
Shes never quite sure what to do
With her hands
Shes never quite sure what to do
With her hands
In casual
Situations