

# The Matches, Clouds Crash

Clouds crash on the hillside  
Set to sail your soul at high tide  
High time you left that shadow,  
Dead weight in the meadow  
Let it follow far below

Oh, Oh, Oh

Whoa what a ceiling  
All the angels cracked and peeling,  
Revealing constellations,  
One day you will name one,  
After a boy you knew  
When you were back in middle school  
And ingrained his name in love notes,  
Every one retained though,  
In a box behind your raincoats

Oh, those days  
When rainy days meant  
Trace the spaces raindrops made when  
Racing 'cross the windshield  
The pace of life wasn't real  
Oh, though how we quickened  
How the slope began to slicken  
You slip into a grin then,  
Begin with where you've been and  
In my linen you are skin again

La da da  
La da da da da daa  
Da da daa  
Da daa daa  
La da da daa da da daa daa

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