

# The Matches, Eryn Smith

Well if you ever go down to Huntington,  
there is a girl there that is named Eryn.  
She's got ADD, but isn't bored with me.  
At least not yet, she said.  
With a 'zine in between  
her bohemian jeans,  
half sober.  
She's a dog in heat  
and proud of that clich. ok-ok, ok, ok  
She's a can of mixed nuts  
with a damn nice butt.  
It's over.  
But more and more,  
she tries to make me stay, ok-ok, ok, ok

Eryn Smith, I don't want you to hate me.  
You should know you educate me.  
You should know you make me want to say,  
You're bitchin'  
And I just want you to hold me,  
though I know we'll leave here lonely,  
'cause in the end, it's meant to be that way anyway.

She hacks her hair shorter on the left side  
'cause if you caught her cute  
she'd be horrified.  
She says you're gonna eat popcorn in the dark  
And pay ten bucks to watch her life one day.

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'cause in the end, it's meant to be that way anyway.  
Let's go...

You should know I think so much of you.  
You should think I don't think of you much,  
But that's not true.  
You're the dimple in my cheeks  
that I can't spit out.  
You're the smile in my eyes  
that I can't cry out  
The word "subtle" is not a word that goes with  
Eryn Smith