

# The Matches, From 24C

Digits dial digits, dial tone monotone  
Has she been feigning sleeping?  
Framing she been all alone?  
Downslide on the sidewalk,  
I'm a distant ring  
Out of body, out of body,  
Pick me up, oh answer me  
I just hurried over  
Worried sick you might be sick  
Gates are courting airplanes,  
and clocks divorcing ticks  
Before I left, thought I'd see you  
At the show, you didn't show  
Didn't message, didn't call  
You didn't know, oh didn't you know?  
I'm a liar too  
Uh huh, that's why I think I understand you  
Someone from your building holds for me a door  
I'm in your lobby, your elevator  
I'm on your floor, the second floor  
I can hear you now  
With my ear pressed to the paint  
You're playing that cassette tape  
That you took from me to take to Iowa  
And that was near three years ago  
Now I'm back up in that moment  
Playing that yard sale Casio  
I sang to you from a red room  
(Together we'll grey, grey, grey)  
Does he sing to you as well?  
Much better, most would say  
I hear him laughing  
But I prefer this to the silence  
When your lips are sealed against his  
Or he fills your thighs with kisses  
Or just for instance  
He's clawing your fat,  
Pushing your breaths into the mattress  
You'll love a good many men, mmhmm  
And loving me ain't gonna stop all of them  
Like Adam we are flawed  
In the image of our gods  
Of our fathers, who never bothered  
To consider they were not the only ones  
(Faith, ohhh...)  
Faith oh faith, is a way to believe lies we need  
Then to be faithful is to be truthless  
But that's more than I need to say  
Oh just don't run off and get married  
And I'll surely be okay  
'Cause I love you  
May love a good many you's  
I've got to go now and pack my suitcase  
Glad that you're okay,  
And I love you, happy birthday,  
I'll see you in sixteen days.