

# The Matches, My Soft And Deep

Wrap you up in a coat of cobwebs  
Tack-tied little heart of chaos  
The more you lick, the more I trip  
You behave like a postcard rack

So try this trick and spin it  
Spin again, my Surfer Rosa  
All the while the world is whirling  
The morning tilts closer

Your eyelids keep secrets  
Your eyelids keep secrets  
My soft and deep  
While you sleep  
Know no secrets

Blow, blow bubbles with nicotine gum  
Kiss me below the seatbelt line  
On the roof with a toothpick flag  
Take your broken wings and learn to sigh

In the half life of balloons  
We will measure how our hairs grow  
We, like, curl like question marks  
Drifting off on pheromones

Your eyelids keep secrets  
Your eyelids keep secrets  
My soft and deep  
I creep, I creep with the grace of an ice cream truck  
Ever wrought, you sleep  
Beneath a blanket of dust, I'll tuck you in  
My soft and deep  
Know no secrets

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Spin again, my Surfer Rosa  
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Deep.