

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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Deep.