

The Matches, The Barber's Unhappiness

Do me a favor, would you please
hang up the receiver on me
before I, before I talk my vocabulary dry.

Cold colas to coexist
hold sodas in both her fists
I...I'd hoped for a different you.
there's comfort in the clamor of cafes
solace from the abyss of days
I...I'd hoped for a different you.
still I trace your gaze
but that's stalker praise, and I lack the turn of phrase

Do me a favor, would you, my Doe
Don't come over later, don't spend two days in a row
I know my pre-calculated charm will soon run low.

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Every morning through Ma's twin rose trellises
grammar, middle, and Lake High
barber college, through Ma's twin rose trellises

I'd planned to pick for you a rose; my hell, this is
a plan's as close as I'll ever get; my hell, this is
I haven't yet, I haven't yet...

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Do me a favor, be rational
save me the labor of the breakup call
just assume the worst
when the phone don't ring, dismiss me to the hearse