Matchbox

The Rockin' Bandits

Yeah I'm tired of sighing
Tired of worrying you too
But I made up my mind baby
What I'm gonna do
I got my clothes in a matchbox
I'm gonna forget about you

But I tried to tell you many times
But I never could do it
You believe me baby
This time I'm through
I got my clothes in a matchbox
I'm gonna forget about you

Now when things get harder
Yeah and rough on you
Don't try to get me back now baby
'Cause baby I'm through
I got my clothes in a matchbox
Gonna forget about you.

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