

# 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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