

Matchbox

Carl Perkins

Well, I'm sitting here wondering, would a matchbox hold my clothes?
hes?

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I ain't got no matches, but I got a long way to go.

I'm an old, poor boy and I'm a long way from home

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I won't ever be happy; everything I do is wrong.

Let me be your little dog 'til your big dog come.

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When your big dog gets here, show him what this little puppy's
done.