

Pictures of Matchstick Men

Ozzy Osbourne

Oh, Ah, Oh, Ah

When I look up to the sky
I see your eyes in a funny kind of yellow
I rush to bed I soak my head
I see your face underneath my pillow

I wake next morning tossed and yawning
I see your face come peeping through my window
Oh no

Oh, Ah, Oh, Ah

Pictures of matchstick men and you
Images of matchstick men and you
All I ever see is them and... you

Oh, Ah, Oh, Ah

Windows echo your reflection
When I look in their direction
Gone
Yeah they're gone

When will this haunting stop
Your face just won't leave me alone
Oh no

Pictures of matchstick men and you
Images of matchstick men and you
All I ever see is them and you

Oh you're in the sky
You're with this guy
You make men cry, you lie

Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men

I can see those matchstick men
I can see those matchstick men
I can see those matchstick men
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I can see those matchstick men