

## Striking Matches

Squeeze

Striking matches and I'm smoking cigarettes  
Putting on the kettle, playing a cassette  
Folding up the papers rubbing my eyes  
Thinking of all that had happened last night  
The passion, the feelings that soaked in her love  
And the pools of silence when kisses were sprung  
Her love levitates me, I'm walking on air  
Two feet from the carpet, I'll always be there  
Oh I'm striking matches it's morning again  
I look in the mirror i still look the same  
I'm striking matches it's morning again  
I look in the mirror i go up in flames

Striking matches getting a flame on the stove  
There's some of her in the teeth of my comb  
Dirty clothes piled up on the bathroom floor  
She's silently sleeping, i half close the door  
I see her beauty laying on my bed  
I'm warm from within me with what she has said  
Her love is my balloon, i won't let it down  
For ever and ever I'll always be proud.

I'm a director casting for a part  
(turn on the light)  
It's for a soap set here right in my heart.  
(leave her alone)  
Shuffle to the window shuffle to the door  
(don't wake her up)  
She gets the part i don't want to see anymore  
(unplug the phone)