

Matchstick Kings

Beecher's Fault

Matchstick Kings
We
We are the kids they call us Matchstick Kings
We are the kids that will never get old.
Build it up, build it in a hole
And we start
and we start over again.
We are the kids that they never shut up
We live in a house, but we sleep in a truck
We are the kids that will never get old
Build it up, build it in a hole
And we start over again,
and we start over again.
And at the end,
There'll be a round of applause,
We'll take a bow,
And then we'll leave for the halls.
With you.
We are the kids that are making things
We are the kids they
We are the kids that will never get old.
Build it up, build it in a hole
Spinning slowly, scratch the surface
You can hear words, but they're empty
When you're selling things, you make them numbers.
And we start over again,
and we start over and over...
Hands move in circles
It's all because, it's all because.
Mouths making echoes
Eyes greet the patrons
Empty glasses, fill up slowly
As they watch it rise, one thousand times.
All that consumes us is the rhythm of the movements
Then we bow our heads,
We bow our heads.

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