

# Matchstick Kings(Acoustic Sessions)

## 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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