

# Pictures of Matchstick Men (Live at the BBC)

## Status Quo

When I look up to the skies  
I see your eyes a funny kind of yellow  
I rush home to bed I soak my head  
I see your face underneath my pillow  
I wake next morning, tired, still yawning  
See your face come peeping through my window  
Pictures of matchstick men and you  
Mirages of matchstick men and you  
All I ever see is them and you  
Windows echo your reflection  
When I look in their direction now  
When will this haunting stop?  
Your face, it just won't leave me alone  
Pictures of matchstick men and you  
Mirages of matchstick men and you  
All I ever see is them and you  
You're in the sky and with the sky  
You make men cry, you lie  
You're in the sky and with the sky  
You make men cry, you lie  
Pictures of matchstick men  
Pictures of matchstick men  
Pictures of matchstick men

Songwriters

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