Striking Matches (demo)

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 flamesStriking 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)

Songwriters
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