

Pictures Of Matchstick Men

Kasabian

When I look up to the sky
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 and
Pictures of matchstick men and you
Pictures of matchstick men and
Pictures of matchstick men and

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