

# Striking Matches

## Squeeze

Striking matches an' I'm smokin' cigarettes  
Puttin on a kettle, playin a cassette  
Foldin up the papers, rubbin my eyes  
Thinkin of all that happened last night The passion, the feelings that soaked in her love  
And the pools of silence where kisses were sprung  
Her love levitates me, I'm walking on air  
Two feet from the carpet, I'll always be there Ooh, I'm striking matches, it's mornin' again  
I look in the mirror, I still look the same Striking matches, getting a flame on the stove  
There's some of her hair in the teeth of my comb  
Dirty clothes piled up on the bathroom floor  
She's silently sleepin', I half close the door I see her beauty layin 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 Ooh, I'm striking matches, it's mornin' again  
I look in the mirror, I still look the same  
Ooh, I'm striking matches, it's mornin' again  
Ooh, I'm striking matches, I go up in flames 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 got the part I don't wanna see anymore  
(Unplug the phone) Ooh, I'm striking matches, it's mornin' again  
I look in the mirror, I still look the same  
Ooh, I'm striking matches Ooh, I'm striking matches, I go up in flames

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