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 nightThe 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 thereOoh, I'm striking matches, it's mornin' again
I look in the mirror, I still look the sameStriking 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 doorI 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 proudOoh, 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 flamesI'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 matchesOoh, I'm striking matches, I go up in flames

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