

## **Faster Faster "Matchsticks Don't Make Men"**

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She sits alone at this café.  
Never looking over her shoulder,  
But feeling every change.  
This scene is all but picture perfect.  
Is it worth it?  
As the bartender pours you another drink you sit and  
think:  
"Should I lock eyes with a stranger?  
Just to feel his sense of danger?"  
As I enter from stage right.

Behind a painted face she's screaming:  
"I'm not an optimist!"  
Keep it up, keep it up.  
You'll find something to smile about.  
They don't notice you; your disguise is more than  
convincing.  
Keep it up, keep it up.  
You'll find something to smile about.  
They don't notice you; just play it cool and don't give  
yourself away.

I'll ask if this seat is taken.  
If I'm not mistaken,  
You were expecting me anyways.  
Your eyes are hiding more than tears.  
They're giving away your fears.  
And with this handful of lines I'll expect you to change.  
But I'm left wanting.

[Chorus]

She demands compensation for what's been done  
here.  
And how I wish I knew what we were dealing with.  
Matchsticks don't make men and I've created a  
monster.  
There's a storm coming and I can feel it in my bones.  
I want to hear your voices echo off these walls.  
There's a storm coming I can feel it, I can feel it.

