

Camper Van Beethoven "Pictures of Matchstick Men"

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When I look up to the sky
I see your eyes, a funny kind of yellow
Rush home to bed, I soak my head
I see your face underneath my pillow

I wake next morning but I'm still yawning
I see your face looking through my window

Pictures of matchstick men and you
Images of matchstick men and you
Alls I ever see is them and you

Windows echo your reflection
When I look in their direction, now
They're faces haunting me
Your face just won't leave me alone

Pictures of matchstick men and you
Images of matchstick men and you
Alls I ever see is them and you

You're in the sky
You're with the sky
You make men cry

You are, you're in the sky
You're with the sky
You make men cry

Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men

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