

Squeeze "Striking Matches"

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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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