

Tad Dreis, Matchbox

I trip on matches
I stumble blind
I practice hat tricks
But they aren't mine

But they're good

I want some magic
Some colored time
It seems so tragic
My sorrows rhyme

Is that good?

You love another
Well that's just fine
A cloud's tears are covered
When it's you who's flying

Above

But I'm lying down here below
And I'm looking up at the water falling
Above

Through the prisms I see you
You have your hands in my hair
I know you hate me to see you
When you're up there

And I'm below

A box of matches
Beneath your fears
I'm here, I catches
Your falling tears