

# Camper Van Beethoven, Pictures Of Matchstick M

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  
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  
There your face is 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 . . .