

# Type O Negative, Pictures Of Matchstick Men

Oh  
Ah  
Oh  
Ah

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

I wake next morning tossed and yawning  
I see your face come peeping through my window  
Oh no

Oh  
Ah  
Oh  
Ah

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

Oh  
Ah  
Oh  
Ah

Windows echo your reflection  
When I look in their direction  
Gone  
Yeah they're gone

When will this haunting stop  
Your face just won't leave me alone  
Oh no

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

Oh you're in the sky  
You're with this guy  
You make men cry, you lie

Pictures of matchstick men (6x)  
I can see those matchstick men (6x)