

## Matchbox

David Keenan

Those simple things that you passed down  
You held them close in your past now  
An envelope yellow with sunlight  
You spread the contents neatly down upon your bedside

A bed and slippered night or two  
A name badge from some job you used to do  
A lifetime spread before your eyes  
Kneel and you pray in a door in the sky

Please tell me what son makes you more than just a man  
Please tell me what son makes you more than just a man  
Yeah, won't you tell me what son makes you more than just a man

Tell me  
Your frame of mind ever grind to a halt?  
I couldn't fault  
You take life with a pinch of salt  
The noisy neighbors  
The mixers and the laborers  
Have lay down their tools  
For the hands of Absalom  
Raise an eruption [?]  
Smash and reduction [?]  
Catches your eye  
Sets you up for the night  
And you're gone floating from my sight  
I tell them all  
It give me such a fright  
That's no lie. That's no lie

Please tell me what son makes you more than just a man  
Please tell me what son makes you more than just a man  
Yeah, won't you tell me what son makes you more than just a man

Tell me what makes you more than just a man  
Well, tell me, tell me what makes you more than just a man  
Yeah, just a man Yeah, just a man  
Tell me what makes you more than just a man  
What makes you more than just a man  
What sets you apart from the crowd kid?  
What makes you more, what makes you more than just a man?  
Be brave or be enslaved  
What makes you more than just a man?  
What is your plan?