

# Glass House

## Post War Years

GLASS HOUSE

WRITERS

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You know I'm working overtime  
Just trying to cover my behind  
You know you took all my money  
And I guess you thought you took my mind  
You can run, you can't hide  
And just as sure as your breathing  
I ain't gonna let it slide  
When you're living in a glass house  
Don't go to bed with the lights on

Well I was raised by the rule  
That forgiving is the way divine  
Took everything I had for giving  
Then you left what was left behind  
Go on and run, you can't hide  
And sure as you're breathing  
I ain't gonna let it slide  
I got acquainted with your cleaners  
And they really did all right by you  
I've got my own window cleaners comin'  
Now let's see just what you do  
Day or night, It's alright, What you do  
When you wake up by the dawn's early light  
Come on

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