

# Little Glass Pill

**Bob Mould**

Your god, your god, my god, my god  
Enough, enough, enough, I'm losing my mind  
You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie  
You lost, you lost, you're lost, you're losing your money  
Take this and you'll find out what the future is  
Swallowing a little glass pill  
It's a window and a mirror  
It's a view within the fear  
That's the way, pass the plate  
At the grave with a carny pastor heathen  
You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie  
Deny, deny, deny, you live in denial  
And why, and why, and why, and why  
Am I, am I, am I losing this trial?  
Luminous  
Deep inside reflection like the shamanist  
Swallowing up a big black pill  
You put your finger in the swill  
You let your fear get in the way  
That's the way, that's the way  
That's the way, hey I don't believe you

Songwriters

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