

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
Serious
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

ROBERT ARTHUR MOULD Published by

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