

Glass Houses (Instrumental)

The Classic Crime

They talk of glass houses
Well I built a crystal cathedral
And I took my stones to the rooftop
To play target practice with people I was too young to know the difference
I was just following orders
When the glass shattered around me
I learned a good lesson about my disorder I thought I was happy
I said all the right things
I naively believed that my ship couldn't sink
But it did You got hung up on the outside
You fake like you're living the good life
But death and decay on the inside
Just add pride and hate to your long list of crimes Somewhere deep down you know the difference
Between love and following orders
But if the chorus I sing is offensive
It's proof that you've yet to address your disorder You thought you was happy
You said all the right things
You naively believed that your ship couldn't sink
But it did You thought you were God and
Judge of all of your friends and
You naively believed that your ship couldn't sink
But it did Grace comes to those who wait
Comes to those who pray
Through tears they'll sing
We'll all sing We thought we was happy
We said all the right things
We naively believed that our ship couldn't sink
But it did We thought we were God and
Judge of all of our friends and
We naively believed that our ship couldn't sink
But it did
Oh, it did
Oh, it did

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