

Which Side Of The Glass

George Strait

In a second story window framed in lace
There she is again
Sitting staring into space
Thinking back to better days
Darlin' with the pain
Some folks think it's teardrops Me,
I think it's rain And there it is the cold hard truth
So plain to see
The living proof
Where do you stand?
What's your point of view?
I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass
you're looking through Beneath a neon chandelier
He leans on polished oak
And orders one more whiskey
Lights another smoke
He shivers at the memory
And trembles as he stirs
Some folks think it's him
But me, I think it's her And there it is the cold hard truth
So plain to see
The living proof
Where do you stand?
What's your point of view?
I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass
you're looking through I turn towards the mirror
It's time to face the facts
Looking for the reason
You're not ever coming back And there it is the cold hard truth
So plain to see
The living proof
Where do you stand?
What's your point of view?
I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass
you're looking through Oh, I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass

You're looking through

Songwriters

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