

# Which Side of the Glass

[George Strait](#)

In a second story window framed in lace  
There she is again sittin' staring into space  
Thinkin' back to better days, and dealin' 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 lookin' 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 lookin' through I turn towards the mirror, it's time to face  
the facts  
Lookin' for the reason you're not ever comin' 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?  
Well, I guess it all depends on which side of the glass you're lookin' through  
I guess it all depends on which side of the glass you're lookin' through

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