

# Glass House

## Blackfield

Goodbye old friend, my paranoia  
We'll meet again someday  
Life is running out  
I guess I had enough, I need to go now I used to live in a house of glass  
Where no one comes or goes  
Watching life outside I used to stand behind the door  
And hope the wind won't blow  
And mess my fears around  
It took me so long to find out where they're hiding Music like rain over my deepest feelings  
And you're faking that?  
Music like rain over my deepest feelings  
And you're faking that? Faking that

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