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 nowI used to live in a house of glass
Where no one comes or goes
Watching life outsideI 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 hidingMusic 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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