

Glass

Museum of Bellas Artes

I wonder why?
Why? Why? Why? Why?
Why? Why? Why? Why?
If I had a dime for every time
You walked away
I could afford to not give a shit
And buy a drink and drown the day
But your pockets, they are empty, yeah
And mine are times two
So why not make an about face
And accept the love I send to you?
You're never gonna be content if you don't try
Try to see outside your line
There you go, you did it again
You act as if there's blinders on your eyes
Should I apologize?
If what I say burns your ears and stains your eyes
Or did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well
Like a bottle with the cork stuck
Your true ingredients trapped up inside
Through the cloudy glass we catch a glimpse of you
I guess the hard shell represents your pride
Oh, if only it could be different
We could uncover the you, you deny
Between two, a small discrepancy

One complicates and one simplifies
You're never gonna be content if you don't try
Try to see outside your line
There you go, you did it again
You act as if there's blinders on your eyes
Should I apologize?
If what I say burns your ears and stains your eyes
Or did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well
There, there you go, there you, there you go
Looks, looks good
Take those fucking blinders off your eyes

So if I had a dime for every time
You walked away
You could bet your bottom dollar that
I'd be filthy rich by noon today
Should I apologize?
If what I say burns your ears and stains your eyes
Or did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well
Should I apologize?
If what I say burns your ears and stains your eyes
Or did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well

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