Glory

Fool's Garden

It's what you think, it's what it's like,
so many pieces remain tonight,
you've had it all and now you can't
get up.
It's just the way the story goes,
the glass is cut and none of those
who've licked your boots
will help you now.
Get up.
She's run over the fields of glory,
sha lah lah,
cold rain is slapping
across her face,

sha lah lah.
She's run over the fields of glory,
sha lah lah.
She's run away from the fields of love,
the fields of love.
She's run over the fields of glory,
sha lah lah
cold rain is slapping
across her face,
across her face,
across your face.

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