Glass Houses

Almost Awake

Stained sidewalks paint the city
If it weren't for all the fire
I'm sure it would kill me
Our eyes wander
The way we wish we could
And we wonder
Where we would go
If we wouldPromises broken
Like our glass houses
Shattered by the rocks we threw
At trains we didn't catchCracks on the sidewalk
Under my feet
Empty echoes
Along the street
We look at the stars but I know
I was never good at
Making something out of nothing
no good at allPromises broken
Like our glass houses
Shattered by the rocks we threw
At trains we didn't catch
I hate anything that's good for me
I fight my saving graces
With clawing hands and gnawing teethOur eyes wander
The way we wish we could
And we wonder
Where we'd go if we wouldPromises broken
Like our glass houses
Shattered by the rocks we threw
At trains we didn't catch
I hate anything that's good for me
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