

# Sunday Under Glass

## Beulah

The scenery rides by  
Just like floats lost in a parade  
Where the palms and tumbleweeds sail  
Right past the homes they stretch and they fade  
Rolling like movie credits  
Far beneath the clear skies

How wary does the West carry  
So many sights, yeah, let's see the sights!  
Slow prayers with no answers  
Must go somewhere  
Fall away

And the Wild West is a slow pan  
And the sunshine is fake  
And the ocean is just painted  
On a backdrop downtown

The miniature sprawls blur  
From the set lights and the heat  
Where the summer's path with charades  
Right where the sidewalks crack and they meet  
Just like a sad, sad actress  
Right before her last scene

How wary does the West carry  
So many sights, yeah, let's see the sights!  
Slow prayers with no answers  
Must go somewhere  
Fall away

And the Wild West is a slow pan  
And the sunshine is fake  
And the ocean is just painted  
On a backdrop  
Somewhere  
Downtown

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written by KUROSKY/LA FOLLETTE

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