GLASSHOUSE

MUSIC: E.J.M. BORGERS / R. V.D. GRAAF • WORDS: E.J.M. BORGERS © BOGEY MUSIC 1992

I wrote you seven letters in seven days
Seven questions no answer came
We've been sleeping together for quite a while
And all we shared you took and gave it to a stranger passing by

I'm smoking my weed I play on my guitar
I turn on the stereo when I'm driving in my car
To the man in the street I'm doing allright
And nobody knows I've been crying all night

And I wake up Living in glasshouse
Can't find my trousers Living in glasshouse
Can't find my socks Living in glasshouse
In the laundrybox Living in glasshouse

I ain't the type who gives his precious parts
To anyone around with just a gready heart
I can't replace a lover as easy as you did
So give me an answer cause I'll never learn to live with it

And I wake up Living in glasshouse
Drinking my tea Living in glasshouse
Ain't nobody but me Living in glasshouse
Looking up, what do I see Living in glasshouse
Just because that you pretend I won't exist no more
My nerves they're cracking when somebody slamms a door
Living in a glasshouse looking through the ceiling
Living in a glasshouse looking through the ceiling
Living in a glasshouse looking through the ceiling

Up to another man's floor Living in glasshouse
I can't stand it no more Living in glasshouse
Don't knock on my door Living in glasshouse
I'm shaking all over Living in glasshouse