

The Glass

Allman Brown

I keep you at arm's length
And the hurt was still fragile
I still feel it in my chest
But you lived just beneath my skin
Oh, I haven't learned yet
How to quit you, to quit you

Decisions aren't always wise
Or easy to recognize
In the glass, in the glass
Something doesn't read right
Between the lines
In the glass, in the glass

The glass

I keep you in past tense
The stories I've rehearsed
To hide from my worst
But you keep breaking free
And I still haven't learned
How to quit you, to quit you

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Too much [?]
Too much [?]

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