

Walls of Glass

Russ Taff

Why do you buy
What the world says
It thinks you should be?
Living your life through the pages
Of some magazine?
Why try to have it all right now?
Why leave behind what is real
For store-bought treasures?

Chorus:

The dream's not true
The dream won't last
You're just building your life
On illusion
Those things will lie
Those things will pass
They will shatter like walls
Made of glass

Not satisfied with the things
That are placed in your hands
Preoccupied with the fantasies
Of what you'll have
Why judge your worth
By what you own?
Why do you fall for the lie
That "more is better"?

Repeat Chorus