

Glass House

Blackfield

Goodbye old friend, my paranoid
We'll meet again someday
Life is running out,
I guess I had enough
I need to go now

I used to live in a house of glass
Where no one comes or goes
Watching life outside
I used to stand behind the door
And hope the wind won't blow
And mess my fears around
It took me some to find out where to hide it

Music like rain,
Over my deepest feelings
Are you faking it

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Faking Life

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