

We run into a dark room
And we spasm to the sounds
Of a copy Morrissey
Or the blues of the Deep South.

And the drugs will only hide it
The feeling never really goes
You won't find love at the bottom
Of a Class C hole.

And you don't know what you've got until it's gone.
And you don't know who to love until you're lost.
And you don't know how to feel until the moment's passed.
I wish you'd live like you're made of glass.

We've got work in the morning
But it's nearly 5am.
Is this really what we envisaged?
We won't be 21 again.

And in the haze you see colours
And problems suddenly make sense.
But the way you've been going
You'll be in an early grave.

And you don't know what you've got until it's gone.
And you don't know who to love until you're lost.
And you don't know how to feel until the moment past.
I wish you'd live like you're made of glass.