

Plain View

Amos Lee

We all live in glass boxes in bows
Tempting each other with our lonely souls
What once was a bubble that we hold
Shattered when we stoned and stoned
And stoned and stoned it

We all live in glass boxes in bows
Beneath our bridges live these angry little trolls
Linger so that they may destroy
Our sorrow is their joy
Their toy to marvel and implore
Well, I've looked upon their towers
They all sleep at night
They gather all their shadows
By stealing all the light
The light, the light, the light

Now we all live in such plain view
At the mercy of the merciless who
Sharpen their daggers when we're down
They've bought us with their crowns
Their crowns, their crowns, their crowns

We all live in glass boxes in bows
Dispose of heroes
And make men into moles
Times Square, we all gather together
A star and a feather
For he's thought to back the treasure