

## 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