

Glory

Bastille

Deep in a corner of the night
We were lying in the middle of the road
Counting the planes as they flew by
Inconceivable imagining them go
And drunk we set the world to rise
As we fell and hit our heads upon the curb
You make me laugh until I die
Can you think of any better way to choke?

Stories told to me and stories told to you
And did you ever feel like they were ringing true?

And all their words were glory
Well they all, well they sounded empty
When we're looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven
And way down here upon the ground
When we're lying in the dark
There's no looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven

Not everything you come to plan
But we made the best of what we had, you know
Passing the drink from hand to hand
We admit we really know nothing at all

Stories told to me and stories told to you
And was it feeling real, and they were ringing true?

And all their words were glory
Well they all, well they sounded empty
When we're looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven
And way down here upon the ground
When we're lying in the dark
There's no looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven

I'll take my chances on the curb here with you
We watched the plans leave us behind
On the curb here with you
We watched the plans leave us behind
And...and then you put your hand in mine
And pulled me back from things divine
Stop looking up for heaven, waiting to be buried

And all their words were glory
Well they all, well they sounded empty
When we're looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven
And way down here upon the ground
When we're lying in the dark
There's no looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven