

# 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