

# Windows

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Turn your eyes from the window so you won't see this world  
The walls are closing inward, there's nowhere left to turn

You want it, you need it, the words slip away  
Your crying your eyes out, your mind wants to break  
Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly  
Wonder how you sleep

All your houses crumble  
Shadows begin to howl  
Spiders on the rooftops  
The trapdoor's in ourselves

You want it, you need it, the words slip away  
Your crying your eyes out, your mind wants to break  
Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly  
Wonder how you sleep, it's a wonder to me

So how's it going to feel  
When you don't know what's real  
You tell yourself it's love, then tear your insides up  
So how's it going to feel  
When you don't know what's real  
You tell yourself it's love, then tear yourself apart

Senses all been fractured  
The traitor's in your sights  
The hours spinning backwards  
There's nowhere left to hide

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Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly  
Wonder how you sleep, it's a wonder to me

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How many people must learn  
How many roads must you turn  
There's something hiding below

How many tears must you cry  
How many buried inside  
Until you finally let go

How many years must you fight  
How many stories survive  
Until the tables will turn

How many days must you brave  
How many years must you pay  
There's nothing left to let go