

In the Glass

OK Go

Well at first there was,
There was just no question.
Who wouldn't rather be their reflection?
And when I got here everything was cold and perfect,
And when I got here everything was cold and perfect.

It was clear and bright
Like midwinter sunlight.
My heartbeat counted down the moments, precise and quiet.
I looked out and saw my own reflection, helpless,
I looked out and saw him overwhelmed and helpless.

But oh,
What have I done, what have I done?
Ooh, What have I done, oh what have I done?
My God, what have I done, oh what have I done?
Oh what have I done?

And as time went on,
You could feel the silence
Solidifying and the sound of my thoughts was paralyzing.
I tried to call out to him but the glass was perfect,
I tried to call out to him but the glass was perfect.

But oh,
What have I done, what have I done?
Oh, What have I done, oh what have I done?
My God, what have I done,
And oh what wicked penance
To get what you want,
To get what you want?
Oh what have I done?

Every day is the same:
We're praying for rain.
And when it finally came,
And when it came,
Every day was the same:
Still praying for rain.
[repeat x4]

And when it finally came,
And when it came,
Every day was the same.