

Glorious

The Hoosiers

Take your sharp, sharp scissor-hands
And cut me some slack
And I'll spin you in wool,
And pull it over your eyes,
Because I'm charming.

Take a long, long look at me
And give me light,
Cos the flame has expired,
It tired of my many flaws
And went up in smoke.

I can make you feel better,
I can make you feel much, much better than,
I can make you feel better than this, this, this, this.

Glorious.
Make me feel glorious
Once more.
And I won't let you down.

Glorious.
Make me feel glorious
Once more.
Time will only tell.

Take that sharp, sharp tongue of yours
And cut me in two,
I'll attack from both sides
And hide under your skin,
Because I need you.

Don't make me cry, it's bad enough
I made it hell for all of us.
What's it like being glorious?

Glorious.
Can I please be glorious
Like you?
Time will only tell.