

Glass Palace

The Walkabouts

A crooked road on a country mile
The widow walks from a letter found
(And) ties her hands in knots and chokes her disbelief
(That) what's done is done and it's dine for good
Afterwards
Aftershocks in afterhours
The truth it blurs
O glass palace
O glass palace
Cleaned his guns for those who dug his grave
The bullets flew, his luck it finally came
That crooked road was long and he would never see it
Crawled in a ditch and then he almost prayed
Afterwards
Aftershocks in afterhours
The truth it blurs
O glass palace
O glass palace
Heard it all
I heard it shatter
Afterwards
Aftershocks in afterhours
The truth it blurs
O glass palace
O glass palace
Heard it all
I heard it shatter
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