

I sit here at my window
I see life as i'd like it to be
But it don't see me
So i'll just go on sitting
You might call it quitting
Hoping that the bad times will all pass
But they won't
'cause my world's just made of glass

Remember in the children's story?
"tell me mirror. who's fairest of all?"
Well then you'll recall
That the queen when on believing
We call it deceiving
Thinking that her looks were just top class
But they weren't
'cause her world was made of glass

In a bus
In a plane

In a car
In a train
Or in our homes
It's really just the same

We're always looking out
With a puzzled kind of grin
But perhaps we'd all do better looking in

So next time you go to your window
Don't just sit there
Just open it wide
Put your head outside
Then you won't be just sitting
Folks won't call it quitting
Hoping that the bad times will all pass
But they will for your world's not made of glass