

Incubus, Glass

If I had a dime for every time you walked away,
I could afford to not give a shit
and buy a drink and drown the day
But your pockets, they are empty,
yeh, and mine are times two
So why not make an about-face,
and accept the love I send to you?
You're never gonna be content if you don't try,
try to see outside your line.
There you go, you did it again!
You act as if there's blinders on your eyes.
Should I apologize if what I say burns your ears and stains
your eyes?!

Oh, did I crack your shell?
When it falls away, you'll see we exist as well!
Like a bottle with the cork stuck,
your true ingredients trapped inside.
Through the cloudy glass we catch a glimpse of you,
I guess the hard shell represents your pride.
Oh, if only it could be different
we could uncover the you, you deny.
Between two, a small discrepancy,
one complicates and one simplifies.
TAKE THOSE FUCKING BLINDERS OFF YOUR EYES!!
So if I had a dime for every time you walked away,
you could bet your bottom dollar that
I'd be filthy rich by noon today