

The Hoodies, I Am Glass

I am made of glass, so brittle
that I crack in every hand.
Oh I shatter on command.
And I am clearly marked "fragile";
with a heart of shards and glue.
It's been painted black and blue.
And if my lungs they aren't strong enough,
or my arms give out, it's not from lack of love.
Well, they all mean well, but health is a delicacy.
And I am porcelain,
crafted to the finest shape of man,
with all the latest trends.
Inflexible and hard,
but made of lesser parts,
made of lesser parts.
And if my lungs, they aren't strong enough,
or my arms give out, it's not from lack of love.
Well, they all mean well, but health is a delicacy.
And my body, my body's saying,
"Pretend that you're sober now.
Pretend that you still get out.
And just hide all your cracks from the shining lights,
just to say when you're asked 'yeah I feel alright'.
You've got that swagger still in your hips,
but whatever's coming next, you know you're scared of it.
And just hide all your cracks from the shining lights,
just to say when you're asked 'yeah I feel alright'."
And if my lungs, they aren't strong enough,
or my arms give out, it's not from lack of love.
Well, they all mean well, but health is a delicacy.