

Walkabouts, Glass Palace

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