

# 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

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