

Bastille, Glory

Deep in a corner of night
We're lying on the middle of the road
Counting the planes as they flew by
Inconceivable imagine them go
And drunk we set the world to right
As we fell and hit our heads upon the curb
You make me laugh until I die
Can you think of any better way to choke?

Stories told to me
And Stories told to you
And did you ever feel
Like they were ringing true?

And all their words were glory
Well the all
Well they sounded empty
When we're looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven
And way down here upon the ground
When we're lying in the dark
There's no looking up for heaven

Not everything you come to plan
But we made the best of what we had
You know
Passing the drink from hand to hand
We admit we really know nothing at all

Stories told to me
And Stories told to you
Was it feeling real?
And they were ringing true??

And all their words were glory
Well the all
Well they sounded empty
When we're looking up for heaven
Looking up for heaven
And way down here upon the ground
When we're lying in the dark
There's no looking up for heaven