

David Cook, Porcelain

I'll see what you want me to see
Through rose-colored glasses
I can't see the blood in my hand
Now you're over, you're so over
All over my head
I pray to God I find my way
Back to something familiar
Please tear me from this contraband
Now it's over, it's so over
It's under my bed

The pain is worn pale
Your eyes have started fading
Were they ever even really there
Nothing to give with everything you take
The cracks in your smile make it impossible
To decipher something legible
Your porcelain face and a heart of glass

No time for dependency
We're going over at light speed
No scenery to stimulate
Something older, we grow older
But nothing ever seems to change
I pray to God you lose your way
You're something peculiar
On one leg only I'll still take a stand
I fall over, a tall order
These draws I need to rearrange

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A heart of glass
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