

George Strait, Which Side Of The Glass

In a second story window
Framed in lace
There she is again
Sittin' staring into space
Thinkin' back to better days
Dealin' with the pain
Some folks think it's teardrops
Me, I think it's rain

[Chorus:]
And there it is
The cold hard truth
So plain to see
The living proof
Where do you stand?
What's your point of view?
I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass
You're lookin' through

Beneath a neon chandelier
He leans on polished oak
And orders one more whiskey
Lights another smoke
He shivers at the memory
And trembles as he stirs
Some folks think it's him
But me, I think it's her

[Chorus]

I turn towards the mirror
It's time to face the facts
Lookin' for the reason
You're not ever comin' back

[Chorus]

Oh, I guess it all depends on
Which side of the glass
You're looking through