

# 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