

**My Glass House
Swingin' Utters**

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My Glass House

G C G C

G

While i sit alone in this room

C G

i ve got crates full of sorrow

C G

even more filled with shadows

Am

that i fish out and ridicule

C G C G C G C G

when i m feeling lonely.

I m lacking sense, but bound
in a very specific direction
it s phenomenal and unprecedented
it s a chip of the old block
and a step up the new ladder.

Chorus:

Bm C

Mr.Scribe, i write to you

G

pen and penchant aimed

Am

to pour over a fool

C

left with no more rhymes

C G C G C G C G

i m poetically franchised.

I m in charge for the day
in terminal wanderlust
i ve excited my worst thoughts
exorcised what was lost
am i a bad seed sprouting up or am i not?

I m not sure what sad is
but listless i m not
my lists are never ending
and my emotions aren t store-bought
and tears, they either deceive or endear me

[chorus]

i m your little golden nugget collecting dust **G**
C **G**
bored with my own stale and directed thoughts **G**
C **G**
in a place where so much life and loves abound **C**
Am
it s amazing how little tempts me **C**
G **C** **G** **C** **G**
from my glass house.