

**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**

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**

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]

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