

# Tiny Glass Houses

Amelia Curran

There's a crack in my memory,  
as if something has gone  
and split the foundation  
of showdow, of song. And raddled the windows,  
and the tiny regrets.  
And the tiny glasses houses  
that I tried to forget. Drink til your sleeping,  
I love you that way.  
Like we are all babies;  
all our beds are unmade.  
No memory has molded  
enough to forget.  
And our tiny glass houses  
are not built for us yet.  
Takes all of the courage,  
and none of the pride,  
to stand in the threshold-  
to sit down inside.  
Where we are not babies;  
no we are not new.  
And our tiny glass houses  
with the beautiful view. There's a crack in my memory  
where a funeral parade,  
rolls through the doorway  
that my memory made.  
And funeral marches  
to its funeral sounds.  
And the tiny glass houses  
are all tumbling down.  
And tiny glass houses,  
are all tumbling down.  
And tiny glass houses,  
are all tumbling down.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>