

Candlebox "Steel & Glass"

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There you stand
With your L.A. tan
And your New York walk
And your New York talk
Your mother left you when you were small
But you're gonna wish
you wasn't born at all
Steel and Glass
Steel and Glass

Your phone don't ring
No one answers your call
How does it feel to be off the wall
Your mouthpiece squawks as he spreads
Your lies
But you can't pull strings if your hands

Are tied
Your teeth are clean but your mind
Is capped
You leave your smell like and alley cat
Steel and Glass
Steel and Glass

There you stand with
your toilet scent
And your Mickey duck
and your Donald fuck
Your Daddy left when you were small
But you're gonna wish
you wasn't born at all
Steel and Glass
Steel and Glass
Steel and Glass

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