

## Jon English

### "Glass Houses"

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Born - in forty-nine  
Part of a long-long line of roses and wine  
And we wore clouds of thread and we buried our dead  
The future was mine, or so they said

And late - in sixty-five  
Underneath sun and skies, hearin' words from wise,  
some dowers  
Teaching the past, through a rose coloured glass  
Said the Fenix will rise, from the ashes at last

And build glass houses with ivory towers  
On streets paved with gold, where we'll never grow old  
And old glass houses and ivory towers  
Are not what they seem, they're fragile as dreams

And oh - seventy-one  
They were handin' out boots and guns to some  
mother's son  
But seventy-eight, they said sorry, but we made a  
mistake  
Time for some fun, ooh ain't life grea-eat

In tall glass houses with ivory towers  
The beaches are gold and we'll never grow old  
And old glass houses, ivory towers  
There fragile as dreams, but never what they see-eem

You know, now-a-days, you go to town  
There's glass all arou-ound  
And they're still building towers  
And they're buried deep in the grou-ou-ou-ou-ound  
A travesty, starin' at me-ee

Old glass houses, ivory towers  
They flash like a sun, from every one  
We live in glass houses with ivory towers  
Protecting our gold and we're all growin' old

And we're all growin' old...

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