

## Kids In Glass Houses

### "Last Day Of 1888"

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Crowded streets and the memories of all the faces you  
see  
You don't know who I am when you're looking at me  
Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light  
In the center of the square, muder's bredding in the air  
We're all innocent.  
The shadow's playing with our eyes  
Sharpened tongues and the loaded guns of all the  
forunate sons  
You're the jack, back in black, ripping air from our  
lungs  
I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my  
sleeve  
If I thought you'd think differently of me

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