

The Weeknd

"Glass Table Girls"

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Been on another level
Since you came
No more pain
Look into my eyes
You can't recognize my face
You're my beloved
You can stay
You can stay
But you belong to me
You belong to me

If it hurts to breathe
Open the window
All of mine goes to me
What you came for

This is a happy house
We're happy here
In a happy house
Oh this is fun
Fun, fun, fun
Fun, fun, fun, fun
Fun, fun, fun, fun oh

Music got you lost
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did
Same clothes, you ain't ready for your day shift
This place will break you up
Baby it's okay, them my niggas next door
They be working in the traps
So get louder if you want
Just don't blame it on me
That he didn't call you home
So don't blame it on me girl
Cause you wanted to have fun

If it hurts to breathe
Open the window
All of mine goes to me
What you came for

This is a happy house
We're happy here
In a happy house
Oh this is fun
Fun for me

Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
The 707 out
The 707 out
The 7...

Two puffs for the lady who be down for that
Whatever, together
Bring your whole stash of the greatest
Trade it, roll it up, burn it up, cough it up, taste it
Now watch us chase it
With a handful of pills
No chasers
Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers
She bad and her head bad, escaping, van is a
wonderland
And it's half-past six
Weed's nice cause time don't exist
But when the stars shine back to the crib
Superstar lines back at the crib
And we can test out the tables
Got some brand new tables
All glass and it's four feet wide
But it's a must to get us ten feet high
She give me sex in a handbag
I got her wetter than a wet nap
And no closed doors
So I listen to her moans echo
"I heard he do drugs now"
You heard wrong, I been on them for a minute
We just never act a fool
That's just how we fucking' living
And when we act a fool
It's probably cause we mixed it
Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey
Them white boys know the deal
Ain't no fucking phony
Big O know the deal
He the one who showed me
Watch me ride this fucking beat
Like he fucking told me
Is that your girl, what's her fuckin story?
She kind of bad but she ride it like a fucking pony
I cut down on her man

Be her fucking story
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you man
Get to know me
Ain't no offense though
I promise you
If you a real man dude you gone' side the truth
But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams
And we could turn this to a nightmare; Elm Street

La la la la la la la
I'm so gone so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Whip the 707 out

La la la lalalalala
I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
With the 707 now

La la la lalalalala
I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 now

La la la lalalalala
I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables

With the 707 out

La la la lalalalala
The 707 out

La la la lalalalala
707 out

La la la lalalalala
La la la lalalalala
La la la lalalalala

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