

## Swingin' Utters "My Glass House"

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While I sit alone in this room I've got crates full of  
sorrow

Even more filled with shadows That i fish out and  
ridicule when i'm felling lonely.

I'm lacking sense, but bound in a very specific direction  
It's phenomenal and unprecedented It's a chip of the  
old block and a step up the new ladder.

Mr. Scribe, I write to you pen and penchant aimed to  
pour over a fool left with no more rhymes I'm poeticlly  
franchised.

I'm in charge for the day in terminal wanderlust I've  
excited my worst thoughts exorcised what was lost am i  
a bad seed sprouting up or am i not?  
I'm sure what sad is But listless i'm not my lists are  
never ending and my emotions aren't store-bought and  
tears, they either decieve or endure me I'm your little  
golden nugget collecting dust Bored with my own stale  
and directed thoughts In a place where so much life  
and loves abound It's amazing how little tempts me  
from my glass house.

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