

## **Hoodies, The**

### **"I Am Glass"**

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I am made of glass  
So brittle that I crack in every hand  
Oh I shatter on command  
And I am clearly marked "fragile"  
With a heart of shards and glue  
It's been painted black and blue

And if my lungs, they aren't strong enough  
Or my arms give out  
It's not from lack of love  
Well they all mean well  
But health is delicacy

And I'm porcelain  
Crafted to the finest shape of man  
With all the latest trends  
Inflexible and hard, but made of lesser parts  
Made of lesser parts

And if my lungs, they aren't strong enough  
Or my arms give out  
It's not from lack of love  
Well they all mean well  
But health is delicacy

And my body, my body's saying  
"Pretend you're sober now  
Pretend that you still get out  
And just hide all your cracks from the shining lights  
Just say when you're asked 'yeah I feel alright'  
You've got that swagger still in our hips  
But whatever's coming next, you know you're scared of  
it  
And just hide all your cracks from the shining lights  
Just say when you're asked 'yeah I feel alright'."

And if my lungs, they aren't strong enough  
Or my arms give out  
It's not from lack of love  
Well they all mean well  
But health is delicacy

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