

# Glory

## Bastille

Deep in the corner of the night  
We were lying in the middle of the road  
Counting the planes as they flew by  
Inconceivable imagining them go  
And drunk we set the world to rights  
As we fell and hit our heads upon the curb  
You make me laugh until I die  
Can you think of any better way to choke? Stories told to me and stories told to you  
And did you ever feel like they were ringing true? And all their words for glory  
Well they always sounded empty  
When we're looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven  
Way down here upon the ground  
When we're lying in the dirt  
There's no looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven  
Not everything had gone to plan  
But we made the best of what we had, you know?  
Passing the drink from hand to hand  
We admit we really know nothing at all Stories told to me and stories told to you  
And was it feeling real? And were they ringing true? And all their words for glory  
Well they always sounded empty  
When we're looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven  
Way down here upon the ground  
When we're lying in the dirt  
There's no looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven I'll take my chances on the curb here with you  
We watch the plans leave us behind  
On the curb here with you  
We watch the plans leave us behind  
And then you put your hand in mine  
And pulled me back from things divine  
Stop looking up for heaven,  
Waiting to be buried And all their words for glory  
Well they always sounded empty  
When we're looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven  
Way down here upon the ground  
When we're lying in the dirt  
There's no looking up for heaven  
Looking up for heaven

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>