



Hudba: Steven F. Brines
Text: Samuel Ch. Bush

Glory

^D
I won't sit and talk about old days,
^G They only rust when you put them into world,
^D I won't pretend that they were good or poor days,
^{Emi} Laughing at myself because it hurts.

Ref.: ^G It was glory, loving like we did,
^G [#] ^{mi} ^{Emi} ^D
It was glory, believing like a kid,
^{Emi} ^G [#] ^{mi} ^{Emi} ^A
And if our hearts are blind now from the things we had to see
^{Emi} [#] ^{mi} ^A ^D ^G
Once spoke by the wisdom is the glory that bas free.

I get nervous around some people,
Who always try to re-explain the past,
I never felt the need to make you someone else,
It don't matter that we didn't last.

Ref.: It was glory ...

There's still night to talk with me to get to sleep,
Thinking of your face I used know,
It said it wasn't so and only erases me,
And I can't find the words inside my throat.

Ref.: It was glory ...

[:Once spoke by the wisdom is the glory that bas free :]