

The Glass

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F#m

Pressing your self against the glass

Ab

Can't get a handhold, just the flat pane

Em

Cool glass draws warmth from your palms

A#7

Eb

Black glass foreboding as a jewel,

Eb7(b9)

Yet here you are,

A

E

A

GMaj9

F#Maj9

Pressing your self against the glass.

F#m

Well the glass is now, it's the present

Ab

Can't see through to predelection, just the past
reflection.

Em

Babe, you got no motion, just the pressure of
emotion.

A#7

Eb

Yes here you are,

A

E

A

GMaj9

F#Maj9

Pressing your self against the glass.

A#min7

Let me describe a theater.

Jean was a runner

Jean got up speed

Jean met the glass as a ray of light

CMaj7 FMaj7

DMaj7

Jean in the present as a verb.

F#m

Think your self back to your birth,

Ab

Step to your first print in the sand,

Em

Jump to your paintings on your wall,

A#7

Eb

Fly in the sound of your voice in the dark,

Eb7

From where you were

A

E

A

DMaj7

CMaj7 Am6

When you first saw Cocteau's mirror.