

Deep Dark Truthful Mirror

Elvis Costello

One day you're going to have to face
A deep dark truthful mirror
And it's going to tell you things that I still love
you too much to say
The sky was just a purple bruise, the ground
was iron
And you fell all around the town until you
looked the same

The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie from
your tongue trips
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

Now the flagstone streets where the newspaper
shouts ring to the boots of roustabouts
But you're never in any doubt, there's something
happening somewhere

You chase down the road till your fingers bleed
On a fiberglass tumbleweed

You can blow around the town, but it all shuts
down the same

The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie from
your tongue trips
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So you bay for the boy in the tiger-skin trunks
They set him up, set him up on the stool
He falls down, falls down like a drunk
And you drink till you drool
And it's his story you'll flatter
You'll stretch him out like a saint
But the canvas that he splattered will be the
picture that you never paint

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A stripping puppet on a liquid stick gets into it
pretty thick
A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears, but how do
you know he really needs it?

'Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand,
Jesus wept he felt abandoned
You're spellbound baby there's no doubting that
Did you ever see a stare like a Persian cat?

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