

## Subconscious Overly Familiar Blues

Asaf Avidan

There is a beggar in the mirror babe  
He's been standing there since noon  
He's asking for a sacrament  
But he's singing out of tune

There is a beggar in the mirror babe  
He's got a monkey on his knees  
He jitters as he falls asleep  
Reminiscent of the trees

Oh what a strange, strange way  
To make me start my day  
With the news  
Of theses Subconscious, Overly-Familiar Blues

There is a French girl in the mirror babe  
She's wearing satin strings  
Her dog is named Toulouse Lautrec  
He's seen some dirty things

There's a piano in the mirror babe  
But all it's keys are black  
The monkey's playing muted horn  
The French girl's playing cello in the back

Oh what a strange, strange way  
To make me start my day  
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There is a bottle in the mirror babe  
And it's full of past regrets  
The beggar and the French girl  
Are drinking to forget

There is a windmill in the mirror babe  
Which the monkey painted red  
There are hookers singing lullabies  
For all the tears the beggar shed

Oh what a strange, strange way  
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There is a midget in the mirror babe  
And a giant on his head  
And the midget's made of gummy-bears  
And the giant's made of led

There is a beggar in the mirror babe  
He's howling at the moon  
He's asking for repentance  
But he's singing out of tune

Oh what a strange, strange way  
To make me start my day

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