

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

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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

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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
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