

Mirror & A Blade

Cutting Crew

It doesn't really matter what you think of him
It couldn't happen to a nicer boy
Silver charms, golden opportunities
It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter
It couldn't happen

Has an obsession, personal security
He won a medal working overseas
Double vision piling on the agony
He's just looking, he's just running
He's just looking, he's just working

For a mirror and blade
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast

Flight arrivals, seven thirty local hours
A pretty package from Johannesburg
Double-vision piling on the agony
Head spinning, struggle and he realized
Still looking, still running

For a mirror and a blade
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast

Too tired too tired too tired too tired too tired
Too tired too tired too tired too tired too tired
Too tired to see

I heard the sirens, just another casualty
He left a message on the bathroom wall
He never took those golden opportunities
He's not looking, he's not working

For a mirror and a blade
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast (no oh)
Seeing double and he's fading fast