

## She Handed Me A Mirror

Elvis Costello

She handed me a mirror  
That she had gazed upon  
The glass still held an image  
The glass still held an image  
But it was of a man  
I turned from the reflection  
To see who it might be  
Is that poor vanity  
Quite how she pictures me?

She handed me a mirror  
Rather than tell me "no"  
She let slip a handkerchief  
Gentle laughter flowed  
Just as her lips bestowed  
A dashing word like "brother"  
The crushing word like "friend"  
If there was no beginning  
How could this be the end?

She handed me a mirror  
So I could recognise  
The distance from my heart to hers  
The distance from my heart to hers  
The pity in her eyes  
She liked my pretty story  
I thanked her for her song  
And then I wrote a tale not very long to tell  
"You are much more than pretty. You are beautiful."

She handed me mirror  
But I saw her instead  
She handed me a mirror  
She handed me a mirror  
And that is all she did...