

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...