

Breathe

Kristine W.

See my eyes
They carry your reflection
Watch my lips
They whisper the words you taught me to
I am your mirror
I have been since time began
When you need power
I am your satisfaction
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
And when you breathe on me
I go misty

Can you find the hook on which I'm hung?
Would you let me down?
When I work my fingers to the bone
Carry burdens that are not my own
Do you share the load?
Oh no my man
I'm just a mirror
To help you see yourself a little clearer
Oh, oh, oh, oh
But when you breathe on me
I go misty