

Mirage

Ladytron

Footsteps cross the school yard
Holding hands with a mirage
You don't listen
You do not exist

Mute of all suggestion
The broken doll in question
Through shattered mirror
Empty caravel

You mirage, mirage
That sings to me
Or maybe stopped hearing
You do not exist

Two tracks through the desert
Sad eyes, little puppet
You don't listen
You do not exist

Happy not to notice
The room, the traps, the focus
Where you cannot see
Reflections from within

You mirage, mirage
That sings to me
Or maybe stopped hearing
You do not exist

Or maybe stopped hearing

Holding hands with a mirage (8x)