

Mirrored

Mark Lanegan

You see yourself in your true love's eyes
Something strange, something blind
Close the window and lay down to sleep
With graveyard scenes and violent dreams
And love doesn't see a thing
Love makes a marionette
Dance on silver strings
There's a mirror in your true love's eyes

Remember where those sparks were thrown
Then think of me as well
As the light starts fading and his fingers crawl through your dark hair
Here's where you learn something
What makes a marionette
Dance on silver strings
Dance in the mirror of your true love's eyes

One reflection sees the other blind
Look deep in each
Two tombstones shine
Close the window and lay down to sleep
With graveyard scenes and violent dreams
And everywhere that sparks are thrown
Then think of me as well
As the light starts fading and his fingers crawl through your dark hair
My love is no living thing
My love makes a marionette
Dance on silver strings
And there's a mirror
In my true love's eyes