

Unreflected

Mazzy Star

Once it's life's fortunate
Isn't this so
The unreflected feeling
Of a shortened flattened soul
The life that cuts the cold

Now is in your past
In our memories
We don't have much to say
We don't have much to say
We don't have much

Follow anybody
Is that what you do
Maybe it transfits to
Don something else to do
Now we know what we'll be in the past
Another story
Another life that's left
Another life that's left