

## Through the Looking Glass

Mott the Hoople

I'm feelin' ugly - I'm feelin low - mornin' mirror - you ain't  
no rose  
And did I mean it - or did I lie - or did I dream it  
Oh! Christ I'm tired.

Why then did ya have to grin, now the blood rolls down my chin  
Oh You know you painted so much blue, and I'm much younger than  
that too  
Oh mirror - what did I do to you?

You're my voyeur - see every line - chase them to destinations  
On through time  
And you're my diary - yeah, the bitter truth - unexpurgated - a  
mis-spent youth, oh

Do you have to paint teeth green, when they're snowy, white and  
clean?  
Do you have to make eyes red, when they're clear and fresh inst  
ead?  
Oh mirror, I wish you'd lose your head

Sometimes I'm on a gig, and I'm feeling kinda good  
I run and look at you, just like a pop star would  
But you just glare at me with those dark accusing eyes  
That say "My make-  
up's good..." I'd like to.... I'd like so much to....

Oh I'll never look at you again - 'cause I'm really not that va  
in  
Seven years bad luck ain't that long - before I smash you, hear  
my song  
Oh mirror, I'm sorry you were wrong.