

Mirror

The Beautiful South

They could be fat or could be thin
They could be black, they could be white
Tell me who's knocking at the knocking shop door tonight

Not much a door can do but open or close
Those things are above doors
Not much legs can do but open or close
Those things are above us whores

So imagine a mirror
Bigger than the room it was placed in
Imagine my wish for a future that cannot hold my wish
Imagine the want to hold a rod that cannot hold the fish
Imagine a rod that cannot hold the fish

They could be lonely or could be fust
They could be tack, they could be real
They do have feelings, but just right now I feel

A feminine receptacle, that's just what I am
Those things are above us whores
Just the best target practice, for a misguided man
Those things are above us whores

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