

Thursday

The Fatima Mansions

The windows watch me wait for you
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror
I've seen a world beyond their view
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror
Of course the night times are the worst
Of course I burn with an evil burst
You exist so I am cursed
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror

I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
The world will think I never had
An idea that could drive me mad
I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
Then burn all good away

I weed my house, I wash my trees
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror
I cross my legs in front of me
Mirror mirror, mirror mirror
I tingle at the thought of you
Is this what the humans do?
My childish words just don't ring true
See ya later, great dictator
In a while, [nadaphile?]

I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
Well, unless I am misleading you
You shine me up and make me new
I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
And wish I never did say

I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
It's such a lot of fun
To watch the liar I've become
But I'll be good 'till Thursday comes
And burn all good away

Ahh....dream of this, my lover
Ahh....dream of this, my lover
I am your lover now