

## Perfect Mirror

The Mekons

The black mountain  
Above the lake  
The trees are dead  
A cold rolls off the water

We wait for fire  
We used to dance  
Around the stone head  
It used to sing to us

Now it's lost  
Some say cracked and broken  
In the land where we used to live  
We used to dance  
It used to sing, sing to us  
It used to sing.....

Perfect mirror

Now we sit and shiver  
Watch the cold roll off the water  
We wait for fire  
And in the night

The black mountain  
Above the lake  
The image is still  
Like a perfect mirror