

Two-Way Idiot Mirror

The Wildhearts

And I'm fine, getting by
I only think about you once in a while
That was then, not today
You never listened to a word I'd say
I gave faith, gave you trust
I give you friendship and it's never enough
Give me time, give me space
Give me the line that we had
When we knew our place

So try to make it easy on yourself
It'll work OK
Just last week as I was cleaning
Shit from off my shelf

I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you, someone like me
I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you used to be

You get wise, you get old
You stop believing in opinions you're sold
Heaven knows, you're divine
You've got your fingers in the public mind
And then, shock open wire
You've got your dick a little close to the fire
You're an asshole again
And now you're back to where you're learning
That the problem isn't them

So try to make it easy on yourself
It'll work OK
But just last week as I was getting
Close to someone else

I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you, someone like me
I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you used to be

Used to be, used to be, used to be
Used to be, used to be

So stop, and make it easy on yourself
It'll work OK
'cos no-one hates a fuck up
'less they're all fucked up themself

I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you, someone like me
I found a photograph of someone I knew
Someone like you used to be

Used to be
Used to be
Used to be
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