

# She Handed Me a Mirror

Elvis Costello

She handed me a mirror  
That she had gazed upon  
The glass still held an image  
The glass still held an image But it was of a man  
I turned from the reflection  
To see who it might be  
Is that poor vanity  
Quite how she pictures me? She handed me a mirror  
Rather than tell me no  
She had slip her handkerchief  
Gentle laughter flowed Just as her lips bestowed  
The dashing word like 'Brother'  
The crushing word like 'Friend'  
If there was no beginning  
How could this be the end? She handed me a mirror  
So I could recognize  
The distance from my heart to hers  
The distance from my heart to hers The pity in her eyes  
She liked my pretty story  
I thanked her for her song  
And then I wrote a tale  
Not very long to tell You are much more than pretty  
You are beautiful She handed me a mirror  
But I saw her instead  
She handed me a mirror  
She handed me a mirror  
And that is all she did

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