

Deep Dark Truthful Mirror (demo)

Elvis Costello

One day you're going to have to face
A deep dark truthful mirror
And it's going to tell you things that I still love you too much to say
The sky was just a purple bruise, the ground was iron
And you fell all around the town until you looked the same The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie
From your tongue trips
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror Now the flagstone streets where the newspaper shouts
Ring to the boots of roustabouts
And you're never in any doubt, there's something happening somewhere Well, you chase down the road 'til your
fingers bleed
On a fiberglass tumbleweed
Well, you can blow around the town, but it all shuts down the same The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie
From your tongue trips
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror So you bay for the boy in the tiger-skin trunks
They set him up, set him up on the stool
He falls down, falls down like a drunk
And you drink 'til you drool
Well, it's his story you'll flatter
You'll stretch him out like a saint
But the canvas that he splattered
Will be the picture that you never paint Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror A stripping puppet on a liquid stick
Gets into it pretty thick
A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears, but how do you know he really needs it? 'Cause a butterfly feeds on a dead
monkey's hand
Jesus wept, he felt abandoned
You're spellbound, baby, there's no doubting that
Did you ever see a stare like a Persian cat? The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie
From your tongue trips
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

Songwriters

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