Little Round Mirrors

Harvey Danger

All alone on the floor
Next to your twin-bed box-spring and mattress
The door is ajar from afar
You can hear bands practicing
And when they dream they all dream of somebody like you
Somebody who takes what they make
Twice as seriously as they could ever hope to do
And when you dream you dream of a day
When you find something you could love half as much
As you love all your little round mirrors
See yourself reflected in one, there's a hole in the middle
You can't seem to fill
Bring them home, watch them go
All you know is you hope they'll hurry back
And you cry then you lie your frail body down
Like a penny on a railroad track
And even if they stay in touch
The past stays in the past
But every time you crash a little bit harder than the last
And every time you crash don't you
Wanna find something you could love
Half as much as you love all your little round mirrors
See yourself reflected in one
There's a hole in the middle you can't seem to fill
A shooting star is a little piece of
Cosmic debris desperately wanting to fall to earth
It doesn't get too far, it's not a real star
It's hardly even worth footnotes in your memoir
Shoulder to shoulder, up on our tip-toes
Chewing our fingers and craning our necks
Just to see quite the collection, divide by section
It's just a surrogate connection leaving you all alone
On the floor next to your twin-bed box-spring and mattress
The door, still ajar
There you are and now you're coming to stay until
You can find someone who will love you as much
As you love all your little round mirrors
Murdering your time in cold blood
There's a whole in the middle you can't seem to fill

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