Deep Dark Truthful Mirror

Elvis Costello

One day you're gonna have to face
A deep dark truthful mirror
And it's gonna 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 somethin' happenin' somewhere
Oh, you chase down the road till your fingers bleed
On a fiber-glass tumble-weed
Oh, 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, he falls down like a drunk
And you drink till 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
And butterfly drinks a turtle's tears
But how do you know he really needs it?

'Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand
Jesus wept, he felt abandoned
You spell-bound baby, there's no doubt in that
Did you ever see her 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

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