

# Mirage

## Ladytron

Footsteps cross the schoolyard,  
Holding hands with a mirage.  
    You don't listen,  
    You do not exist.  
    Image of a suggestion,  
The broken ball in question.  
    Through shattered mirror,  
    Enter caravan.  
    New mirage, mirage  
    It seems to me.  
    Or maybe stop feeling  
    You do not exist.  
Train tracks through the desert  
    Sad eyes, little puppet  
    You don't listen,  
    You do not exist.

    Happy not to notice.  
The room retracts the focus,  
    Where you cannot see.  
    Reflections from within.  
    New mirage, mirage  
    It seems to me.  
    Or maybe stop seeing.  
    You do not exist.  
    Or maybe stop feeling.  
Holding hands with a mirage  
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