

Through the Looking Glass

Mott the Hoople

I'm feelin' ugly, I'm feelin low, mornin' mirror, you ain't no rose

Did I mean it or did I lie or did I dream it?

Oh Christ, I'm tired Why then did you have to grin now the blood rolls down my chin

Oh you know you painted so much blue and I'm much younger than that too

Oh mirror, what did I do to you? And you're my voyeur, see every line chase them to destinations

On through time and you're my diary, yeah

The bitter truth, unexpurgated a mis-spent youth Oh, do you have to paint teeth green when they're snowy, white
and clean?

Do you have to make eyes red when they're clear and fresh instead?

Oh mirror, I wish you'd lose your head Sometimes I'm on a gig, and I'm feelin' kinda good

I run and look at you just like a pop star would

But you just glare at me with those dark accusing eyes

That say, "My make-up's good", I'd like to, I'd like so much to Oh, I'll never look at you again 'cause I'm really
not that vain

Seven years bad luck ain't that long before I smash you, hear my song

Oh mirror, I'm sorry you were wrong

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