

# 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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