

House of Mirrors

T Bone Burnett

He was born in Brooklyn
And grew up in the Church of Rome
There was a girl there who loved him and had faith
He loved her like a madman, he loved her like a fool
He got a lot of big ideas
And fought his way up to mad avenue
He navigated that bizarre world easily
He did good work and he was smart
He knew his superiors, he disdained his inferiors
He was proud and dignified and she waited
The more money made, the more he wanted
The more glory he got, the more he wanted
His appetites were never sated
Everything he knew about himself
He drew from what was around him
You know this suit is you, this car is you
This studio is you
People were no different, people were also his mirrors
Often he was their mirror as well
Life became complicated and overstated
And underrated and she waited
The more power he got, the more he wanted naturally
The more women he had, the more he wanted
His appetites were never sated
She finally married a wine salesman and had three children
Sometimes he thinks of her
But it's a gnawing, painful memory
Eventually, like Napoleon, he attacked Russia

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