

# Deep Dark Truthful Mirror

Elvis Costello

One day you're going to have to face  
A deep dark truthful mirror  
And it's going to 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  
But you're never in any doubt, there's something  
happening somewhere

You chase down the road till your fingers bleed  
On a fiberglass tumbleweed

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  
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So you bay for the boy in the tiger-skin trunks  
They set him up, set him up on the stool  
He falls down, falls down like a drunk  
And you drink till you drool  
And 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

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A stripping puppet on a liquid stick gets into it  
pretty thick  
A 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're spellbound baby there's no doubting that  
Did you ever see a stare like a Persian cat?

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