

## Mirror

### The Beautiful South

They could be fat or could be thin  
They could be black, they could be white  
Tell me who's knocking at the knocking shop door tonight

Not much a door can do but open or close  
Those things are above doors  
Not much legs can do but open or close  
Those things are above us whores

So imagine a mirror  
Bigger than the room it was placed in  
Imagine my wish for a future that cannot hold my wish  
Imagine the want to hold a rod that cannot hold the fish  
Imagine a rod that cannot hold the fish

They could be lonely or could be fust  
They could be tack, they could be real  
They do have feelings, but just right now I feel

A feminine receptacle, that's just what I am  
Those things are above us whores  
Just the best target practice, for a misguided man  
Those things are above us whores

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