

Perfect Mirror

The Mekons

The black mountain
Above the lake
The trees are dead
A cold rolls off the water

We wait for fire
We used to dance
Around the stone head
It used to sing to us

Now it's lost
Some say cracked and broken
In the land where we used to live
We used to dance
It used to sing, sing to us
It used to sing.....

Perfect mirror

Now we sit and shiver
Watch the cold roll off the water
We wait for fire
And in the night

The black mountain
Above the lake
The image is still
Like a perfect mirror