

Mirror Images

Van der Graaf Generator

If I'm the mirror and you're the image
Then what's the secret between the two,
'Me's and 'you's, how many can there be?
Oh, I don't mind all that around the place,
As long as you keep it away from me.
I've begun to regret that we ever met
Between the dimensions.
It gets such a strain to pretend that the change
Is anything but cheap
With your infant pique and your angst pretensions
Sometimes you act like such a creep.
And now I'm standing in the corner,
Looking at the room and the furniture
Cheap imitation of alienation and grief.
And now we're going to the kitchen,
Fix ourselves a drink and a cigarette,
Getting no closer to being the joker or thief.
Who's the joker? Who's the thief?
Who's the joker? Who's the thief?
Still, I reflect, this nervous wreck
Who stands before me
Can see as well, can surely tell
That he's not yet free;
He can turn aside, but can no more ignore me
Than know which one of us is he,
Than tell what he is going to be,
Than know which one of is me.
Take the mirror away
Take the mirror away
Take the mirror away
When it's gone then the real one will stay