

# Beautiful South, The, Mirror

Beautiful South, The  
Blue Is The Colour  
Mirror

(heaton/rotheray)

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 girl 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 bust

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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