

Gaba Kulka, Spitting Image

She sailed in a coffee-cup
Life at sea can be tough
She smiled at the other shore
looking for something more

But as she got nearer she found a mirror
that made her superfluous nature clear
The girl that's been there before

And I feel I'm being followed, when I'm following her
And I fear I do not follow - your train of thought has missed my station
time and again
When they explain to me the things I ought to find self-evident

How she reminds me of me
How I should feel so lovely
How I should never hate the spitting image of myself.

So I found me a new home
among the arms of stone
In a land where the men grow tall
they rise, and they never fall

But I still loved those rock and roll boys
who keep their altitude whenever they get close
If they can fit my rubber slipper, why can't I fit their clothes?

And I feel I'm being followed, when I'm following them
And I fear I do not follow - your train of thought has missed my station
time and again