

# 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  
When they explain to me the things I ought to find self-evident  
How he reminds me of me  
How I should feel so lovely  
How I should never hate the spitting image of myself.  
Tell me where you're going, I can pick another road.