

Rosanne Cash, Mirror Image

A cold night and the wind keeps blowin' a cold heart here but no one knows it
I look at you and I see myself down that lonely road
A woman frozen and a man still on fire the crime of fear and the pain and desire
You and me and the mirror between us that begs to explode
No one feels better now no one really tries no one gets to the truth past these eyes

[dobro]

Old memories linger still a cup of coffee and a dollar bill
Lay on the table like a fortune waiting for us to read
But no news seeps in today the old blues decide to stay
No passion breaks this train running through my mind
No one feels better now no one really cares no one takes time to look they just stare
No one feels better now no one makes it through
No one gets past these eyes to the truth