

The Beautiful South, 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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