

# 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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