

The Legendary Pink Dots, A World With No Mirro

Sometimes I catch an outline.

There are moments when I'm almost sure it's safe to hold my head up,
and look into your precious eyes in search of you.

Still it's just an outline.

Those sideways glances... I see you doubt me.

Our self-centred needs have left us floating when we should be holding hands.

A pair of hands. A share of hands. A comfort-no distortion.

Gazing down at my old shoes, there's nothing awkward.

I can move and still be seen, I can lie with you and keep it clean.

I'll slide in through the back door to the corner of your eye.

Still, we're sinking as we shiver in a world which has no mirrors,

Where the glass is just a sliver, where the river's always dry.

Where 'time and tide' is just an outline, and always in retreat.