

The Who, Go To The Mirror!

He seems to be completely unreceptive
The tests I gave him
Show no sense at all
His eyes react to light, the dials detect it
He hears but cannot answer to your call

See me, feel me
Touch me, heal me
See me, feel me
Touch me, heal me

There is no chance, no untried operation
All hope lies with him and none with me
Imagine, though, the shock from isolation
When he suddenly can hear
And speak and see

See me, feel me
Touch me, heal me
See me, feel me
Touch me, heal me

His eyes can see
His ears can hear, his lips speak
All the time the needles flick and rock
No machine can give
The kind of stimulation
Needed to remove his inner block

Go to the mirror, boy
Go to the mirror, boy

I often wonder what he is feeling
Has he ever heard a word I've said?
Look at him in the mirror dreaming
What is happening in his head?

Listening to you, I get the music
Gazing at you, I get the heat
Following you, I climb the mountain
I get excitement at your feet

Right behind you, I see the millions
On you, I see the glory
From you, I get opinions
From you, I get the story

What is happening in his head?
Ooooh, I wish I knew
I wish I knew