Bruce Hornsby, Mirror On The Wall

I'd like to try throwing the I-Ching I'd like to try some analyzing my writing I'd like what's written on the crystal stones And see what happens if I put on my turban and start throwing bones, hey!

Maybe I'll be a gofer, getting bagels for the UN Maybe I'll cruise bars in futile search of perfect tens And maybe I'll be the legendary scandal-ridden pol Keeping up my solid citizen front when I'm really just bought and sold

Mirror, mirror on the wall Palm readings and crystal balls It's obvious for all to see How uncertain it will be

And hand-writing and dice rolls I-Ching and crystal stones And tea leaves and astrology Get someone to interpret your dreams Still I don't know where we'll be Will you take this ride with me

Maybe I'll be a doctor, ophthalmologist checking out eyes Maybe I'll get a job making little skinny curly fries I might feel important as a security guard And I'd love to lean on you when times get too hard, hey!

Maybe I'll be the overweight ex-jock chasing skirts Tell 'em my old stories, you know the older you get the better you were You can be my right hand, tell me when I'm a joke And maybe they'll be some times when we feel like we're not just blowing smoke

Mirror, mirror on the wall Palm readings and crystal balls It's obvious for all to see How uncertain it will be

And hand-writing and dice rolls I-Ching and crystal stones And tea leaves and astrology Get someone to interpret your dreams Still I don't know where we'll be Will you take this ride with me?

Maybe I'll invent the nuclear magnetic resonance stomp Or create a synthetic hue for you Or make chemical breakthroughs Take a map of the genome and get directions to a friend And develop a crumb, crisp coating for a new cake and ice cream blend, hey!

Mirror, mirror on the wall Palm readings and crystal balls It's obvious for all to see How uncertain it will be

Fortune tellers and mirrored walls Tarot cards and Ouija boards And tea leaves and astrology Why don't you come and play with me? Still I'll wonder where we'll be Will you take this ride... Will you take this ride with me?

With me...

Bruce Hornsby - Mirror On The Wall w Teksciory.pl