

Captain Beefheart, She's Too Much For My Mirror

She's too much for my mirror
She almost make me lose it
The way she abused it make me never wanna use it
Well mend yer heart 'n mind yer soul

Ole Chicago she's uh woman thata
Make uh young man uh bum
She howls like the wind
Make m' heart grow cold
Make me long for that little red fum!

She make things fly 'n she makes things roll
She got me way over here 'n I'm hungry 'n cold
I remember m' mother told me I oughta be choosey
That was way back when I thought she ma m' friend
Now I find out she's uh floosey

I remember the butterflies 'n the sweet smell uh' corn
'n the bubblin' fish in that lil' pond
Oooh! Lousey!
How I long for you she's too much for my mirror
That little floosey oh how I fear her
Oooh! Lousey