

# Joseph Arthur, Black Lexus

&lt;Your black Lexus has  
Two hundred thousand miles  
Underneath the missing roads

You don't know where you're going  
Almost anytime  
Things lost just lighten up your load

Maybe you're headin' out  
To LA  
See if they'll put you in a show

First you'll check with the stars  
Read both your sign and mine  
In the back of the New York Post

You can't find her  
You can't find her  
In the mirror everything's reversed  
And you can't find her  
You can't find her  
Everyday you feel a little curse

Now your car's been towed  
You misread the sign  
Something left to do  
Must have slipped your mind

Got no money left  
Guess you'll stick around  
And anyway the stars  
Said not to go right now

But you can't find her  
You can't find her  
In the mirror everything's reversed  
And you can't find her  
You can't find her  
Everyday you look a little worse

You can't find her  
You can't find her  
In the mirror everything's reversed  
You can't find her  
You can't find her  
Everyday you feel a little curse

You can't find her  
You can't find her  
In the mirror everything's reversed  
You can't find her  
You can't find her  
Everyday you feel a little curse