

Mott The Hoople, Trudi's Song

I'm feelin' ugly - I'm feelin low - mornin' mirror - you ain't no rose
And did I mean it - or did I lie - or did I dream it
Oh! Christ I'm tired.
Why then did ya have to grin, now the blood rolls down my chin
Oh You know you painted so much blue, and I'm much younger than that too
Oh mirror - what did I do to you?
You're my voyeur - see every line - chase them to destinations
On through time
And you're my diary - yeah, the bitter truth - unexpurgated - a
mis-spent youth, oh
Do you have to paint teeth green, when they're snowy, white and clean?
Do you have to make eyes red, when they're clear and fresh instead?
Oh mirror, I wish you'd lose your head
Sometimes I'm on a gig, and I'm feeling kinda good
I run and look at you, just like a pop star would
But you just glare at me with those dark accusing eyes
That say "My make-up's good...." I'd like to.... I'd like so much to...."
Oh I'll never look at you again - 'cause I'm really not that vain
Seven years bad luck ain't that long - before I smash you, hear my song
Oh mirror, I'm sorry you were wrong.