

# Ookla The Mok, Stranger In The Mirror

It was time to make the doughnuts it was very very early  
It was 2:37 in the afternoon  
I turned off my alarm clock and I stumbled over several  
Pizza boxes and my girlfriend on the way to the bathroom  
While I waiting for the fluorescent lights  
To flicker on I thought I saw in the dark...  
Something was up and I couldn't tell what  
But my mind got the sign there was something to see  
So I shut my eyes to squeeze the image  
Out of the back of my head but I missed my mark  
The lights were on now and I couldn't ignore  
There was a stranger in the mirror and he was staring at me

CHORUS:

Don't get me wrong  
I'm not talking about some kind of figurative stranger here  
No existential bullshit from Camus or Billy Joel  
I'm not saying I didn't recognize myself in the mirror  
Or that I didn't like the kind of person I saw  
No I'm talking about an actual literal kind of stranger here  
Like the villain in issue 104 of the Flash  
There was no question this was not your everyday reflection  
This was some middle aged balding Jewish guy and he had a moustache  
There's a stranger in my mirror there's a new face on the wall  
After that Newcastle incident I thought that I'd seen it all  
Things like this are always happening to me  
Well I stood there looking stupid in my twenty-dollar bathrobe  
With my Indicator toothbrush sticking in between my teeth  
My eyes just opened wider when I looked back in the mirror  
And saw the stranger with his toothbrush staring back in disbelief  
Then I ran my finger down the length of the mirror  
To see if the stranger would follow my lead  
Our actions were in perfect synch  
And I wondered just exactly who was in control  
So I grabbed my girlfriend's Lady Bic razor  
And ran it down the length of my face to see if he would bleed  
Blood was flowing from both of our cheeks  
But I couldn't tell whose blood was in my shaving bowl

CHORUS

I am young enough to be this old bald fat guy's son  
I've never even met an Arab and I don't even own a gun  
Things like this are always happening to me  
There was that time when the shopping mall devoured my Aunt Sue  
And when my pet canary turned to stone I didn't know what to do  
I scolded my basilisk from behind my mirrored shield  
That was the same week Adrian Veidt removed my intrinsic field  
I had nothing to lose  
So I played the lottery  
It was run by Shirley Jackson  
I said, "Put down those stones,"  
Somebody dropped my canary  
I had a friend in a convent  
Nergal said, "Get thee to a nunnery."  
And another friend who stuttered and quoted Lovecraft  
I had a girl in New York City  
They were all killed by the Invunche  
Or the time when I awoke from unsettling dreams  
transformed in my bed into a monstrous vermin  
And those three days each August when my shadow  
is replaced by that of Ethel Merman  
I'd love to tell these stories and I'm sure you like to hear  
But right now I've got to face this stranger in my mirror  
Well it was all quite interesting to have my doppelganger  
But it was getting boring and I had to use the loo  
So I leaned into the mirror and then I leaned a little closer

And then I leaned a little closer still and quietly said, "Boo!"  
Well the stranger grabbed his chest and heaved and wheezed and choked  
And hemorrhaged and fell on the floor  
I tried to help him but unfortunately I lacked the ability to phase  
Through solid objects like mirrors  
And even if I could I don't know CPR  
So I hit the lights and then quietly walked out the door  
I could wait til tomorrow to shave  
Or maybe I'll just give it up and grow a beard  
Or a moustache like the dead guy who's inside of my mirror  
CHORUS

There's a dead guy in my mirror there's a dead guy on the floor  
I hope to God that I won't see that dead guy anymore  
Things like this are always happening to me  
If there's a moral to this story  
Then I'd really like to hear what you think it is  
(Tell me the moral tell me the moral  
Tell me the moral tell me the moral)  
Like if there's a stranger in your mirror  
Always know which side of the room is his  
(That's not a moral that's not a moral  
Tell me the moral tell me the moral)  
How about don't ever try to shave while under fluorescent lights  
You know that that's a fact  
(I was hoping you would say something like  
"Nothing in this world is ever as it appears")  
Or don't go frightening bald fat Jewish guys  
If you don't want them having heart attacks  
That's more like it and I guess that concludes  
Our overlength adventures with the man in the mirror