

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