

Sondre Lerche, Tragic Mirror

Here's a man, his own tragic mirror
capable of such crimes he is scared
to look at himself too long at a time.
Here's a man, his own wrapped up worry
thinking he will do wrong very shortly.
The answer remains locked up in his head.

And charity plays a game with your head
it gets to you now, it gets to you now
and charity plays away with your head
it gets to you now, it gets to you now.
Somehow you've got to smarten up
and act like nothing's ever gonna break you
break you, break your mirror in two.

Here's a man aware of his defects
such a sensitive soul such a rebel
capable of detecting his flaws.
Here's a man self righteous, self pitying
nursing losses and pain and inflicting guilt
that should keep them busy for days.

And charity plays a game with your head
it gets to you now, it gets to you now
and vanity takes your dog for a walk
it gets to you now, it gets to you now.
Somehow youve got to smarten up
and act like nothing's ever gonna
break you, break you, break your mirror in two.

Here's a man really worth the attention
so mature but so dumb.
In broad daylight the answer remains locked up in his head
it's blowing around somewhere in his head.