

## City Boy "Narcissus"

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(Mason, Thomas)

Lying here beside myself with joy  
I am too much for my mirror  
Mama said she wished me dead  
Called me bad, too bad...

I fell in love as a boy  
Opened my eyes and saw my shadow  
With eyebrows raised, they searched my face  
And found my mate, too late...

Chorus  
Don't need no audience round me I'm fond of my own  
company  
Who wants the birds and the bees when I've always got  
me up my sleeve.  
Who said that no mans an island surrounded by  
nothing but sea I

I tell you he's wrong and misguided I stand here  
surrounded by me.

(Breaking up the mirror, you're a sinner, you're a sinner  
...Breaking up the mirror; you're a sinner you're a  
Sinner. . .)

"Come down to earth" They called up to me  
"We have a bed to ease your journey, crazy fools are  
born to bruise,  
But we've the cure for both of you.  
Don't need no audience round me I'm fond of my own  
company  
Who wants the birds and the bees when I've always got  
Me up my sleeve (etc)

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