

Elvis Costello

"She Handed Me A Mirror"

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She handed me a mirror
That she had gazed upon
The glass still held an image
The glass still held an image
But it was of a man

I turned from the reflection
To see who it might be
Is that poor vanity quite
How she pictures me?

She handed me a mirror
Rather than tell me, "No"
She let slip her handkerchief
Gentle laughter flowed
Just as her lips bestowed

The dashing word like, "Brother"
The crushing word like, "Friend"
If there was no beginning

How could this be the end?

She handed me mirror
So I could recognize
The distance from my heart to hers
The distance from my heart to hers
The pity in her eyes

She liked my pretty story
I thanked her for her song
And then I wrote a tale not very long to tell
You are much more than pretty
You are beautiful

She handed me mirror and I saw her instead
She handed me a mirror
She handed me a mirror
And that is all she did

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