

Bob Mould

"Reflecting Pool"

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I stumble through this godforsaken
Uncertain of the path I'm taking
But along the way, I make a smile
I hope where I end up might be worthwhile

I'm holding in the breath of anger
Inside this old refrigerator
Those days are gone, there's more ahead
So concentrate on what's in store instead

A memory, a dream, or another crazy scheme
Then I find out what I want is something inbetween
Waking and repeating my routines
Walking circles, talk in circles to me

Words that tumble effortlessly from the lips of fools
Only cloud up what I see in my reflecting pool
Jumping headfirst into symmetry
I am splitting at the seams, hold me

In my reflecting pool
I look in my reflecting pool
This sole reflection is my own
The pool is still until the pebble's thrown

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