

## Captain Beefheart

# "She's Too Much For My Mirror"

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She's too much for my mirror  
She almost make me lose it  
The way she abuse it make me never wanna use it  
Well, mend yer heart and mind yer soul

Ole Chicago, she's, uh, woman that-a  
Make, uh, young man, uh, bum  
She howl like the wind make me heart grow cold  
Make me long for that little red fum

She makes things fly and she makes things roll  
She got me way over here and I'm hungry and cold  
I remember m' mother told me I oughta be choosy  
That was way back when I thought she was m' friend  
Now I find out she's, uh, floosey

I remember the butterflies and the sweet smell uh corn  
And the bubbling fish in that lil' pond  
Ooh, Lousey, ooh, Lousey, how I long for you, how I  
long for you?  
She's too much for my mirror  
That little floosey oh how I fear her, ooh, Lousey

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