

Loudon Wainwright "Four Mirrors"

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I've slumped in your chair
Tossed and turned in your bed
Lurked in your lair
I have lived in your head
Where others were closer
No one is nearer
As I glimpse you in me
In the hallway mirror

I've grabbed from the plate
And I've stabbed with a knife
On day one, my first date
I slept with your wife
My common-law stepmom
I desire and fear her
I compare you to me
In the full-length mirror

Sharing hair, forehead lines
Scowling, worrying, thinking
With a penchant for white wines
A disposal toward drinking
You had 'em, I got 'em
I move my face nearer
Broken blood vessels
In the bathroom mirror

And your doormen all know me
It's not so bizarre
So it shouldn't throw me
To go move your car
But the ghost of your father
He couldn't be clearer
He's there where he haunted you
The rearview mirror

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