

City and Colour

"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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