

## **Mott The Hoople**

# **"Through The Looking Glass"**

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I'm feelin' ugly - I'm feelin low - mornin' mirror - you  
ain't no rose  
And did I mean it - or did I lie - or did I dream it  
Oh! Christ I'm tired.  
Why then did ya have to grin, now the blood rolls down  
my chin  
Oh You know you painted so much blue, and I'm much  
younger than that too  
Oh mirror - what did I do to you?  
You're my voyeur - see every line - chase them to  
destinations  
On through time  
And you're my diary - yeah, the bitter truth -  
unexpurgated - a  
mis-spent youth, oh  
Do you have to paint teeth green, when they're snowy,  
white and clean?  
  
Do you have to make eyes red, when they're clear and  
fresh instead?  
Oh mirror, I wish you'd lose your head  
Sometimes I'm on a gig, and I'm feeling kinda good  
I run and look at you, just like a pop star would  
But you just glare at me with those dark accusing eyes  
That say "My make-up's good...." I'd like to.... I'd like so  
much to...."  
Oh I'll never look at you again - 'cause I'm really not  
that vain  
Seven years bad luck ain't that long - before I smash  
you, hear my song  
Oh mirror, I'm sorry you were wrong.

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