

Anthony Fallacaro

"Mirror Image"

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Preacher man on the TV screen
Mainstream gonna sweep us all in
Current flowing to todays new fragile trend
I want this, I want that I want all new things
No idea what tomorrow brings
I don't need no heaven, but lord save me from this hell

Talk, talk on your telephone
Nobody listens and nobody's home
You can cover up and play pretend
Obsession on recession compression our progression
When will this all end?
I don't care, next to the laissez faire, work for the man
who never dares

Be yourself

Even if I saw you down at the corner store
I wouldn't even recognize you anymore
Cut your long blonde hair and got yourself a new
attitude
You got your big sunglasses and your text masses
And you Whistle Dixie all damn day
Never stop to enjoy this time, always worried what's
next in line

Spend all these hours looking in the mirror
Nothing ever seems to be coming clear

Be yourself

And we search to discover
And we hope not to uncover
Half of who we're suppose to be

Be yourself

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