

The Who

"Go To The Mirror!"

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He seems to be completely unreceptive The tests I
gave him showed no sense at all His eyes react to light,
the dials detect it He hears but cannot answer to your
call See me, feel me, touch me, heal me See me, feel
me, touch me, heal me There is no chance, no untried
operation All hope lies with him and none with me
Imagine through the shock of isolation When he can
suddenly hear and speak and see See me, feel me,
touch me, heal me See me, feel me, touch me, heal me
His eyes can hear, his ears can see, his lips speak All
the time the needles flick and rock No machine can
give the kind of stimulation Needed to remove his
inner block Go to the mirror boy Go to the mirror boy I
often wonder what he is feeling Has he ever heard a
word I've said Look at him in the mirror dreaming What
is happening in his head Listening to you, I get the
music Gazing at you, I get the heat Following you, I
climb the mountain I get excitement at your feet Right
behind you, I see the millions On you, I see the glory
From you, I get opinions From you, I get the story What
is happening in his head Ooooh, I wish I knew I wish I
knew

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