Beautiful South, Mirror

Beautiful South
Blue Is The Color
Mirror
They could be fat or could be thin
They could be black, they could be white
Tell me who's knocking at the knocking shop door tonight

Not much a girl can do but open or close Those things are above doors Not much legs can do but open or close Those things are above us whores

So imagine a mirror
Bigger than the room it was placed in
Imagine my wish for a future that cannot hold my wish
Imagine the want to hold a rod that cannot hold the fish
Imagine a rod that cannot hold the fish

They could be lonely or could be bust They could be tack, they could be real They do have feelings, but just right now I feel

A feminine receptacle, that's just what I am Those things are above us whores Just the best target practice, for a misguided man Those things are above us whores

So imagine a mirror Bigger than the room it was placed in Imagine my wish for a future that cannot hold my wish Imagine the want to hold a rod that cannot hold the fish Imagine a rod that cannot hold the fish