## The Who, Go To The Mirror!

He seems to be completely unreceptive The tests I gave him Show 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, though, the shock from isolation When he suddenly can hear And speak and see

See me, feel me Touch me, heal me See me, feel me Touch me, heal me

His eyes can see
His ears can hear, 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