

## Tragic Mirror

Sondre Lerche

Here's a man, his own tragic mirror  
capable of such crimes he is scared  
to look at himself too long at a time.  
Here's a man, his own wrapped up worry  
thinking he will do wrong very shortly.  
The answer remains locked up in his head.

And charity plays a game with your head  
it gets to you now, it gets to you now  
and charity plays away with your head  
it gets to you now, it gets to you now.  
Somehow you've got to smarten up  
and act like nothing's ever gonna break you  
break you, break your mirror in two.

Here's a man aware of his defects  
such a sensitive soul such a rebel  
capable of detecting his flaws.  
Here's a man self righteous, self pitying  
nursing losses and pain and inflicting guilt  
that should keep them busy for days.

And charity plays a game with your head  
it gets to you now, it gets to you now  
and vanity takes your dog for a walk  
it gets to you now, it gets to you now.  
Somehow youve got to smarten up  
and act like nothing's ever gonna  
break you, break you, break your mirror in two.

Here's a man really worth the attention  
so mature but so dumb.  
In broad daylight the answer remains locked up in his head  
it's blowing around somewhere in his head.