

Mirror

Jeff Tweedy

You are a mirror and the face
You are an object and the space
Your mind goes blind and you are erased
You will be the person taking your place

You are a cure and the pain
You are the desert and the rain
Your mind goes blind and you are erased
You will be the person taking your place

Light on an autumn day
Leaves falling
Tears falling on your grave

You are a mirror and a face
You and I are the same
Your mind goes blind
We are erased
You will be the person digging your grave

High on a summer's day
Clouds drifting away
Turning grey