

Molly in the Mirror

Joshua Kadison

Molly's in the attic as the sun goes down
Looking through some boxes for her wedding gown
Now she's standing in the mirror in dusty white
Talkin' to herself in the rusty light

She says

"I've never been to Paris but I've wanted to go
To see the moon reflected in the Seine, you know,
To climb the Eiffel Tower with the city lights sparking below

"Oh, now they're just some tired cliché□□
Just some wrinkles that the mirror betrays
Singin, "Old woman, old woman
What have you done with your days?"
"Old woman, old woman
What have you done with your days?"

"I've never been to Venice but my dreams are divine
Riding gondolas under lantern shine
Listening to guitars and sipping sweet Italian wine

"Oh, now they're just some tired cliché□□
Just some wrinkles that the mirror betrays
Singin, "Old woman, old woman
What have you done with your days?"
"Old woman, old woman
What have you done with your days?"

"I was a wife, I raised a child
But in my dreams I still go running wild
It's a good life, I see my friends
But can this be how all my dreaming end?

"I've never seen Morocco like the things I had planned
To savor all the spices in that faraway land
To buy a silk sarong and wear it dancing in the sand

"Oh, now they're just some tired cliché□□
Just some wrinkles that the mirror betrays
Singin, "Old woman, old woman
What have you done with your days?"
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Talking to herself in her wedding gown