

Narcissus

Róisín Murphy

Being left, being left
Being left, being left
Being left, being left with me
Narcissus

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The saddest story ever told
Loving only what you will hold
In your own reflection
When love is here
With all your protection
I hold you dear

The saddest story ever told
The narcissistic glory to be all alone
A happy ending would never be
Narcissus dying

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Rosebud
Narcissus, she'll return into sand
If you fall in love with your reflection
You may be damned
But, darling, I could teach you to feel
And to understand
Narcissus, my love
Thy love will go

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