

# Hold It Up to the Mirror

The Black Sorrows

You don't have the go-ahead to mount a big search  
It's as clear as the road to that old, Spanish church  
Yeah, as plain as the nose on your cute, little face  
It's an open, open and shut case

It'll come quick or ease in slow  
When trouble hits, it just won't let go  
So, clear the air, oh, get it off your chest  
Take your medicine and hope for the best

Hold it up to the mirror  
Won't you tell me what you see?  
Something might look familiar to you  
But it's a bad likeness of me

If you let it slip from bad to worse  
It would take a miracle to lift that curse  
There's always something you cannot resist  
It's loving with a bitter twist

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Oh...  
Mmm...  
Don't look back

Na, na-na-na  
Na, na-na-na  
Na, na-na-na  
Na, na-na-na  
...