

**Back Street Mirror**  
**Gene Clark**

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A D A  
Corner bar, smoke filled room full of inclination  
D A  
I went down to some market street preachers for some inspiration  
E D  
And as my mind got face set to the window with exaggeration  
A D A G  
I thought I was falling through  
A D A G  
But I was told to be standing too  
E7 D A  
And I felt about how hard it would be, being here without you  
  
Introduced to a butcher disguised in such blind elation  
Tried a Duchess of Sooth, who kept her booth selling quaint quotations  
As she complained of red haired dead losers causing her aggravation  
I talked about what our life could do  
To seek her eyes as to what I was seeing through  
And I felt about how hard it would be, being here without you  
  
Boarded in on the thirteenth floor of the Hotel Confusion  
I was asked Don t you think that your thoughts are only an illusion?  
And as I looked to the street below from the lax typically simple exclusion  
I was stopped by the thought of you  
And not what I was thinking to do  
And I felt about how hard it would be, being here without you