

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