

The Mirror on the Wall

Joni Green

The mir-ror on the wall tells her the days are pas-sing by. The young girl,
deep in-side, on-ly wants to cry. Time real-ly has a way of sneak-ing,
when no one's look-ing, right on by. And there's no de-ny-ing this at all,
as she looks in-to the mir-ror on the wall. The mir-ror on the wall

16

tells him he's not the man he was. The sil-ver in his hair,

19

just an-oth-er scar. Fear flut-ters, and he won-ders deep down

22

is he still strong, or is he weak? He shakes his head and sighs. That is all,

26

and sim-ply stares at the re-flect-ion on the wall.

30

But star-ing does no good. He turns and walks a-way

34

and lets his ghost-ly im - age fade and dis-ap-pear. Just one more count -

37

- less spir - it sou-ven-ir. They come. They go. All are ig-nored

41

by the glow-ing, spect - ral es - sence in - side the mir - ror on the wall.

45