

## **Twelve Tales: Tarnished and Shining**

**A.J. Croce**

The mirror's reflection  
Means nothing to me  
Because I quit looking  
When I was 23  
When everything was right  
and good as it could be

I've seen the top  
I know where to find it  
I've felt the drop that took me so low I know what I'm not  
No need to define it  
And you get what I've got  
Tarnished and shining.

The child of justice  
Is beaten and blind  
The child of judgment  
Is easy to find  
Easy to be  
And easily to defined  
Easy to hear  
Speaking his mind

I've seen the top  
I know where to find it  
I've felt the drop that took me so low  
I know what I'm not  
No need to define it  
And you get what I've got  
Tarnished and shining.