

# Eternity

Richard Marx

I was born on the banks of Eternity,  
A page of the history it teaches.  
Not a care, lived my life like a hurricane,  
Leaving everything along the way in pieces.

Some may have cheered, some may have wondered,  
If I am flesh, if I am stone.  
Thoughts of you tear through me like thunder.  
You are the light that has led me back home.

Take me to the river, baby.  
Wash away the lies.  
I've got no reputation living in your eyes.  
Take me to Eternity.  
Let me bury this disguise.

A Southern boy has it harder sometimes.  
It's like you were climbing a razor.  
You were there when my dreams had all turned to dust,  
And the man in the mirror was a stranger.

Look at me now, a soulless survivor.  
No mask can hide the man that I've made.  
You ease my pain. You make it silent.  
Slowly I feel it beginning to fade.

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Wash away the lies.  
I've got no reputation living in your eyes.  
Take me to Eternity.  
Let me bury this disguise.

I want to feel it,  
Rushing over me into the tide.  
I want to taste it,  
Every moment 'til the end of my life!

I have laid still, adrift in your memory,  
Hoping your faith would erase all the years.  
Maybe some time, maybe some magic,  
Maybe your love will make everything clear.

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I've got no reputation living in your eyes.  
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Wash away the lies.  
There are no expectations hiding in your eyes.  
Take me to Eternity.  
Let me bury this . . . disguise.