

The Image

Richard Marx

Hope you don't believe a word
Of all the things I know you've heard about me
Really just a pack of lies
You see the truth before your eyes around me
Hard to keep it straight
The real from the ruse
Probably way too late

What can I do, but it's
Not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see
It's just the image
It's all on a string
All fantasy
Not really me

It's just the image
Would it be too much to ask
That you could just give me the chance to prove it
Or would it only be a waste of time
To try to make you change your mind and use it
What I've been looking for
Isn't what I thought
Not behind the golden door
You're all I've got, and it's
Not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see

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