

Lea Salonga, Reflection

Look at me,
I will never pass for a perfect bride,
or a perfect daughter.
Can it be, I'm not meant to play this part.
Now I see,
That if I were truly to be myself, I would break my family's heart
Who is that girl I see
Staring straight, back at me
Why is my reflection someone I don't know
Somehow I cannot hide, who I am
though I've tried.
When will my reflection show who I am inside.
When will my reflection show who I am inside.