

Renaissance, Camera Camera

Open up your magazine and see what's inside
I'm sure that you will find me--this is where I hide
Treat me as your fantasy, escape from the day
Into my model existence
I will take you far away

Chorus:

Camera camera, take a picture of me
Look through your lens
Tell me what do you find within your view?
Speak to me while I'm looking at you!
Am I pleasant and kind
All in all just one perfect smile
Or the face of regret
For someone that you've never met?
A schizophrenic, photogenic model of time
A picture of health a real gold mine
Lovely to look at and lovely to hold
A spirit that's broken and a heart that's ice cold

Trying hard to be so pretty since I don't know when?
All my time at work and play spent in this eight by ten
An epitaph of dedication, that's what they said
You know she nearly made it, but she had a child instead

Chorus:

(Instrumental to end)