

Richard Marx, My Confession

Maybe you've noticed how I linger by the door,
Looking for ways to hang around.
I never felt my moment ever show itself before,
But I've got to speak or lose you now.

This is my confession.
I bare my soul to you.
This is my confession,
The one thing I can do.
How will I ever make you mine,
If you don't know that I'm alive?
I confess to you
My love for you.

He'll never say the words I've rehearsed a million times,
Or stop your tears before they fall.
He'll never even try to put his thoughts of you in rhymes.
His heart is barely there at all.

::Chorus:

I have always believed somehow
I'd be standing right here before you now,
Hoping the last breath I take,
I take in your arms.

::Chorus::