

# Richard Marx, The Image

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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