

Alphabeat, Public Image

You never listen to a word that I say
You only see me for the clothes that I wear
Oh, did the interest go so much steeper?
It must have been the colour of my hair

Public image, public image, public image

What you wanted was never made clear
Behind the image is ignorance and fear
You hide behind this public machine
Still a part of the same old sheen

Public image, public image, public image

Two sides to every story
Somebody had to stop me
I'm not the same as when I began
I won't be treated as property

Public image, public image, public image

Two sides to every story
Somebody had to stop me
I'm not the same as when I began
It's not a game of Monopoly

Public Image
Public Image
Public Image