

# George Benson, This Masquerade

Are we really happy here  
With this lonely game we play  
Looking for words to say  
Searching but not finding  
Understanding any way  
We're lost in a mask, masquerade

Both afraid to say we're just too far away  
From being close together from the start  
We tried to talk it over but the words got in the way  
We're lost inside this lonely game we play

Thoughts of weeping disappear  
Every time I see your eyes  
No matter how hard I try, oooh  
To understand the reasons  
That we carry on this way  
We're lost in a mask, masquerade