

Natalie Grant, The Real Me

foolish heart looks like we're here again
same old game of plastic smile
don't let anybody in
hiding my heartache, will this glass house break
how much will they take before i'm empty
do i let it show, does anybody know?

CHORUS:

but you see the real me
hiding my skin, broken from within
unveil me completely
i'm loosening my grasp
there's no need to mask my frailty
cause you see the real me

painted on, life is behind the mask
self-inflicted circus clown
i'm tired of the song and dance
living a charade, always on parade
what a mess i've made of my existence
but you love me even now
and still i see somehow

CHORUS

wonderful, beautiful is what you see
when you look at me
you're turning the tattered fabric of my life into
a perfect tapestry
i just wanna be me

CHORUS

and you love me just as i am

wonderful, beautiful is what you see
when you look at me