

Grazia Di Michele

"Charades"

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I'm all dressed up in my finest attitude,
Pretending I don't care,
Guess I really messed up trying to be two,
When only one heart can be there,
Why can't I be just what I am,
And speak my love without any shame,
Why can't she see what I am,
Is a costumed fool trapped in a tragic game.

Charades and pretty lies,
They hide what's deep inside me,
Charades do disguise,
All the love I keep inside me,
Charades can't see me,
But can you feel the real me,
The real me behind my Charades.

Oh, Please don't mind me,
Performing at my hardest,
As I paint upon the air,
You won't find me,
Cause it's a portrait of the artist,
As a man who isn't there.

Charades and pretty lies,
They hide what's deep inside me,
Charades do disguise,
All the love I keep inside me,
Charades can't see me,
But can you feel the real me,
The real me behind my charades.

Can't you feel the real me,
Behind my charades,
Have I lost the real me,
Behind my charades.

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