

Rebecca Mayes "The Mirror"

Visit "[The Mirror](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In every game I play, the bodies are the same
Conforming to the one acceptable template
What's this game we play with our plastic fantasies
So that reality can disappoint us
And when we look in the mirror we look nothing like
we're meant to

Who's telling you what's beautiful
Did you even get a chance to make your mind up
Who's telling you what's desirable
Cause you know there's more than one
There's every flavour under the sun

And I wanna see them all

Where are the real men, the ones who are smiley
The ones who are round and a little bit geeky
The ones who are wild, the ones who are skinny
The ones who are short and a little bit cheeky
Where are the women big boned and proud

With a mouth unafraid to tell you what it's all about
Where are the small breasts like the tenderest,
delicate, feather kiss
And when you look in the mirror you look just like
you're meant to

Who's telling you what's beautiful
Did you even get a chance to make your mind up
Who's telling you what's desirable
Cause you know that they dictate
What we love and what we hate
And it really ain't what we deserve

We're addicted to perfection
We're critics of our creation
We're creators of abstraction
Cause what can't we feel in this plastic thrill?

Who's telling you what's beautiful
Who's telling you you're beautiful

Visit [Rebecca Mayes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.