

Richard Marx

"Image"

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Hope you don't believe a word
Of all the things I know you've heard about me
Really just a pack of lies
You see the truth before your eyes around me

Hard to keep it straight
The real from the ruse
Probably way too late
What can I do?

But it's not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see
It's just the image

It's all on a string
All fantasy
Not really me
It's just the image, yeah

Would it be too much to ask
That you could just give me the chance to prove it
Or would it only be a waste of time
To try to make you change your mind and use it?

What I've been looking for
Isn't what I thought
Not behind the golden door
You've all I've got

It's not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see
It's just the image

It's all on a string
All fantasy
Not really me
It's just the image, yeah

What I've been looking for
Isn't what I thought

Not behind the golden door
You've all I've got

Well, it's not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see
It's just the image

It's all on a string
All fantasy
Not really me
It's just the image, yeah

Not what you think
Not what you hear
Not what you see
It's just the image

It's all on a string
All fantasy
Not really me
It's just the image, yeah yeah yeah

Just the image, babe
Just the image, babe

Just the image, babe
Just the image, babe

Just the image, babe
Just the image, babe

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