

Richard Marx

"Suspicion"

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Suspicion

So many times
I've asked myself the question
Hiding in plain sight
Is your love another self-propeller perception
Burning in my mind
You don't know where I've been
I count too many sins
To play de sad charade

Suspicion kisses you when I do
Though I've never let you know
I only wish you knew what I knew
So we could both enjoy the show
Here in the crucible

Or could there be another explanation
I'm not aware of
Or should I just ignore the situation
Call me in care of
I don't know where you've been
Your lie's is paper thin
I see the truth erased

Suspicion kisses you when I do
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