

Robert-gil Barlat

"In The Public's Eyes"

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This morning I read in the paper,
that last night, i was received by the reaper;
it was my best friend that they spoke,
yet I have no recollection of these folks.

In their broadcasts, a dime a dozen,
every detail of each choice they'd exam,
exposing to the entire globe,
my secret gardens and all the darkness they hold.

Refrain :

They speak of me without having known me,
judge based on just what they see,
nothing too sacred not to scrutinize,
vile honor life in the public's eyes.
ohh, in the public's eyes.

The day before, they'll be sure to build me up,
to make their effect when they say i'm washed up;
today i'm again full of talent and insight,
yet old hat and dull as last night.

Those who resent or despise,
swear my with vicious lies,
whatever whim be striking,

my pain never pondering.

Refrain :

They speak of me without having known me,
judge based on just what they see,
nothing too sacred not to scrutinize,
vile honor life in the public's eyes.
ohh, in the public's eyes.

All done behind my back,
laughing at what they say i lack,
doubting any genius,
my achievement all now worthless.

Fear of erasing the deception,
limits shows of affection,

i may appear a bit the recluse,
but it's just wariness of their abuse.

All done behind my back,
laughing at what they say i lack,
doubting any genius,
my achievement all now worthless.

Vile honor life in the public's eyes. ...

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