

**Marx Richard****"The 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.

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're all I've got, and it's

[Repeat Chorus]

[Guitar and harmonica interludes]

What I've been looking for  
Isn't what I thought,  
Not behind the golden door.  
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[Repeat Chorus]

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