Reflection

Lea Salonga

Look at me
I will never pass for a perfect bride, or a perfect daughter
Can it be
I'm not meant to play this part
Now I see, that if I were truly to be myself
I would break my family's heartWho is that girl I see,
Staring straight back at me
Why is my reflection someone I don't know
Somehow I cannot hide
Who I am, though I've tried
When will my reflection show, who I am, insideHow I pray, that a time will come
I can free myself and meet their expectations
On that day, I'll discover someway to be myself
And to make my family proudThey want a docile lamb
No-one knows who I am
Must there be a secret me
I'm forced to hide
Must I pretend that I am someone else for all time
When will my reflection show, who I am inside
When will my reflection show, who I am inside

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