

My Reflection

Marie Osmond

You see a scar, I see a little girl 'bout five years old
On monkey bars, who lost her grip
And slipped right through her mamma's arms

And the make-up still won't make it go away You see dyed hair, I see an eleven year old dark haired girl
That salty air trying to keep her poise
Those teenage boys were everywhere
And dad sure had fun scaring them away In my reflection, hidden underneath the imperfections
All the stories of my life and all its lessons

I can see what you can't see in my reflection You see these lines; I see a car load full of my best friends, on
Friday night

Staying out too late and laughing until we cried
I wouldn't trade a single wrinkle for those days In my reflection, hidden underneath the imperfections
All the stories of my life and all its lessons

I can see what you can't see in my reflection You see alone, I see a woman who got tired of waiting by the phone
Who made a choice and is doing just fine, on her own
But you can't look and tell, it was a blessing
Yes I can see what you can't see
In my reflection

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