

# 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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