What do I see? , That's the question I'm most afraid of. One that asks me what I'm really made of. What do I see, much more then a reflection. a romance with cheer perfection. I see me, I see me Actress, Woman, Star and lover Sister, sweetheart, slave and mother I see me, and I like what I see. Virgin, tramps, dream of others Yeas it's me, Yeas it's me We see you You mean me? I know God is shameless hussy Diva, Princess, rude and lusty Aaa aaa

That's not me, Can't be me Angel, Devil You can trust me Mon a me I see Uh Uh Every where I look baby all I see is A contradiction Ah com on A pad edition Knock it of A inspiration That's more like it To a generation Now you're talking That's you That's me