

The Picture

Michael Sembello

Jealousy is time's game
Painted in her secrets
Vanity has now found a holiday
Beauty everlasting
Could it really be so
That the picture would pay the price for life

She was born in the land of heartbreak
Shadows burn everywhere she goes
She is young as each moment passes
And so she'll stay as the years pass away

She will never grow old
But she had to give her soul to the picture
There's a hold on her life
And she's running out of time in the picture

Prisoner of canvas
Keeper of the mystery
Everyone around her has begun to fade
Life is bitter sweet now
Looking for the way out
Time is something she's got on her side

Pure the soul and you'll pure the senses
Can this be every sin it shows
Turn the page but there's nothing after
The price she must pay as the angels turn away

She will never grow old
But she had to give her soul to the picture
There's a hold on her life
And she's running out of time in the picture

She is lost in the land of nowhere
Lovers fade at each chapter's close
A heart so cold even love won't enter
Keys of her rage lock the perfect cage

She will never grow old
But she had to give her soul to the picture
There's a hold on her life
And she's running out of time in the picture

Withers twisted found in their evening dress
Portrayed perfect telling what she can't confess