

In the public eye they've fabricated you.
Chose your selling points to sell.
Became an object they can hate or pursue.
But no one asked just how you felt.
But don't you think I feel?
Don't you think I'm real?
Are you so dull that you don't have a clue?
And I don't think it's right, this invasion in my life.
No, one day you'll feel what I'm going through.
In the public eye you're always on stage.
They've magnified your every move.
Free to roam around in your golden cage.
But you better watch just what you do.
And you're bound by their chains,
you're not allowed to change.
In the public eye.
And you're living a life you must defend in the public eye.
In this world you exchange the right to know who's your real friend
and why it's a loser's game that I can't win,
I can only try.