

The Mask

Rupert Holmes

Everyone in this place is selling something,
Or selling themselves on someone new.
And if a week goes by, I guess you and I will discover what we
look like,
But, for the moment, what we view
Is the mask.
We wear the mask,
And the mask conceals us all too well:
We're believing the face we sell.

Everyone in this place is buying something,
Or taking a no-risk free home trial.
But if you buy a line that's not even mine
What's the point in even talking?
So why don't we leave these lines awhile
'Cause here it comes—
It might be love—
But the mask is standing in the way.
There are so many things to say . . .
Could be true
Could be me
Could be you

Tear the mask off,
Tear the mask off,
Tear it all off.

Everyone in this world is right for someone.
I've always believed those words are true.
But if we sell ourselves as somebody else,
We could make a misconnection;
You'll end up with one who loves not you
But the mask.
We wear the mask.
Tear the mask from off your face and find
The you that is in my mind...
Could be you who I see...
Could be true...

Tear the mask off,
Tear the mask off,
Tear it all off.