

Public Image

Alphabeat

You never listen to a word that I say
You only see me for the clothes that I wear
Oh, did the interest go so much steeper?
It must have been the colour of my hair

The public image
The public image
The public image

What you wanted was never made clear
Behind the image was cigarettes and fear
You hide behind this public machine
Still a part of the same old sheen

The public image
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Two sides to every story
Somebody had to stop me
I'm not the same as when I began
I won't be treated as property

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Two sides to every story
Somebody had to stop me
I'm not the same as when I began
It's not a game of Monopoly

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