

Inner Beauty

Connie Talbot

The morning starts like any other
I find myself in front of the mirror
Picking out my imperfections
Scared the world might see the flaws I see

But should it really matter?
Why does it mean so much to me?
I wish I could believe in inner beauty

I don't wanna be looked at
If you can't see past all of my pretty lies
There's more to this picture if you look deeper
You will find me behind these eyes
I'm right here
Behind these eyes

So greens the colour for the season
But will it change the way I'm feeling
Tell me Mr Maharishi
What size is happy?
And the stars are getting smaller
Disappearing as they fall from grace
I keep reading how they stop to
Get their column space

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Behind these eyes
I'm right here behind these eyes
I'm right here behind these eyes

I'm wondering how far I'll go
To fix myself and I don't know
What will it cost to put me right?
When I'm not wrong on the inside...

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I'm right here,
Behind these eyes
I'm right here
Behind these eyes
I'm right here
Behind these eyes...