

# Suspicion

Richard Marx

So many times  
I've asked myself the question  
Hiding in plain sight  
Is your love another self-propeller perception  
Burning in my mind  
You don't know where I've been  
I count too many sins  
To play de sad charade

Suspicion kisses you when I do  
Though I've never let you know  
I only wish you knew what I knew  
So we could both enjoy the show  
Here in the crucible

Or could there be another explanation  
I'm not aware of  
Or should I just ignore the situation  
Call me in care of  
I don't know where you've been  
Your lie's is paper thin  
I see the truth erased

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