

She Used to Be Mine

Sara Bareilles

It's not simple to say
most days I don't recognize me.
These shoes and this apron
this place and its patrons
have taken more than I gave 'em.
It's not easy to know
I'm not anything that I used to be.
Although it's true
I was never attention sweet center
I still remember that girl.
She's imperfect but she tries
She is good but she lies.
She is hard on herself.
She is broken but won't ask for help.
She is messy but she's kind.
She is lonely most of the time.
She is all this mixed up
and baked in a beautiful pie. She is gone but she used to be mine. And it's not what I asked for.
Sometimes life just slips in through back door
Carves out the person
and makes you believe it's so true.
And now I've got you.
And you're not what I asked for.
If I'm honest I know I would give it all back
for a chance to start over
and rewrite an ending or two
for the girl that I knew.
Who be reckless just enough
who can hurt but
who learns how to toughen up when she's bruised
And gets used by a man who can't love
Then she'll get stuck and be scared
of the life that's inside her
growing stronger each day
'Til it finally reminds her
to fight just a little
to bring back the fire in her
that's been gone but it used to be mine. Used to be mine She is messy but shes kind
She is lonely most of the time
She is all of this mixed up and baked in a beautiful pie
She is gone but she used to be mine

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