

Me

Paula Cole

I am not the person who is singing
I am the silent one inside
I am not the one who laughs at people's jokes
I just pacify their egos I am not my house, my car or my songs
They are only stops along my way
I am like the winter, I'm a dark cold female
With a golden ring of wisdom in my cave And it's me who is my enemy
Me who beats me up
Me who makes the monsters
Me who strips my confidence I am carrying my voice
I am carrying my heart
I am carrying my rhythm
I am carrying my prayers That you can't kill my spirit, it's old and it is strong
And like a mountain I'll go on and on
But when my wings are folded
The brightly colored moth blends into the dirt into the ground And it's me who is my enemy
Me who beats me up
Me who makes the monsters
Me who strips my confidence And it's me who's too weak
And it's me who's too shy
To ask for the thing I love
And it's me who's too weak
And it's me who's too shy
To ask for the thing I love But I love, but I love, but I love
But I love, but I love, but I love I am walking on the bridge
I am over the water and I'm scared as hell
But I know there's something better
Yes, I know there's something better
Yes, I know, yes, I know, yes, I know And it's me who is my enemy
Me who beats me up
Me who makes the monsters
Me who strips my confidence And it's me who is my enemy
Me who beats me up
Me who makes the monsters
Me who strips my confidence But it's me and it's me
But it's me, but it's me
But it's me, but it's me

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