

# Free To Be Me

Francesca Battistelli

At twenty years of age  
I'm still looking for a dream  
A war's already waged for my destiny  
But You've already won the battle  
And You've got great plans for me  
Though I can't always see 'Cause I got a couple dents in my Fender  
Got a couple rips in my jeans  
Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
And on my own, I'm so clumsy  
But on Your shoulders I can see  
I'm free to be me When I was just a girl  
I thought I had it figured out  
See my life would turn out right  
And I'd make it here somehow  
But things don't always come that easy  
And sometimes I would doubt, oh 'Cause I got a couple dents in my Fender  
Got a couple rips in my jeans  
Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
And on my own, I'm so clumsy  
But on Your shoulders I can see  
I'm free to be me and You're free to be You Sometimes I believe that I can do anything  
Yet other times I think  
I've got nothing good to bring  
But You look at my heart and You tell me  
That I've got all You seek, oh  
And it's easy to believe even though 'Cause I got a couple dents in my Fender  
Got a couple rips in my jeans  
Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
And on my own, I'm so clumsy  
But on Your shoulders I can see I got a couple dents in my Fender  
Got a couple rips in my jeans  
Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
And on my own, I'm so clumsy  
But on Your shoulders I can see  
I'm free to be me and You're free to be You

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