I'm Not That Girl

Wicked

Elphaba:
Hands touch, eyes meet,
sudden silence, sudden heat
Hearts leap in a giddy whirl.
He could be that boy,
but I'm not that girl
Don't dream too far, don't lose sight of who you are,
don't remember that rush of joy.
He could be that boy,
I'm not that girl
Every so often we long to steal,
to the land of what might have been,
but that doesn't soften the ache we feel
when reality sets back in
Blithe smile, lithe limb
she who's winsome,
she wins him,
gold hair with a gentle curl,
that's the girl he chose
and heaven knows,
I'm not that girl
don't wish, don't start
wishing only wounds the heart,
I wasn't born for the rose and the pearl,
there's a girl I know,
he loves her so,
I'm not that girl.

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