# Sara Bareilles, She Used To Be Mine

it’s not simple to say
that most days I don’t recognize me
that these shoes and this apron
that place and its patrons
have taken more than I gave them

it’s not simple to say
I’m not anything like I used be
although it’s true
I was never attention’s sweet center

she’s imperfect, but she tries
she is good, but she lies
she is hard on herself
she is broken and won’t ask for help
she is messy, but she’s 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 sued to be mine

it’s not what I asked for
sometimes life just slips in through a back door
and carves out a person and makes you believe it’s all true
and now I’ve got you
and you’re not what I asked for
if I am honest
I know w would give it all back
for a chance to start over
and rewrite an ending or 2
for the girl I knew