

She Used To Be Mine

Reference number PT0857

It's not simple to say; most days I don't recognize me
with these shoes and this apron.
That place and its patrons have taken more than I gave them.
It's not easy to know; I'm not anything like I used to be,
although it's true, I was never attention's 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 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 used 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'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'd be reckless, just enough;
who'd get hurt,
but who learns how to toughen up when she's bruised
and gets used by a man who can't love.
And then she'll get stuck, and be scared of the life that's inside her,
growing stronger each day, till it finally reminds her
to fight just a little to bring back the fire in her eyes
that's been gone, but it used to be mine, used to be mine.

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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.