

# 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