

When He Sees Me

Sara Bareilles

I stick with real things,
Usually facts and figures.
When information's in its place,
I minimize the guessing game.
Guess what?
I don't like guessing games.
Or when I feel things,
Before I know the feelings.
How am I supposed to operate,
If I'm just tossed around by fate?
Like on an unexpected date?

The stranger who might talk too fast,
Or ask me questions about myself,
Before I've decided that,
He can ask me questions about myself.
He might sit too close.
Or call the waiter by his first name,
Or eat Oreos,
But eat the cookie before the cream?
But what scares me the most,
what scares me the most,

Is what if when he sees me, what if he doesn't like it?
What if he runs the other way and I can't hide from it?
What happens then?
If when he knows me, he's only disappointed?
What if I give myself away, to only get it given back?
I couldn't live with that.

So, I'm just fine, inside my shell-shaped mind.
This way I get the best view.
So, when he sees me, I want him to.

I'm not defensive.
I'm simply being cautious.
I can't risk reckless dating,
Due to my miscalculating.
While a certain suitor stands in line,
I've seen in movies,
Most made for television,
You cannot be too careful,
When it comes to sharing your life.
I could end up a miserable wife.

He could be criminal, some sort of psychopath
who escaped from an institution,
somewhere where they don't have girls.
He could have masterminded some way to find me.
He could be colorblind.
How untrustworthy is that.
He could be less than kind.
Or even worse he could be very nice, have lovely eyes.
And make me laugh, come out of hiding.
What do I do with that?
Oh, God.

What if when he sees me,
I like him and he knows it?
What if he opens up a door,
And I can't close it?
What happens then?
If when he holds me,
My heart is set in motion,
I'm not prepared for that.
I'm scared of breaking open.
But still I can't help from hoping,
To find someone to talk to,
Who likes the way I am.
Someone who when he sees me,
Wants to again.