

# Francesca Battistelli, Free To Be Me

At twenty years of age I'm still looking for a dream  
A war's already waged for my destiny  
But you've already won the battle  
And you've got great plans for me  
Though I can't always see

'Cause I got a couple dents in my fender  
Got a couple rips in my jeans  
Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
On my own I'm so clumsy  
But on your shoulders I can see  
I'm free to be me

When I was just a girl I thought I had it figured out  
My life would turn out right, and I'd make it here somehow  
But things don't always come that easy  
And sometimes I would doubt

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Try to fit the pieces together  
But perfection is my enemy  
On my own I'm so clumsy  
But on your shoulders I can see  
I'm free to be me

And you're free to be you

Sometimes I believe that I can do anything  
Yet other times I think I've got nothing good to bring  
But you look at my heart and you tell me  
That I've got all you seek  
And it's easy to believe  
Even though

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