

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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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

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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But perfection is my enemy
On my own I'm so clumsy
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I'm free to be me