

Paula Cole, Me

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.

(chorus)

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 a heart.
I am carrying the rhythm
I am carrying my prayers,
but you can 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

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, yes I know, yes I know, yes I know)
(chorus 2x)