

Alanis Morissette, Sorry To Myself

For hearing all my doubts so selectively and
For continuing my numbing love endlessly.
For helping you and myself: not even considering
For beating myself up and over functioning.

To whom do I owe the biggest apology?
No one's been crueller than I've been to me.

For letting you decide if I indeed was desirable
For myself love being so embarrassingly conditional.
And for denying myself to somehow make us compatible
And for trying to fit a rectangle into a ball.

And
To whom do I owe the biggest apology?
No one's been crueller than I've been to me.

I'm sorry to myself.
My apologies begin here before everybody else.
I'm sorry to myself.
For treating me worse than I would anybody else.

For blaming myself for your unhappiness
And for my impatience when I was perfect where I was.
Ignoring all the signs that I was not ready,
And expecting myself to be where you wanted me to be.

To whom do I owe the first apology?
No one's been crueller than I've been to me.

And
I'm sorry to myself.
My apologies begin here before everybody else.
I'm sorry to myself.
For treating me worse than I would anybody else.

Well, I wonder which crime is the biggest ?
Forgetting you or forgetting myself...
Had I heeded the wisdom of the latter,
I would've naturally loved the former.

For ignoring you: my highest voices.
For smiling when my strife was all too obvious.
For being so disassociated from my body,
And for not letting go when it would've been the kindest thing.

To whom do I owe the biggest apology?
No one's been crueller than I've been to me.

And
I'm sorry to myself.
My apologies begin here before everybody else
I'm sorry to myself.
For treating me worse than I would anybody else.
I'm sorry to myself.
My apologies begin here before everybody else
I'm sorry to myself.
For treating me worse than I would anybody else