

Amy Ray, Measure Of Me

Words by Kaia Wilson and Amy Ray, music BY Amy Ray

The boy he thinks I'm damaged goods
I know he does and I guess he should
I dress like him I take him down
He gets embarrassed when his friends come around

I wanna take him to the show
I'm crossing over what you know
Is it the boy you need in me
Or the girl that you could be

Come on now graceful
I want you to be
Come on now social
I want you to be
Come on now special
I want you to be
I want you to be
I want you

So this is the measure of me
Even though it shouldn't be
The lion lays down with the lamb
I can't do it so I ain't worth a damn

Come on now graceful
I want you to be
Come on now social
I want you to be
Come on now special
I want you to be
Come on now social
I want you to be
I want you to be
I want you to be
(I want you to be)
I want you to be
I want you to be
(I want you to be)
I want you to be
I want you to be
(I want you to be)
I want you to be
I want you to be
(I want you to be)
I want you

(I)

(I)

I want you to be
I want you to be

(I)