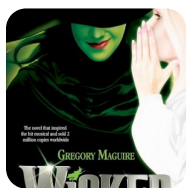


# I'm Not That Girl – The Wicked Musical

Hands touch, eyes meet  
Sudden silence, sudden heat  
Hearts leap in a giddy whirl  
He could be that boy  
But I'm not that girl  
Don't dream too far  
Don't lose sight of who you are  
Don't remember that rush of joy  
He could be that boy  
I'm not that girl  
Every so often we long to steal  
To the land of what-might-have-been  
But that doesn't soften the ache we feel  
When reality sets back in  
Blithe smile, lithe limb  
She who's winsome, she wins him  
Gold hair with a gentle curl  
That's the girl he chose  
And Heaven knows  
I'm not that girl  
Don't wish, don't start  
Wishing only wounds the heart  
I wasn't born for the rose and the pearl  
There's a girl I know  
He loves her so  
I'm not that girl



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych