

# Idina Menzel, I'm Not That Girl

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  
But 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 pearl  
There's a girl I know  
He loves her so  
I'm not that girl