

# The Girl I Used To Be

Imelda May

Once upon a time  
A Dublin girl ran free  
Down the cobbled stones  
Round pubs and homes  
As rich as she could be. Swimming in the Irish sea  
Climbing up Bray head  
Her lips were warmed with pots of tea  
Chips and buttered bread  
Fed love from Mam and Dad. They raised her up  
They made her fly  
They gave her roots and wings  
As time moves on and years go by  
She'll miss those simple things  
She's the girl I used to be.  
The playgrounds all came down  
And we mourned our factory  
Times were tough, but I had enough  
I had my family. Life kicked in with all its might  
But my strong heart wouldn't break  
I got kicked around and broken down  
I took all that I could take But you raised me up  
You made me fly  
You gave me roots and wings  
As time moves on and years go by  
I miss those simple things  
And the girl I used to be. Now I'm grown with a child of my own  
And I hope to God on high  
That these are the days she thinks upon  
As the best days of her life.  
And I'll raise her up  
I'll make her fly  
I'll give her roots and wings  
As time moves on and years go by  
She'll miss those simple things  
And the girl she used to be  
She's the girl I used to be.

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