<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Songs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Stupid Girls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Who Knew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Long Way to Happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Nobody Knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Dear Mr. President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>I'm Not Dead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>'Cuz I Can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Leave Me Alone (I'm Lonely)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>U + Ur Hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Runaway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>The One That Got Away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>I Got Money Now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>Conversations with My 13 Year Old Self</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Moderately, with a beat

Em Stupid girls. Am Stupid girls.

Em Stupid girls. Am Stupid girls.

Em Baby, if I act like that, Am that guy will call me back.

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Em
What a papa-razzi girl. I don't wanna be a stupid girl.

Am

Em
Go to Fred Segal, you'll find 'em there. Laughin' loud so all the little people stare.

Am

Em
Lookin' for a daddy to pay for the champagne. Drop a name. What
happ’nd to the dream of a girl president? She’s danc’in’ in the video next to Fifty Cent. They travel in packs of two or three with their itsy bitsy doggies and their teenie weenie tees.

Where oh, where have the smart people gone? Oh, where oh, where could they be?
Em

Baby, if I act like that,
that guy will call me back.

Am

What a paparazzi girl.
I don't wanna be a stupid girl.

Em

Baby, if I act like that,
flip-pin' my blond hair back.

Am

To Coda

Em

Push up my bra like that.
I don't wanna be a stupid girl.
The disease is growing. It's epidemic.

I'm scared that there ain't a cure. The world believes it and I'm goin' crazy.

I can not take anymore. I'm so glad that I'll never fit in.

That will never be me. Outcasts and girls with ambition,
that's what I wanna see.
Disasters all around.

A world of despair.
Their only concern.

will they fuck up my hair?

Pink, and do your thing. Do your thing and do your thing. Do your huh.

I like this
like this, like this. Pretty will you fuck me girl. Silly as a lucky girl.

Pull my hair, I’ll suck it girl. Stupid girls. Pretty will you fuck me girl. Silly as a lucky girl.

Pull my hair, I’ll suck it girl. Stupid girls. Baby, if I baby, if I act like that,
Am
Em
N.C.

Flip-pin' my blond hair back.
Push up my bra like that.
Stupid girls,

Am

girls, girls. Baby, if I act like that,
that guy will call me back.

Em
Am

What a paparazzi girl.
I don't wanna be a stupid girl.
Em
Ba - by, if I act like that
flip - pin' my blond hair back.

Am

Push up my bra like that.
I don't wan - na be a stu - pid girl.

Em
Girls,
stu - pid girls.

Stu - pid girls.

Optional Ending

Em
Repeat and Fade
Stu - pid girls.
Stu - pid girls.
WHO KNEW

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, MAX MARTIN and LUKASZ GOTTWALD

Moderately fast

You took my hand,
Remember when

you showed me how,
You promised me

we were such fools
and so convinced

you'd be a round,
Uh, huh,

and just too cool?
Oh, no.

* Vocal is written one octave higher than sung.

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that's right.
no, no.

I took your words and I believed.
I wish I could touch you again.

in everything you said to me.
I wish I could still call you friend.

yah, huh, that's right.
I'd give anything.
If someone said
When someone said
three years from now
you'd be long
now
blessings
fore they're long

gone.
I'd stand up
and

gone.
I guess I
just

punch them
out.
'cause they're all

I didn't know how.
I was all
wrong, wrong, I know better, but they knew better.

'cause you said forever and ever.

Still, Who knew?
Bm
I'll keep you locked in my head until we meet again.

A

(Until we,

Bm
un-till we meet again.) And I won't forget.

F#m
you, my friend. What happened?

E

If
some one said three years from now you'd be long gone.
I'd stand up and punch them out.

'cause they're all wrong and

that last kiss I'll cherish until we meet.
A again.
And time makes it harder.

I wish I could remember, but I keep

your memory: you visit me in my sleep.

My darling, who knew?
My darling, my darling, who knew?

My darling, I miss you, my darling.

Who knew?
LONG WAY TO HAPPY

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BUTCH WALKER

Moderately
Fm(sus2)

Fm

Fm(sus2)

mf

Fm

Cm(sus2)

Abmaj13

One night to you _ last - ed

six weeks for me. _ Just a bit - ter lit - tle pill _ now, _ just to

Dbmaj7

Cm(sus2)

Abmaj13

Dbmaj7

Cm(sus2)

Abmaj13

try to go _ to sleep _ No more wak-ing up to in - no-cence; say hel - lo to hes - i - tance, to

* Lead vocal is written one octave higher than sung.
ev'ryone I meet.
Thanks to you years ago,
I guess I'll never know what

love means to me.
But oh,
I'll keep on roll-

ing down this road,
but I've got a bad,

bad feeling it's gonna take a long time to love,
it's gonna take a
lot to hold on, it's gonna be a long way to happy, yeah. Left in the pieces that you broke me into,
torn a part, but now I've got to keep on rolling like a stone, 'cause
it's gonna be a long, long way to happy.

L.H. over R.H.
Left my childhood behind in a roll-away bed.

Everything was so damn simple; now I'm losing my head (losing my head).

Trying to cover up the damage and pat out all the bruises, too young to know I had it, so it didn't hurt to lose it (didn't hurt to lose it), didn't hurt to lose it...
(did-n’t hurt to lose it).

Now I’m numb as hell and I can’t feel a thing, but don’t wor-

- ry ’bout regret or guilt, ’cause I nev-er knew your name. I just wan-na

thank you, thank you from the bot-tom of my heart for all.
the sleepless nights and for tearing me apart, yeah, yeah.

It's gonna take a long time to love, it's gonna take a lot to hold on, it's gonna be a long way to happy, yeah. Left in the piec-
- es that you broke me into, torn a part, but now I've got to

keep on rolling like a stone, 'cause it's gonna be a long, long way.

It's gonna take a

keep on rolling like a stone, 'cause it's gonna be a long, long way to hap-

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

-Cause
NOBODY KNOWS

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BILLY MANN

Moderately slow

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{Fm/C} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{G} \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{C} \\
\end{align*}
\]

No body knows,

No body knows but me, that I sometimes cry.

If I could pre-

tend that I'm asleep when my tears start to fall,

and I peek
out from behind these walls, I think nobody knows,
no, no.

Nobody likes,

Nobody likes to lose that inner voice,
its win or lose, not how you play the game.

And the

one I used to hear before my life made a choice.
road to darkness has a way of always knowing my
But I think nobody knows, no, no, nobody knows.

Baby, oh, this secret's safe with me.

There's nowhere else in the world that I could ever be.

And baby, don't it feel like I'm all alone? Who's gonna be there after the last.
_angel has flown_ and I've lost my way back home? I think no-body knows,_

_— no, said no-body knows._ No-body cares._

D.S. al Coda

CODA:

_It's,_

_angel has flown_ and I've

lost my way back home?

And I know no, no, no, no-body knows, no,
Ab6/9  F7
no, no, no, no, no, no.  To-mor-row I'll be there, my friend; I'll

Db  Eb  Gm7/D
wake up and start all over again when ev'ry-bod-y else is gone.

Db6/9  Ab
no, no, no.

C  Fm/C
No-bod-y knows, no-bod-y knows the rhythm of my heart.
the way I do when I'm lying in the dark,

when the world is asleep, I think nobody knows,

nobody knows, nobody knows but

me, me.
DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BILLY MANN

Slowly, in 2
Bbsus2

Dear Mister

President,

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Were you a lonely boy? (Are you a lonely boy?)

Let's pretend we're just two people and “no child is left behind?”

you're not better than me. I'd like to ask you some
We're not dumb and we're not blind. They're all sitting

questions if we can speak honestly, while you pave the road to hell.
What do you feel when you see all the homeless man's rights away?

Who do you pray for at night before you go to sleep?

What kind of father would take his own daughter as a lover?
Cm        Gm        F(add4)        Fsus

--- when you look in the mirror? Are you proud?

Ebsus2    Eb        Bb     

--- How do you sleep while the rest

F         Cm        Bb/D    Eb

--- of us cry? How do you dream

Bb        F         Cm        Dm    Eb

--- when a mother has no chance to say good-bye?
How do you walk with your head held high?

Can you even look at me in the eye and tell me why?
I can only imagine what the first lady has to say.
You've come a long way from whiskey and co-
caine. How do you sleep while the rest

of us cry? How do you dream

when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?

How do you walk with your head held high?
Can you even look at me in the eye?
Let me tell you 'bout hard work.
Minimum wage with a baby on the way.
Let me tell you 'bout hard
work,
re-building your house.

after the bombs took them away.
Let me tell you 'bout hard

work,
building a bed out of a cardboard box.

Let me tell you 'bout hard work,
hard work,
hard
You don't know nothin' 'bout hard work, hard work, hard work.

How do you sleep at night?
How do you walk with your head held high? Dear Mister President,

you'd never take a walk with me, ____________

hmmm, would you? ____________
I'M NOT DEAD

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BILLY MANN

Moderately fast

C5  Ab5  Eb5

There's always cracks:  a crack of sunlight, a crack in the mirror or on your lips. It's the morn-

*Lead vocal is written one octave higher than sung.

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C5

Ab5

Eb5

- ing on a sun-set Fri-day when all con-verse-tions twist

Bb5

Cm

Abmaj7(no3rd)

_ It's the fifth da-y of ice on a new tat-too, but the ice_

Eg

Bb

Cm

_ should be on our heads. _ We on-ly spun the web to catch_

Abmaj7(no3rd)

Eb

Bb

_ our-selves, so we weren't left for dead._
And I was never lookin' for approval from anyone

but you. And though this journey's over, I'd go back

if you asked me to. I'm not dead, just floating.
Right between the ink on your tattoo and the belly of the beast we turned
Underneath the ink of my tattoo, I've tried to hide my scars

I'm not scared, just changing.

Right behind the cigarette

And the devilish smile, you're my crack of sunlight.

To Coda
C5                      Ab5                      Eb5

C(add4)                  C5                      Abmaj7(no3rd)

You can do the math a thousand ways but you can't...

Eb5                      Bb5                      C5

erase the facts that others come and others go, but you always come back. I'm the
winter flower underground, always thirsty for summer rain,

and just like the change in seasons, I know you'll

be back again,

D.S. al Coda

CODA
I'm not dead... just yet. (I'm not dead, I'm just floating.

doesn't matter where I'm going; I'll find you.)

(Underneath the cuts and bruises, find the game where no one loses.
I'll find you. I'm not dead just floating.

I'm not scared just changing.

You're my crack of sunlight.
CUZ I CAN

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, MAX MARTIN and LUKASZ GOTTWALD

Moderately fast \( \frac{3}{4} \)

N.C.

(Spoken:) Woo, rock and roll.

Em

Rock... rock. Arright, I drink more than you, party harder than you do.

Am/E

And my car's faster than yours too.
Am/E

—not his. Diamonds all over my teeth.

F

even dream. My ice is making me freeze.

E5

You can try and try; you can't beat me. So I cash

C5

my checks and place my bets and hope I'll always win.

C5

But even if I don't, I'm fucked because I
live a life of sin. But it's all right. I don't give a damn.

I don't play your rules; I make my own. To-

night I'll do what I want 'cuz I can. (Ice cream. ice cream, we

all want ice cream.) all want ice cream.) (Spoken:) Unh,
Break it down. It's tough times out here, you know what I'm sayin'.

Yeah, I'm super thick. People say I'm much too chick.

"Come and kiss the ring: you just might learn a couple things.

I'm try'n' to school you, dog (ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff).
I'm your worst nightmare. Bring it; we can take it there.

(What are you scared?)
So I cash my checks and place my bets and

hope I'll always win. But even if I don't, I'm fucked

because I live a life of sin. But it's all right.
I don't give a damn, I don't play your rules; I make my own. Tonight I'll do what I want 'cuz I can.

(Ice cream, ice cream, we all want ice cream.)

Well, I cash my checks and place my bets and (Ice cream, ice cream, we all want ice cream.)
LEAVE ME ALONE
(I’m Lonely)

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BUTCH WALKER

Fast
G5

Em/G

D/G

G5

D/G

Em/G

D/G

G5

D/F#

C(add9)

D5

me a chance to miss you.
wake up with an - oth - er
Say good - bye;
but I don’t wan - na
it -’ll make me wan - na
Say good - bye;
it -’ll make me wan - na
kiss you.
make me wan - na
kiss you.
wake up with you, ei - ther.
give
I don’t wan
na
I love you so much more when you're not here no, you can't hop into my show er.

Watching all the bad shows, all I ask for is one fucking hour.

I don't believe Adam and Eve spent every goddamned day together. If you gimme some room, there will be

You taste so sweet, but I can't eat the same thing ever.
me the fuck a - lone. To - mor - row I'll be beg - ging you to come home. (To -

night) tired;) leave me a - lone. I'm lone - ly, a - lone,

I'm lone - ly. (I'm I'm lone - ly to - night. Go a - way, come

back, go a - way, come back. Why can't I just have it both ways?_
Go away, come back, go away, come back; I wish you knew.

the difference. Go away, come back.

Go away, give
me a chance to miss you. Say good-bye; it'll make me wan-na kiss you.

Go a-way, give me a chance to miss you. Say good-bye; it'll make me wan-na kiss you. Go a-way, give me a chance to miss you.

Say good-bye; it'll make me wan-na kiss you. (To-night)
D

leave me a lone.

I'm lonely, a lone.

I'm lonely. (I'm

G

tired.)

leave me a lone.

I'm lonely, a lone.

D

I'm lonely to-night.

C

I'm lonely, a lone.

D

I'm lonely to-night.

G

D/G

C/G

D/G

(To -

D/G

C/G

D/G

(To -

(G

D/G

C/G

D/G

(To -
I'm lonely, lonely
I'm lonely, lonely tonight.
Go away, give me a chance to miss you.
Say goodbye; it'll make me wanna kiss you.
Moderately fast

```
Moderately fast

E5
G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5

Check it out, going out on the late night.
Midnight, I'm drunk, I don't give a fuck.

G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5

Lookin' tight, feeling nice, it's a cock fight.
Wanna dance by myself; guess you're out of luck.

G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5
G5 D5 E5

I can tell; I just know that it's going down
Don't touch; back up. I'm not the one.
```

* Vocal line is written one octave higher than sung.
At the door we don't
Listen up: it's
wait, 'cause we know them.
just not happening.
You can say what you want to your boyfriends.

That's when dickhead put his hands on me,
Just let me have my fun tonight,
but you see.

I'm not here for your entertainment.
You don't really wanna mess with me tonight. Just stop and take a second.
I was fine before you walked into my life.

’Cause you know it’s over before it began.
Keep your drink; just give me the money;
it’s just you and your hand tonight.

You’re in the corner with your boys. You bet them five bucks you’d get the girl that just walked in, but she thinks you suck. We didn’t get all dressed up just for you to see.
so quit spilling your drinks on me, yeah. (Spoken:) You know who you are... high fiving, talking shit, but you're going home alone, aren't ya? 'Cause I'm not here for your entertainment. You don't really wanna mess with me tonight. Just stop and take a second.
I was fine before you walked into my life. 'Cause you know...

It's over before it began.

Keep your drink; just give me the money: it's just you and your

hand tonight. Hand, oh.
I've got my things packed, my favorite pillow, got my sleeping bag, climbed out the window.

All the

*Vocal line written one octave higher than sung.*
pictures and pain
I've left behind,

all the freedom and fame
I've got to find.

And I wonder how long it'll take

them to notice that I'm gone.
And I wonder how far it'll take me to run away,

(Life don't make any sense to me.)

(This life makes no sense to me.)
(Life don't make any sense to me.)
I was just try'n' to be myself.
You go your way; I'll meet you in hell. It's all these secrets that I should -

- n't tell. I've got to run away. It's hypocritical of you.
do as you say, not as you do. I'll never be your perfect girl.

I've got to run away.

Well, I'm too young to be

taken seriously,

but I'm too
old to be-lieve         all this hy-po-ri-sy.

And I won-der how long it’ll take them to see my bed is made.

And I won-der

if I was a mis-take. I might have no-where left to go,
but I know that I cannot go home. These voices trapped inside my head.

tell me to run before I'm dead. chase the rainbows in my mind.

And I will try to stay alive. Maybe the world will know my name.

God, won't you help me run away?
(Life don't make any sense to me.

(This life makes no sense to me.)

I could sing for change on a Paris street,

be a red-light dancer in New Orleans,

I could start again,
choose a family, I could change my name.

come and go as I please. In the dead of night you'll

wonder where I've gone, but wasn't it you,

wasn't it you, wasn't it you that made me run away?
_I was just try'n' to be my self._ You go your way; I'll meet you in hell. _

All these secrets that I shouldn't tell; I've got to run away._

It's hypocritical of you: do as you say, not as you do._

I'll never be your perfect girl._ I've got to run away._
(Life don't make any sense to me.)

(Life don't make any sense to me.)

(Life don't make any sense to me.)

(Life don't make any sense to me.)
This life makes no sense to me, it don't make any sense to me.
It don't make any sense to me.
Life don't make any sense to me.

Optional Ending
Repeat and Fade
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and BILLY MANN

Moderately, in 2

I stood by the exit door in the hotel café. He was

playing with his band.

I've always been a sucker, had a weakness for a boy with a guitar and a drink in his hand. His
words were like heaven in my hurricane;
my knees buckled under; I thought every one was watching me.
Watching you save my life with a song.
You were mine
in the back of my mind.
Oh just for one
Two weeks later I was sittin' in his apartment. He was making cappuccino.

no. I said, “What kind of man makes cappuccino?” We laughed, we laughed, we laughed 'til tears ran down my face.

But my man you're someone else.
's man, and that ain't the man th't I wanna want, but you keep__

---

draw-ing me in with those big, brown, ly-ing eyes__

---

But you'll al-ways be mine

---

in the back of my mind.

---

Oh, we had a night.

---

I'll look for you first___
just a little while.
in my next life.

There's always one that gets away,
the one who sneaks up on you then slips away.

In a closed off...
corner of my heart
I'll always see your face,

the one that got away.
The one that got away.
Oh, the one that got away.
Oh, the one that got away. Oh, the one that got away._

Em7

I'm not a victim of clichés._

A7

D
I don't believe in soul mates, happy endings or "the one."

Oh, but then I met you and all that changed. I had a taste and you're still sit-tin' on the tip of my tongue.

D.S. al Coda

But you were

The one that got away.
I GOT MONEY NOW

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and MICHAEL ELIZONDO

Moderately

Am

C

G

(mp)

8vb

1

2

When I was a young buck, I tried to be liked by everyone, ev-

Am

C

older, I realized it's all lies, everyone, ev-

G

-ry-one, is no prize, there is no prize. I tried so

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hard to be funny and nice; I tried so hard to be sugar and spice. It didn't work.

heart-ache if you can afford ev'-ry-thing de'-liv-ered right to your door, no re-spon-si-bil-

_for me; _

it got old quick-ly._

This life is eas-y._

But

So

now I'm not los-ing sleep at night, 'cause no one's call-ing me on the tel-

now the girl with ev'-ry-thing, how could she com-plain? 'Cause she's got

e-phone to see if I'm at home,

it made, yeah, she's got it made.

I don't
now I've got every thing that I have ever wanted, or so need to be tucked in at night and told that every thing is gonna be

it seems, yeah so it seems. Yeah, all right, is gonna be all right, 'cause I don't have to

fight. You don't have to like me anymore:

I got money now.
I don't care what you say about me anymore:

I got money now. But when I got a little money now, I wouldn't trade a dollar for some sense; I wouldn't trade a lifetime for some friends, 'cause I've got everything and all is what...
Am

it seems.  I worked so hard all of my life

C

just to have

G

things I could call mine, so I don’t need no love,

F

’cause I have got

e nough.  So now I don’t mind being a lone all the time;

C/E

it’s all right, ’cause I got money now.

Dm

That’s what it’s all
a-bout. And I'm so bus-y buy-ing things and trav-

el-ing the world, I don't have time for friends or fam-i-ly and that's fine.

with me, or so it seems. You don't have to

like me any-more: I got mon-
I don't care what you say about me anymore,
I got money now.
You don't have to...
'cause I got money now.
CONVERSATIONS WITH MY 13 YEAR OLD SELF

Words and Music by ALEKIA MOORE and BILLY MANN

Moderately, in 2 N.C.

With pedal throughout

£7(no3rd)  Am  F

Con - ver - sa - tions with my thir - teen year - old

Dm  Esus

Con - ver - sa - tions with my thir - teen year - old
You're angry, I know this.
You're laughing but you're hiding.
The God, I

world couldn't care less.
You're lonely. You forget that I've been you.

and you wish you were the best.
No teachers

or guidance, and
I love you, and
and you always walk alone.
Everything will work out fine.
You're crying at night, when no-
Don't try to grow up yet. Oh, no-

bod - y else is home. Come o - ver here
just give it some time. The pain you feel

and let me hold your hand and hug you, dar - ling,
is real. You're not asleep but it's a night - mare,

I promise you that it won't always feel this bad,
but you can wake up any time.
There are so many things I want,
Don't lose your passion or the fight.

To say to you,
There's inside of you.
You're the girl.

I used to be,
You little heartbroken,
I used to be,
The pissed off, complicated thir-

Teen year old me.
Conversations with my thirteen year old self.

Conversations with my thirteen year old self.
Until we meet again,

Oh, I wish you well,

Little girl,

Until we meet again.

Oh,

I wish you well,
Oh, I wish you well until we meet again.

Slowly, freely

my little thirteen year-old me.
Stupid Girls
Who Knew
Long Way to Happy
Nobody Knows
Dear Mr. President
I'm Not Dead
'Cuz I Can
Leave Me Alone (I'm Lonely)
U + Ur Hand
Runaway
The One That Got Away
I Got Money Now
Conversations with
My 13 Year Old Self