

# Once upon Another Time

Sara Bareilles

Once upon another time  
Somebody's hands who felt like mine  
Turned the key and took a drive  
Was free  
Highway curve, the sun sank low  
Buckley on the radio  
Cigarette was burning slow  
So breathe

Just yellow lines and tire marks  
And sun-kissed skin and handle bars  
And where I stood was where I was to be

No enemies to call my own  
No porch light on to pull me home  
And where I was is beautiful  
Because I was free

Once upon another time  
Before I knew which life was mine  
Before I left the child behind me  
I saw myself in summer nights  
And stars lit up like candle light  
I make my wish but mostly I believed...

In yellow lines and tire marks  
Sun-kissed skin and handle bars  
And where I stood was where I was to be

Once upon another time  
Decided nothing good in dying  
So I would just keep on driving  
Because I was free