

À la Mode

I wake in the morning and I have to get dressed,
Aren't clothes self expression? So why am I stressed?
I throw on sweats and a dirty old tee:
These clothes are mine but they're certainly not me.

I'm going out tonight; I try to look my best.
But my dress is too long and my heels don't pass the test.
Tomorrow I'll study but what should I wear?
I've decided jeans and a cardigan, but why do I care?

I look in the mirror-who do I see?
I see a strange girl, and she's looking back at me.
I know I should see my reflection, but it's not. What have I become?
Bland? Carbon-copied? Seriously lacking spunk?

I used to be a designer; I made everything I wore,
But by fashion runways and trends now I have sworn.
I'm sick of following other people's styles so I'm going vintage,
I want people to love the true me. My old style is but a vestige.