

Born a Girl

Manic Street Preachers

Do I look good for you tonight?
Will you accuse me as I hide
Behind these layers of disguise
In the mirrors of my own happiness? I've loved the freedom of being inside
Need a new start and a different time
Something grows in the space between me
And it's twisting and changing this fragile body And I wish I had been born a girl
Instead of what I am
Yes, I wish I had been born a girl
And not this mess of a man
And not this mess of a man
And not this mess of a man The censorship of my skin
Is screaming inside and from within
There's no room in this world for a girl like me
No place around there where I fit in And I wish I had been born a girl
Instead of what I am
Yes, I wish I had been born a girl
And not this mess of a man And not this mess of a man
And not this mess of a man
And not this mess of a man
And not this mess of a man

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