

Manic Street Preachers, Born A Girl

Do I look good for you tonight
Will you accuse me as I hide
Behind these layers of disguise
And 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

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Instead of what I am
Yes I wish I had been born a girl
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