

Alessandra, Mama I'm Sorry

Mama, I'm sorry
for saying that i wish i wasn't born
for hating my body
getting angry when you call me beautiful

I wanna believe you
Wanna do good
Wanna do better, I know that I should
But god it's not easy for me or you

to see your daughter struggling, troubling, stumbling
asking yourself if you did your best
promise to never ever question that again

Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama I'm sorry
I'm tryna see me from your point of view
Mama, Mama, Mama, Mama I'm sorry
I'm tryna love myself the way you do

So I'm sticking to the words you said
And maybe soon I'll understand
That everything will work out in the end
So mama, don't worry
I'll be okay
Thanks to you

Mama, you taught me
To roll with all the punches they may throw
And if I start falling
You'll wipe my tears and call me beautiful

And I think I believe you
Think that I'm good
Think I'll do better, I know that I should
But god it's not easy for me or you

to see your daughter struggling, troubling, stumbling
asking yourself "did I do my best"
promise to never ever question that again

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