

Ana Johnsson, Just A Girl

There's something wrong with me 'cause i can't see whats wrong with me
I don't have a problem with my thighs my hips or the way my clothes fit.
And how come I not obsessed with make-up, talkshows, diets, and j-lo's.
I must be caching on real slow.

I'm just a girl yeah that is all,
I've got the skills but not the balls.
My mouth to big, my boobs to small,
I'm not supposed to like myself at all,
So I guess I missed the point,
I should have hate myself but I don't

There's something wrong with me 'cause i can't see whats wrong with me
I don't have a problem with my hair, what to wear I just don't care.
And how come I not impressed by rich boys, slick boys, riding in limo's
I must be caching on real slow.

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Somebody turn me around

Somebody tricking my mind
Somebody give me a crew
I wanna be just like you,

So come on, come on, come on, come on
How do you do the things you do,
So come on, come on, come on, come on
I want to go just like you.

I must be caching on real slow.
There so many things a girl should know.

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