

Beyoncé, MY ROSE

How many times have you let yourself get you down?
Let yourself get you down, my dear
So many roses but none to be picked without thorns
So be fond of your flaws, dear
La-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, love you
La-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, la-da, love you
La-la-la-la-la-la, I just hope you love yourself like that
And I really hope the best for you
You're my love, my sweetie pie
My baby, you're my heart
I hope
Oh, I hope