

Kashmir, The Curse Of Being A Girl

You pretend that you're alright;
The worst noise is
when you are keeping quiet.
I see you're not the kind of girl,
Who will dramatise, traumatise.

Don't fold your hands,
don't hold your tongue.
The other girls will try
to prove you wrong.
The words will taunt you like a stone.
You can't stand aside,
you can't resign

It's just the curse of being a girl tonight,
You must hold your head up high.
Being around, and you're the purest girl
Tonight you bring reflections by their eyes.

You're reaching out to grab his hand
He must be the world's most tired man.
It sure began as compliments
If he sees it all, he must use it all.

It should be unforgettable,
The kindest guy should be convertible
But in the end of this monkey-hole
Full of concrete eyes, who never cries

It's just the curse of being a girl tonight,
You can hardly make it change.
Look around,
it's more than half of the world
Tonight you must go
through that same wreath.

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