

Sunflower – Sierra Burgess

Rose girls in glass vases
Perfect bodies, perfect faces
They all belong in magazines
Those girls the boys are chasing
Winning all the games they're playing
They're always in a different league
Stretching toward the sky like
I don't care
Wishing you could see me standing there
But I'm a sunflower, a little funny
If I were a rose, maybe you'd want me
If I could, I'd change overnight
I'd turn into something you'd like
But I'm a sunflower, a little funny
If I were a rose, maybe you'd pick me
But I know you don't have a clue
This sunflower's waiting for you,
waiting for you



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych