

# 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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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

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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