

The Curse Of Being A Girl

Kashmir

You pretend that you're alright
The worst noise
Is when you are keeping quiet
Seing now the kind of girl
you will dramatise, traumatise
Don't fold your hands, don't hold your tounge
The other girls will try to prove you wrong
The words will torture like a storm
you can't step aside, you can't resign

It's just the curse of being a girl
tonight you must hold your head up high
Be aware that you're the purest pearl
Tonight you'll blow reflections back in their eyes

You're reaching out to grab his hand
He must be the worlds most tired man
and so began his compliments
If he sees it all he must use it all
It should be unforgettable
The crowded skies should be convertible
And in the end in this smokey hole
Full of concubines
and replicants

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