

# I Always Liked That

Maria Mena

She made me admit I'm broken, I'm broken...  
Shouldn't it after all that I preached, I still can not accept  
that I'm not a fit and once that of course the snowball,  
snowballing down my spine  
draws a perfectly imperfect line.

Is it just the weight? Cuz the weight is what weighs me down again.  
Or is it the scape? Goes over the clumsy friend  
there to take all the blame for what's really happening.  
This circle must come to an end.

And I've always liked that about me, that I know what I am fighting for.  
And for this I'd go to war weapon in mind is my main skin,  
swallowed on the only body part,  
that should matter my heart.

The only way is to let go, get rid of all the fears,  
of not being perfect. My goal seems perfectly clear  
and terrified if I let go, I also lose myself,  
and I don't wanna be somebody else.

And I've always liked that about me, that I know what I am fighting for.  
And for this I'd go to war weapon in mind is my main skin,  
swallowed on the only body part,  
that should matter my heart.

And what if I've always been good enough in my skin,  
good enough in my skin?  
and what if I've always been good enough in my skin,  
good enough in my skin?

and I've always liked that about me that I know what i am fighting for  
and for this I'd go to war weapon in mind is my main skin  
swallowed on the only body part  
that should matter my heart