

Your Skin

BEKA

Wrecked my trainers in the rain again
Mum's gon' get mad again
She's been working night shifts again
Said my trainers won't get me friends

Oh, and I can't remember
The last time I looked at my head to think
Girl, you're pretty with your braids in
I can't keep up with them

And so I tie it up, pinch it in
I cover up my feelings
'Cause I'll never fit in
I'm never gonna be them
With those

Clothes from Nigeria
Clothes from the West Indies, yeah
You don't need to fit in, no
You look great in your skin
Those genes from your grandad
Brown eyes like your mum from Baghdad
You don't need to fit in, no
You look great in your skin

Got the lashes and the lips done
I'm trying to squat so I can be like them
What will it take so I can feel like them?
Hey, just asking for a friend

Oh, and I can't remember
The last time I looked at my face to think
Girl, you're pretty, do your own thing
I can't keep up with them

And so I tie it up, pinch it in
I cover up my feelings
'Cause I'll never fit in
I'm never gonna be them
With those

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Said oh, I know you won't believe it
You'll find a way to feel yourself
And it's cooler not to be them
Yeah
I know you won't believe it
You'll find a way to feel yourself
And it's cooler not to be them

Yeah

Clothes from Nigeria
Clothes from the West Indies, yeah
You don't need to fit in, no
You look great in your skin, oh
Those genes from your grandad
Brown eyes like your mum from Baghdad
You don't need to fit in, no
You look great in your skin