

Daughter of the King

Jamie Grace

They tell me I'm too young
Tell me I'm not beautiful
I'm not good enough
I'm not worth anything at all
They tell me I dream too much
I got my head in the clouds
Maybe I'm just hoping
For something better than what I see now
A world where every girl knows

The Maker of skies, the Maker of seas
The Maker of every beautiful thing
He made you, He made you too
The mountain high, the river wide
He tells the sun when to set and rise
And He made you, He made you too
You're a daughter of the King
So tell me, what does that make you?

So put your shoulders back
Don't you know that you're beautiful
You don't gotta tell 'em that, no
Just walk around like you know
And if you see our sister (if you see our sister)
Looking like she forgot
Like her dreams got crushed
You better remind her

The Maker of skies, the Maker of seas
The Maker of every beautiful thing
He made you, He made you too
The mountain high, the river wide
He tells the sun when to set and rise
And He made you, He made you too
You're a daughter of the King
So tell me, what does that make you?

I'm sorry if nobody ever told you (ever told you)
Or treated you like it wasn't true (it wasn't true)
But dark or light, thin or wide
You are precious in His sight
And He loves you
He really loves you
So I gotta tell you
I just got to tell you

The Maker of skies, the Maker of seas
The Maker of every beautiful thing
He made you, He made you too, yeah
The mountain high, the river wide
He tells the sun when to set and rise
And He made you, He made you too, ohh yeah
You're a daughter of the King
So tell me, what does that make you?
You're a daughter of The Most High King
So baby, what does that make you?