

# 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?