

Sierra Burgess - Sunflower

Tom: C

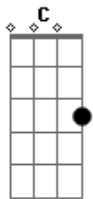
Rose girls in glass vases
 Perfect bodies, perfect faces
 They all belong in magazines
 Those girls the boys are chasing
 Winning all the games they're playing
 They're always in a different league

 Stretching toward the sky like I don't care
 Wishing you could see me standing there

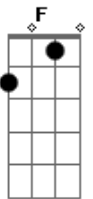
 But I'm a sunflower, a little funny
 If I were a rose, maybe you'd want me
 If I could, I'd change overnight
 I'd turn into something you'd like

But I'm a sunflower, a little funny
 If I were a rose, maybe you'd pick me
 But I know you don't have a clue
 This sunflower's waiting for you
 Waiting for you.
 But I'm a sunflower, a little funny
 If I were a rose, maybe you'd want me
 If I could, I'd change overnight
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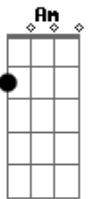
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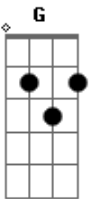
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