

Extra Special Me

I stand here and I'm looking at all those pretty butterflies
And I ask myself a question 'cos now I wonder why
I wanted to be more like them, than like me

'Cos I don't look like them
I don't talk like them
I won't be bullied into being
Someone else but me

And they're not nice like me
I'm not enticed to be
A member of their club
If they don't think that much of me
Being me

So I asked my Mum and Dad
And they said they're kinda' glad
That I'm acting more in line
With the girl they used to find
In their arms safe and sound
In their hearts now I've found

I can take a stand against the bullies!
And take command of being me!
Yea, it's my time to shine!
I know I don't always rhyme

But I am something particularly important don't you see
That of being extra special Me

Yea, it's my time to shine ...
I am something particularly important...
I'm extra special Me
Extra special Me
I'm extra special Me

Yes I'm something particularly important don't you see
That of being Extra Special Me