

I was just a kid
A child of mixed cultures, yet mostly a child of none.
People said that I was lucky
But I have never won
I grew up not knowing who I was
Or where I fit in this society
Which measures us not by our strength but by our notoriety

You see, I was just a kid
When told that I was different
When suddenly the friends I made had named me as an immigrant
And I didn't understand
Why I had a black-skinned barbie when my friends had white
Why Dad had to re-educate and go to school at night
Why I never heard his anguish or learned to speak his language
Why he held us from his heritage by banishing his baggage

So what do I have to do
To connect back to my culture?
Do I have to turn my back on the family of my mother?
How can I call myself an African and feel it's not a sin
When my race is always judged against the lightness of my skin?

I was just a kid
And now I'm an adult and I'm searching for a meaning
Because I am sick and tired of feeling like I am pretending

Of backing down from who I am cause someone else has precedent
With more percent of heritage, their looks are deemed more evident
Of feeling like I can't belong, because I was born mixed
And "Other" is the only answer I'm allowed to pick