

Lyrics:

I'm sick and I'm tired.

I miss the desire to run and play like my childhood body could do for hours a day.

I long for the energy I once had to climb a tree higher and higher until nobody could see me.  
It felt so free.

I was young and I was healthy

I yearn for that freedom. My body aches for that health.

But now I find it harder and harder to simply take a breath.

The baggage of responsibilities I carry on my back is overwhelmingly bringing me closer and closer to what feels like an early death.

I'm sick and I'm tired

I work tirelessly.

I fight to pick up the pieces of my broken society.

I take care of everyone but myself

and all of this topped with the social expectations required of me  
bring nothing but frustration, anxiety, depression, and separation  
from who I am truly meant to be.

I was taught to be selfless

and in always covering others, the blanket of coverage over myself has become less and less  
until I view myself as less.

Yes, I am depressed.

My mental health needs attention but the tension that arises at the very mention of therapy gets  
placed in the long line of things that are more important than choosing me.

It seems that everything and everyone is more important than one person keeping them all  
together.

What a shame.

When I was young my elders used to claim that the "children are the future"

Well The future has arrived...and she's a mess.

They obsess over their child someday being somebody special so they educate us to make sure  
we have a better chance with fate

just to berate us later for being too smart, knowing too much

I'm too exposed, too verbose

They oppose the very person that they expected me to become.

Like I am some sort of wrong result of myself

It seems like the best choice to avoid being a disgrace is to mask who I am and "learn my  
place"

But then when I retreat and take my place, their words change to "you're a waste". "misplaced"  
"you don't contribute, your generation is lazy, useless and incompetent."

No wonder I've lost all confidence.

This makes no sense.

Nobody should have to lose themselves in the fog of catering to everyone else.

I've lost so much control of my own health that I cannot even catch a breath to deal with it all  
because that too is a sign of weakness.

I'm sick and I'm tired

I've become so accustomed to the bleakness that I've lost my own uniqueness.

So I am done squinting in the haze trying to find one ounce of acceptance from the people I  
have sacrificed everything for.

It is time for more.

Time to find the power that lies in a healthy mind.

To be My Musawo

A healthier and happier me  
This pearl of Africa will discover her stamina again.  
It's time to be free.  
And although the road to health isn't easy it's fine  
because difficult feats have never stopped me.  
In order to truly be the best version of myself for myself and everyone else I have got to do this.  
I've got to be My Musawo  
So let it begin.  
Let it come from within  
Let me be strong  
Let me become the powerful thriving leader I was supposed to be all along.  
I will no longer prolong the care of this body that keeps me going day in and day out  
I'm done feeling burnt out.  
A new me starts to sprout and I can only imagine the beautiful flower that I'm about to become.  
I see it. I feel it. I am it and I slowly but surely begin to shed the doubt.  
I begin to feel healthier and happier.  
As I shed the pounds I shed the sounds of negativity  
the toxicity that's been infecting our society  
and it starts with me  
Believing that I am worth more.  
I am worth fighting for  
I deserve My Musawo  
And the strength that arises with recognizing that prioritizing my mind and body does not mean  
that I am downsizing all of my other responsibilities is liberating.  
As I serve my basic needs I have the energy to do so much more for others than I could before.  
This is Good  
Health is good  
Happy is good  
I finally feel Good.  
Not sick  
Not tired  
But inspired to keep going and begin showing others that they can do it too!  
That it's okay to take care of you.  
It's okay to learn and grow.  
To be My Musawo  
I have found my light  
My strength  
My freedom  
I've found my purpose and my drive  
You don't have to be sick  
You don't have to be tired  
Come, let me show you how you can have a healthier and happier life.