

Pretty Boy

Hailey Whitters

It ain't the number on a barbell
Or the notches on your belt
Not the stack of twelve ounce can PBRs
That you're getting help

It ain't the locker-room talk
Or the shiner on your eye
Not the pat on your back when your old man asks
"How'd you leave the other guy?"
Makes you a man
Hard to understand

You're the pretty boy
The funny boy
The trumpet in a marching band really coy
The skinny kid
That don't fit in
You've always been a little bit different
You gotta sing your song in the middle of all their noise
Being strong ain't so pretty boy

So you're not the quarterback
Cold rollin' in a truck that's jacked
Not tough enough 'cause you don't have a buck with enough points on a rack
No it ain't all that

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Being strong ain't so pretty boy
It ain't so pretty boy

They say it's a negative
That you're sensitive
Your momma always said that's that's a positive

So take the high road
Hold onto hope
Beat to your own drum and let it fill your soul
Stay humble kid
You won't fit in
You'll always be a little different
So sing your song in the middle of their noise
You sing that song in the middle of that noise

Stay strong, pretty boy