

One Rizla

Shame

My nails ain't manicured
My voice ain't the best you've heard
And you can choose to hate my words
But do I give a fuck?
Socks are old and shoes are broke
Lungs are tired 'cause they're filled with smoke
Wallet's empty I'm going broke
But I'm still breathing

Well I'm not much to look at
And I ain't much to hear
But if you think I love you
You've got the wrong idea
Well I'm not much to look at
And I ain't much to hear
But if you think I love you
You've got the wrong idea

Yellow teeth fit the sleeping bags
Not so good at school but I ain't bad
I'd rather be fucked than sad
And that's a start
Lying's fine if you get what you need
You're confusing love with greed
And I won't, I won't say please
At least not yet

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And I ain't much to hear
But if you think I love you
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Well I'm not much to look at
And I ain't much to hear
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And you're clinging to conflict
And you're clinging to conflict
And you're clinging to conflict
Just let go
Just let go
And you're clinging to conflict
And you're clinging to conflict
And you're clinging to conflict
Just let go
Just let go