

# Straight Boy

Shamir

Can someone tell me why  
I always seem to let these  
Straight boys run my life?  
I guess I'm just too nice to

Run away or stay where we have  
Who I trust and who's surrounding me and  
Hope that there's any good left in this life  
And trust I give isn't given to me  
And the hate inside is all I see  
And you're clinging to a false sense of pride

Can someone tell me why  
It always seems to seem like  
All straight boys care about  
Is how they're viewed from the outside?

'Cause being true is not their thing  
Oh, it eats them up internally  
Then they take it out on people like me all the time  
They say I'm brave for being true  
But act like it's not something they can do  
But they're clinging to a false sense of pride

Don't tell me you don't see  
The pool of contradiction  
Don't tell me you don't see  
The flood in your convictions

Oh, run away or stay where we have  
Who I trust and who's surrounding me and  
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So run away and stay where we are  
Who I trust and who's surrounding me  
And hope that there's any good left in this life

Life, life