

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