

# The Boy Considers His Haircut

## Spanish Love Songs

My dad says that I'd probably have more fans  
If I could learn to sing about some happier shit  
Instead of wallowing in my shortcomings  
My gross insecurities, be less narcissistic  
Maybe show some humility

My mom sighs "wow" from under her breath  
She wonders how the hell I can live like this  
My shelf life, it expired months ago  
But I keep tricking the ones  
I claim to love into these situations

Like I'm walking backwards, these wasted years  
I'm walking backwards, these wasted years  
And still nobody knows my name  
My shitty songs, or my chubby face  
I want to know how to be okay  
Do the things that people do to find a home in the end

'Cause I've lived my whole life so afraid of getting hurt  
That I've never really been hurt  
And the best I can hope is to zone out in a room  
Full of people that I don't know  
On a hospital bed, is that too obvious?  
I can say I want to heal, I can say I want to change  
But really

Well, I want to wake up and maybe be better  
I want to come through and not be second guessed  
I want to find the money to fix my nose  
And learn to breathe without pacing  
I don't want to be depressed  
I want to find a haircut that fits me  
That hasn't been co-opted by Nazis  
I'll settle for some rest, I want to move on  
I want to feel more important  
I'm trying to be fine  
I swear I'm trying to be my best

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