

Please Don't Ask Me To Smile

You Am I

When I was in grade six
I used to hold open a door for a girl and she called me a wimp.
Said there's just no need to be so fucking polite
I politely agreed with her, I think she was right.
It just never entered my mind
That a twelve year old came down to choosing sides.
You said I'd die if I had nothing to do
Put a drink in my hand and I'll talk to anything that moves.
I just refuse to give you what you think would make things right.
Just to find hate when you've lost the will to fight.
And would it be really in touch with the times
To put somebody down for choosing sides.

And you said show us them teeth
Give us them braces.
Show us the dental work that puts fear in twelve year old faces
. .
I can make you feel even half worthwhile
But please don't ask me to smile.

And times when it still feels right
I'll hold open a door for a girl or back down from a fight.
And if there's just no need to be so fucking polite.
At least it helps you sleep easier at night.
Just never entered my mind
That ever should come down to choosing sides.

And you said show us them teeth
Give us them braces.
Show us the dental work that puts fear in twelve year old faces
. .
I can prove to you that I do or don't get high
But please don't ask me to smile.