

Flexa Lyndo, So What?

Every time I'm coming to this abstract place inside of you
I'm so worried, will I be proud ? Will I be strong like a man?
You and I in a deep gloom, metaphysical rendez-vous
I'm so sorry, I can't go on, I don't feel like a man
I'm so sorry, I can't go through
I'm standing naked, don't you see what is wrong ?
I'm so sorry, whose fault is it ?
You know blue eyes, last night you said I wasn't a man
But sometimes I wonder : so what ?