

The Strypes, WHAT A SHAME

They dug the shade of his mop,
They liked the way that he spoke,
They flew him out of the sticks,
And out him up in the smoke,
They gave him chocolate and cheese,
They told him he was the next,
Young son to some young life,
Straight from the crest,
The way he spat at his mic,
His lyrics couldn't be fresher,
They said he'd be a superstar,
If he could handle the pressure,
After they put it to paper,
They took him to tea,
And told him just a couple changes,
That they wanted to see

Oh what a shame,
But it's easy, can't you see?
What a shame,
That they won't ever let you be.

They said his hair would be better,
If he coloured it black,
And that he wouldn't sound as harsh if he could tone it all back,
They dressed him up in a craze,
To make him look pretty,
They said the kids would dig,
If he looked like he came from the city,
They listened back to his cut,
His music was tight,
But if he changed a couple lyrics,
In the chorus it might,
Sound fresher than ever,
A radio hit,
And all the ladies will sing it,
When they get into the pit.

Oh what a shame,
But it's easy, can't you see?
What a shame,
That they won't ever let you be.