

You Am I, Please Don't Ask Me To Smile

When I was in grade six
I used to hold open the door for a girl
And she called me a wimp
She said there just isn't need to be so fucking polite
I politely agreed with her I think she was right

It just never entered my mind
That at 12 it all came down to choosing sides

You said that 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 will make things right
Justifying hate when you've lost the will to fight

Would it be really in touch with the times
To put somebody down for choosing sides

And she said, show us them teeth
Give us them braces
Show us that dental work
That puts fear in 12 year old faces
I could make you feel
Even half worthwhile
Just please don't ask me to smile

And at times when it still feels right
I still hold open the door for a girl and I'll back down from a fight
And if there just isn't need to be so polite
At least it helps me sleep easier at night
It just never entered my mind
That it ever should come down to choosing sides

And she said, show us them teeth
Give us them braces
Show us that dental work
That puts fear in 12 year old faces
I could prove to you
That I do or don't get high
Just please don't ask me to smile