

Strawberries

Why?

Strawberries on your birthday Shirley
The shit I've said to hotel managers haunts me
Pall bearers of the first string ready
Discreetly gather in the second floor hallway

And I am not okay boys, no I am not okay

Itching like an intern with a sunburn
For what a stone unturned covers
I don't wear rubbers and I don't wear sunscreen
I wanna heat my hide not hide under something

And I am not okay boys, no I am not okay

Your mom she sits while her hair is in curlers
Smokes weed and listens to that garrison keeler
That's how I'll live when I quit my rap career
Let her laughter pass the rafters and go out into the atmosphere

Strawberries on your birthday Shirley
The shit I've said to high school counsellors haunts me
And I am not okay boys

Lyrics submitted by adamsmith.

Lyrics provided by

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