

I Hate Camera

The Bird and the Bee

I put my hands up to my face
So hard for me to just embrace the land
Some moments gone and now I'm dry
And how the camera can replyCool babies with soft operations
Hoping my hands from coins in my cup
Just in numbers and public declarations
Tell me to sit there and just shut upDon't, don't, don't take my, don't take my picture
Don't, don't, don't take my pictureI tried to give in everything
The games I played, the songs I sing
What do I do, do I provoke
Oh, how the camera has me spokeCool babies with soft operations
Hoping my hands from coins in my cup
Just in numbers and public declarations
Tell me to sit there and just shut upDon't, don't, don't take my, don't take my picture
Don't, don't, don't take my pictureDon't want you to take my picture
Don't want you to take my picture
Don't want you to take my pictureCool babies with soft operations
Hoping my hands from coins in my cup
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Tell me to sit there and just shut upCool babies with soft operations
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