

What a Shame

The Strypes

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?
Oh what a shame
That they won't ever let you be They said his hair would be better
If he colored 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?
Oh what a shame
That they won't ever let you be, no! Oh what a shame
But it's easy, can't you see?
Oh what a shame
That they won't ever let you be

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