

Please Don't Ask Me To Smile

You Am I

When I was in grade six
I used to hold open a door for a girl
And she called me a wimp
Said there's just no need
To be so fucking polite
I politely agreed with her
I think she was right
It just never entered my mind
That a twelve year old
Came down to choosing sides
You said 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 would make things right
Just to find hate
When you've lost the will to fight
And would it be really
In touch with the times
To put somebody down
For choosing sides?
And you said show us them teeth
Give us them braces
Show us the dental work
That puts fear in twelve year old faces
I can make you feel even half worthwhile
But please don't ask me to smile
And times when it still feels right
I'll hold open a door for a girl
Or back down from a fight
And if there's just no need
To be so fucking polite
At least it helps you
Sleep easier at night
Just never entered my mind
That ever should come down
To choosing sides
And you said show us them teeth
Give us them braces
Show us the dental work
That puts fear in twelve year old faces
I can prove to you that I do or don't get high
But please don't ask me to smile

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