

# Don't Be Shy

Fyfe Dangerfield

Don't be shy  
It'll get you nowhere  
I was shy  
And it got me nowhere  
And I feel like turning into a boy again When you're young  
Buckets don't have holes in  
Days are long  
And summer always rolls in  
bowls in  
And you feel like turning to the sky and crying  
"Stay, stay, stay" And if the truth is what you want  
Then things aren't looking good  
There've been dreams in my life  
But they rot away like wood In a good year  
One or two may come true  
But dreams aren't really dreams are they  
Once they've come true  
They just vanish within you

Songwriters

HUTCHINS, FYFE DANGERFIELD Published by

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