

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
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

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