

What a Good Boy

Barenaked Ladies

When I was born, they looked at me and said
what a good boy, what a smart boy, what a strong boy.
And when you were born, they looked at you and said,
what a good girl, what a smart girl, what a pretty girl.

We've got these chains that hang around our necks,
people want to strangle us with them before we take our first breath.
Afraid of change, afraid of staying the same,
when temptation calls, we just look away.

This name is the hairshirt I wear,
and this hairshirt is woven from your brown hair.
This song is the cross that I bear,
bear it with me, bear with me, bear with me,
be with me tonight,
I know that it isn't right, but be with me tonight.

I go to school, I write exams,
if I pass, if I fail, if I drop out,
does anyone give a damn?
And if they do, they'll soon forget 'cause it won't take much for me
to show my life ain't over yet.
I wake up scared, I wake up strange.
I wake up wondering if anything in my life is ever going to change.
I wake up scared, I wake up strange
and everything around me stays the same.

This name is the hairshirt I wear,
and this hairshirt is woven from your brown hair.
This song is the cross that I bear,
bear it with me, bear with me, bear with me,
be with me tonight,
I know that it isn't right, but be with me tonight.

I couldn't tell you that I was wrong,
chickened out, grabbed a pen and paper, sat down and I wrote this song.
I couldn't tell you that you were right,
so instead I looked in the mirror,
watched TV, laid awake all night.

We've got these chains, hang 'round our necks,
people want to strangle us with them before we take our first breath.
Afraid of change, afraid of staying the same when temptation calls ...

This name is the hairshirt I wear,
and this hairshirt is woven from your brown hair.
This song is the cross that I bear,
bear it with me, bear with me, bear with me,
be with me tonight,
I know that it isn't right, but be with me tonight.

When I was born, they looked at me and said;
What a good boy, what a smart boy, what a strong boy.
And when you were born, they looked at you and said;
what a good girl, what a smart girl, what a pretty girl, hey