

I Hate Camera

The Bird and the Bee

I put my hands up to my face
So hard for me to just embrace the lens
The moment's gone and now I'm dry
And how the camera can reply

Cool babies and soft operations
Holding my hand, throwing coins in my cup
Twisting numbers and public relations
Tell me to sit there and just shut up

Don't don't
Don't take my
Don't take my picture
Don't don't
Don't take my picture

I try to give it everything
The games I play, the songs I sing
What do I do, do I provoke
Oh, how the camera has misspoke

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Holding my hand, throwing coins in my cup
Twisting numbers and public relations
Tell me to sit there and just shut up

Don't don't
Don't take my
Don't take my picture
Don't don't
Don't take my picture

Don't want you to take my picture
Don't want you to take my picture
Don't want you to take my picture
Don't want you to take my picture

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