

98 Degrees

"Don't"

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Don't-- tell me what to do.
Don't-- make me talk to you.
Don't-- tell me how to act.
Don't-- show me what I lack.
Don't-- tell me what to eat.
Don't-- show me who to meet.
Don't-- tell me what to wear.
Don't-- give me that fucking stare.
'Cause I don't listen to a single word you say.
I'm going to live my life my own way.
Don't-- criticize me.
Don't-- tell me who to be.
Don't-- tell me what's good or bad.
Don't-- show me the next new fad.
Don't-- tell me what to say.
Don't-- insist on what I play.
Don't-- call me ever again.
Don't-- be my fucking friend.
Keep your feeble criticisms to yourself.
They're not working just as far as I can tell.
You keep on talking but it's just a waste of time.
Your worthless dialogue won't penetrate my mind.
So don't.

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