

On All Fours

Jay Brannan

Three weeks and counting 'til he's on his way to France
Not a dime in his pocket but a ticket in his hand
He's a cynical bastard but there's hope in his eyes
It's been a long time coming, spent a long time running from his insides

He tries hard to songwrite his way out of bed
But nothing tastes as clever as it sounded in his head
He wants to get his teeth wet and sink his feet in
He should have billions of dollars 'cause every asshole's put two cents in

And he writes the songs
Yeah, he can say what he wants
Yeah, he can be who he wants to
And they say he's wrong
But they keep tagging along
Yeah, they can leave if they want to
And his way will never meet yours
He's got the world on his back
And watch him take it on all fours

Nine out of ten motherfuckers agree
That his fucking foul language is a fucking travesty
But motherfucking fuck is just another fucking word
The idea a word is dirty is to him fucking absurd

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Yeah, he can say what he wants
Yeah, he can be who he wants to
And they say he's wrong
But they keep tagging along
Yeah, they can leave if they want to
And his way will never meet yours
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And this world will soon be the death of him
And his voice will fade away
And his jeans will be all that's left of him
And they'll wonder if he was okay
And the Alkies will say it was drinking
And the preacher will say it was sin
And his mother will say he was thinking only of himself again
And the gays will say it was straight people
And the straights will say it was AIDS
And he'll be in line at the gate, people still standing in his way
In his way