

Nancy Boy

Dead!

Alcoholic kind of mood
Lose my clothes, lose my lube
Cruising for a piece of fun
Looking out for number one
Different partner every night
So narcotic, outta sight
What a gas, what a beautiful ass

And it all breaks down at the role reversal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me
And it all breaks down at the first rehearsal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me

Kind of buzz that lasts for days
Had some help from insect ways
Comes across all shy and coy
Just another nancy boy
Woman man or modern Monkey
Just another happy junkie
Fifty pounds press my button going down

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Does his makeup in his room
Douse himself with cheap perfume
Eye holes in a paper bag
The greatest lay I ever had
The kind of guy who mates for life
Gotta help him find a wife
We're a couple
When our bodies double

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Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me
And it all breaks down at the first rehearsal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me, me

Well, it all breaks down at the role reversal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me
And it all breaks down at the first rehearsal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me, me

Well, it all breaks down at the role reversal
Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me 'round, she's coming over me
And it all breaks down at the first rehearsal

Got the muse in my head, she's universal
Spinning me round, she's coming over me, me, me...