

# Housewife

Jay Brannan

Two bodies pressed together  
Two boys are falling hard  
The smell of sweat and leather  
A kinky greeting card

Crazy about each other  
We both got fucked up pasts  
But when we are together  
We have a fucking blast

I want to be a housewife  
What's so wrong with that  
I want to be a housewife, yeah  
And that's just where I'm at

I'm making guacamole  
He's working on the car  
When he grills turkey burgers  
He knows I like them charred

I like to wash the dishes  
I like to scrub the floors  
Don't mind doing his laundry  
What are boyfriends for

I want to be a housewife  
What's so wrong with that  
I want to be a housewife, yeah  
And that's just where I'm at

I want to have his baby  
I want to wear his ring  
He drives me fucking crazy  
I am his everything

I want to be a housewife  
What's so wrong with that  
I want to be a housewife, yeah  
And that's just where I'm at

I want to be a housewife  
What's so wrong with that  
Can't wait till he's in my life, yeah  
Cause we haven't met

We haven't met yet  
We haven't met yet  
We haven't met yet  
Met  
Yet