

Billy, as the world tries hard to cheat death once again
I've got some extra time which I thought that I would spend
By working on your song
And it's shameful and I'm sorry that it's taken me so long

Billy, you are always on my mind and I think back to
When I first laid eyes on you at Paris On The Platte
I saw you walking in and immediately fell victim to your
Tractor-beam-like grin

Billy, we're so different but I think you must agree
That we could not support the weight of expectation
And it forced us to our knees
And we set about destroying ourselves

As members of the cult
Members of the cult
Members of the cult of masculinity

Billy, I remember how you let me stay at your place
As a birthday gift, it was on the night of July 25th
And we both slept in the same bed
You didn't care, you let me know
That you were not afraid

Billy, you have always made me feel like royalty
And I always looked up to you
And you always made me feel like I was loved
But then I had to walk away
Because I knew that I would follow you
Right to my own grave

Billy, we're so different but I think you must agree
That we're both disappointments to so many folks in this society
So we continue with the task of punishing ourselves
But maybe you don't think I'm weak
And maybe someday soon we'll speak
Just like we used to do
When you were you and I was me

Billy, we're so different but I think you must agree
That we could not support the weight of expectation
And it forced us to our knees
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