Walk in Give him my name Looks up and down Takes a good look at my pecs Puts down the clipboard Opens the rope for my 'stache Walk in with my duffle hanging Hat is tilted, I'm inside My eyes dream of bedroom surprise They call it climbing, and I call it visibility They call it coolness, and I call it visibility They call it way too rowdy, and I call it finally free There's a girl Her lips that have never seen She comes up Dances on me I look into her eyes I say, "Hey, yr not a dyke..." She says, "I call it climbing, and you call it visibility I call it coolness, and you call it visibility I call it way too rowdy, and you call it finally free" There's a slap on my back

I find another butch, hat cocked, and we We put our hands in the crowd And over and over We jump up and down

They call it climbing, and we call it visibility They call it coolness, and we call it visibility They call it way too rowdy, and we call it finally free