

# What Makes a Man

Marc Almond

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Marc Almond - What Makes A Man  
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My mum and I we live alone  
A great apartment is our home  
In Fair Home Towers  
I have to keep me company  
Two cats, a dog, a parakeet  
Some plants and flowers  
I help my mother do the chores  
I wash, she dries I do the floors  
We work together  
I shop and cook and sew a bit  
Though mum does too I must admit  
I do it better

At night I work at a strange bar  
Impersonating every star  
I'm quite deceiving  
The customers come in with doubt  
And wonder what I'm all about  
But leave believing  
I do a very special show  
Where I am nude from head to toe  
After strip teasing  
Each night the men look so surprised  
I change my sex before their eyes

Tell me if you can  
What make a man a man?

At three o'clock or so I meet  
With friends to have a bite to eat  
And conversation  
We love to empty out our hearts  
On every subject from the arts  
To liberation  
We love to pull apart someone  
Or spread some gossip just for fun  
Or start a rumor  
We let our hair down so to speak  
And mark ourselves with tongue in cheek  
And inside humour

So many times we have to pay  
For having fun and being gay  
It's not amusing  
There's always those who spoil our games  
By finding fault and calling names  
Always accusing  
They draw attention to themselves  
At the expense of someone else  
It's so confusing  
Yet they make fun of how I walk  
And imitate the way I talk

Tell me if you can  
What makes a man a man?

My masquerade come to an end  
When I go home to bed again  
Alone and friendless  
I shut my eyes I think of him  
I fantasize what might have been  
My dreams are endless  
We love each other but it seems  
The love lives only in my dreams  
It's so one-sided  
But in this life I must confess  
The search for love and happiness  
Is unrequited

I ask myself what have I got  
And what I am and what I'm not  
What am I giving  
The answers come from those who make  
The rules that some of us must break  
Just to keep living  
I know my life is not a crime  
I'm just a victim of my time  
I stand defenseless  
Nobody has the right to be  
The judge of what is right for me

Tell me if you can  
What makes a man a man?