

The Queen Of Soho

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I walked the streets as well I could
I really tried my best
In conversation, character
Especially the way I dressed

But it's hard, you see, as younger man
To actually convince
Folks just clearly saw a queen
Pretending to be a prince

But prince takes into battleground
A tribal sword and scar
Queen remains behind the scenes
And hidden crown in bra

So come on, girls, unleash your curls
Don't be feeling sad
Get the feeling swinging from your hipbones
To your bag
We're better than the legs and skirt
Your boyfriends wants to shag
I'm sticking on my high heels
Some lippy from my bag
I've had enough of compromise
I'm going back to drag

Those trips on London Underground
Those bloody dangerous nights
The days of rouge and subterfuge
Of ladders in our tights

Our make-up ran much faster than
Their prejudice and hate
Take us up the escalator
And vaulting over gate

And boy, they really wanted me
And boy, I really ran
And boy, that was the only time
This girl outran a man

Here's to the hers who used to be him
Here's to the Joans who used to be Jim
Who learned how to dive before they could swim
To the lambs who went out on a limb

Wear pull-ups, wear suspenders
Wear dresses mum would lend us
Where boarding schools you send us
We're going back to drag

The straight ones treated you as a freak
The freak, like someone's dad
I've had enough of walking straight
I'm staggering back to drag