

Why does every boy on the street have something to tell me?
Why does every boy on the street have something to say?
Why does every man in a suit have something to sell me?
And what would I give just to make them all go away?

Cause I'm a big bad sissy
And I'm gonna make you listen when I sing
Cause I'm a big bad sissy
And I'm gonna make you listen when I sing

And who would I be if they never had taken my body?
Drawn a blue box around it and put a toy gun in my hand
Would I get such a thrill out of being so girly and naughty?
Would I be so determined to be anything but a man?

Now I'm a big bad sissy
And I'm gonna make you listen when I sing
Cause I'm a big bad sissy
And I'm gonna make you listen when I sing

In boots and my favorite dress
On the way back from the bar
I forgot how to shut up so I shouted back into the window of a
passing car

I'm beautiful and you can't take it
I'm heavenly and you can't deal
Roll your window up and keep on driving
Hit me up when you know how to feel