

# Girlyman, Young James Dead

In the back of a camouflage truck  
They locked me in once with the materiel  
I was full of a rage no one could handle  
I was a private in the army  
All the real girls with their backs turned called me crazy  
Called me crazy

I worked for a while at a diner  
Manager said I had to wear that little uniform  
Said I was part of the problem  
But I was in love with that blonde girl  
She kissed me twice behind the counter  
But when I asked her to get into my car  
She called her man, said 'don't bother her'  
She called her man, said 'don't bother her'

I guess I'll feel less than real all my life  
With these feathers I made  
Under me lifting me up  
But I was a young James Dean  
With a way with ladies  
All the real boys in their black jeans called me crazy  
Called me crazy  
Called me crazy  
Called me crazy