

James Gang, The Bomber (Closet Queen/Bolero)

When I became of age, my mama sat me down
She said, "Son, you're growing up, it's time you looked around."
So I began to notice some things I've never seen before
That's what brought me here knockin' at your back door

A closet queen, a bus stop fiend
It wants to shake my hand.
I don't want to be there, she decides she can
It's Apple Dan, he's just the man to pick fruit off your branches
I can't sleep and we can't keep this cattle off our ranches

It's too strong, something's wrong, I guess I lost the feeling
I don't mind the games you play, but I don't like you dealing
The cards looked bad, the luck's been had and there's nothing left to smoke
We'll all be back tomorrow for the punchline of the joke