

# Scissor Sisters, She's My Man

This town was built on muddy stilts  
By the lunatic parade  
It rains like Revelations  
Gonna wash these freaks away  
Some girls wanna hold your hand  
And some girls like to pray  
Well my girl takes her drinks  
With dust and rusty razor blades

As I lie between these covers  
I wanna tell her that I love it  
When she chokes me in the  
Backseat of her riverboat 'cause

She's my man  
And we got all the balls we need  
When you taste that pavement  
You're amazed  
She smells your sympathy  
So bye bye ladies  
May the best queen hold the crown  
For the most bush sold on the levee  
My my, how word gets around  
She strangles for a good time  
And she kills my self-control  
She's my man, don't be too sad sonny  
'Cause she'll never be your woman no more

Someday soon, this dank lagoon's  
Gonna sink right into hell  
They'll hide you from Big Ida  
At the Sho' Enough Hotel  
The Ladies of the evening's just  
A tombstone in your bed  
Well my girl eats a wounded preacher  
'tween two loaves of bread

I know she's up to something  
But how can I run when she's just  
Keel-hauled twenty-on to nothing  
I'll stay next to the steel coal oven 'cause

She's my man  
And we got all the balls we need  
When you taste that pavement  
You're amazed  
She smells your sympathy  
So bye bye ladies  
May the best queen hold the crown  
For the most bush sold on the levee  
My my, how word gets around  
She strangles for a good time  
And she kills my self-control  
She's my man, don't be too sad sonny  
'Cause she'll never be your woman no more

All you need's just a fist of a tear-stained bunny  
When the good ship comes to town  
Who said loves a bitch'll sit next to me honey  
Because this old boat's gonna run aground  
I don't want to be the burden  
Or your jealous bastard  
I don't wanna be the Tarzan of your next epic disaster

She's my man  
And we got all the balls we need  
When you taste that pavement  
You're amazed  
She smells your sympathy  
So bye bye ladies  
May the best queen hold the crown  
For the most bush sold on the levee  
My my, how word gets around  
She strangles for a good time  
And she kills my self-control  
She's my man, don't be too sad sonny  
'Cause she'll never be your woman no more

She's my man, can't you feel her comin'  
She's my man, she's gonna keep you runnin'  
She's my man, she's gonna teach you something  
She's me, she's my man