

Utopia, Life Is A Drag

Submitted for your inspection
The evolutionary erection
Of primitive man
But before we explore the question of his sense of style
We must point out his predilection
To cover his glands

Brothers, we've been led to believe
That between adam and eve
There was nothing to hide
Were it not for eve's primal haste
Or a leaf strategically placed
Who knows what she'd decide
Eve and some guy named clyde

That's why life is a drag
Life is just a pose in a rag
You can play the part of
Pusher or pastor
Of harlot or hag
Life is just a dressing game
Life is a drag

The argument can be rendered
All bodies are forcibly gendered
By how they are wrapped
And though popular opinion holds this
Makes us civilized
So much deference is attended
By what's in one's lap

History proves that
Who wears the pants is as much a mere circumstance
As a matter of time
Ultimately, why should we care
Where one buys one's lace underwear
If one is so inclined
Show me yours, I'll show mine

That's why life is a drag
Fashion is a long running gag
We can deck you out in sequins or spandex

A mohawk or shag
Who remembers unisex?
Life is a drag
It's a drag
What a drag

You can be a stag in a bag
They won't know until you're stiff
On a slab and they look at the tag
What you see is what you get
Life is a drag

Let's just say
We hereby conspire
That a change of attire
Is all part of the plan

Something that was so long suppressed
Starts to show when you wear a dress
And if clothes make the man

They can unmake the man

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Fashion is a long running gag

Aren't you glad they found a way to look hip
When your butt starts to sag

Praise the lord, designer jeans
What you see is what you get
Who remembers unisex
And who are you calling fag
Life is a drag