

Forgotten Rebels, A.I.D.S

Just another day on the rotten side of life,
he's looking for a sweet boy to make him his wife.
To the butcher's dungeon steam house he makes his calls,
'cause he met his confidant through the johnny box walls.
Greasing up his fist, puts leather masks on their faces.
Now he's bobbin' for thrills in all the wrong places.
You wonder what he did to get him in that awful
way- in an oxygen tent singing glad to be gay.
A.I.D.S, now you're gonna die.
A.I.D.S, in hell you're gonna fry.
A.I.D.S. Blame it on your mother, your friends,
this century, your sister and your brother.
Just another day in your glamorous side of life.
Needles and sluts help to ease your strife.
To the neon palace where both thrills call,
'cause you find your confident off the stage door walls.
Heating up the needle and heating up the girl.
Now you're so geared up it makes your top lip curl.
You wonder what got you in that awful way-
in an oxygen tent singing rock 'n' roll is here to stay.
Whippin' loose your dick in a Haiti swamp.
Typing up the green monkey, go for a romp.
You wonder what got you in this awful way-
in an oxygen tent singing what a lovely holiday.