

# Pansy Division, Anonymous

Crowded night, rock and roll bar  
The band is playing loud with roaring guitars  
The crowd is dancing madly, slamming in the pit  
Im rubbing shoulders with a guy  
I'd love to rub more with  
I'm dancing gleefully at the edge of the fray  
Here he comes again, in a ricochet my way  
Bodies packed together in a tight fit  
He swings his around and im grabbing it

Going one on one  
Guys wont accept your touch  
But they will gradly take it  
When its anonymous

He lingers long enough to feel my hand on his ass  
I grabbed his dick a couple times as he bounced past  
He keeps returning to the spot where i stand  
I'm sure by now he knows thats another guys hand

Then he bumped into me and yanked my crotch real hard  
As he danced away, i was so turned on  
I tried to flirt with him before he left the club  
He just looked blank at me, he didnt want to know

A guy had made him hot, but he would not admit  
Face to face that he was getting off on it  
To cop a feel, a sneaky kind of joy  
A moment of connection with another boy