

Pansy Division, Fluffy City

Feel like i landed on another planet
Of clones with gym tits as hard as granite
Body fascists rule this land
Where can i find a flat-chested man?
Feel out place and so alone
Amidst the hairspray and cologne
Attitude cuts you like a knife
Ken dolls on steroids come to life
In the fluffy city
The Santa Monica Boulevard scene
Poodle hair and sausage jeans
The International Male store
The mannequins and customers are interchangeable
Makes me want to get a Revolver*
The whole place puts me in a Rage*
In a town full of out of work actors
The whole world truly is a stage
In the fluffy city
Met a guy, what a joke
He touched his hair and it broke
Conversation was a strain
He crossed his legs and crushed his brain
Teal tank tops everywhere
Cigarette smoke choking the air
Underneath they might be deep
But i have met so many creeps
In the fluffy city
(* two appalling clubs in West Hollywood)