

Pansy Division, Luck of the Draw

Once slept with a black-haired lad
Went up his apartment
Pretty quickly, things turned bad
Passion wasn't his department
Too busy shoving poppers up his nose
to notice me
Took a chance with another
Frolicking in bed
But he couldn't get exited
Unless i help a pillow tightly over his head
Just your average boy next door
Well they say some day prince will come
Not holding my breath anymore
You gotta kiss some frogs
You've heard that one before
Now i've kissed a lot of frogs
Am i better off than i was before
Sitting here alone chapped lips
I've never been a slut
Though i've slept with more than a few
Maybe that's something that
I could aspire to
There's a lotta people in this town
Who never seem to come to grips with
How they feel from the waist down
Well i've been reading the personals
There seems to be two kinds
Helpless romantics, or guys with
absolutely nothing on their minds
But the endless bump and grind
Living in a fishbowl
Here at the edge of the world
you can't go west forever
Or you'll hit ocean bottom
Looking up from the Golden Gate
I can't see east of the Berkeley Hills
But some people wanna live in North Dakota
Maybe you can go far in Fargo