

Pansy Division, Real Men

What's a man now?
What's a man mean?
Is he rough or is he rugged?
Is he cultural or clean?

Now it's all changed
It's gotta change more
I think it's gettin' better
But nobody's really sure

Take your mind back
I don't know when
Back when it always seemed to be just us and them
Girls who wore pink
Boys that wore blue
Boys that always grew up better men than me and you

And so it goes
Go 'round again
But now and then we wonder where the real men are

Oh, whoah
Oh, whoah, oh, oh, oh
Oh, whoah
Oh, whoah, oh, oh, oh
Ahhh

Even nice boys, dancin' in pairs
Golden earring, golden tan, blowing in their hair
Sure they're all straight
Straight as they lie
All the gays are macho, can't you see the leather shine

You don't wanna act dumb,
Don't wanna offend
So don't call me a faggot now unless you are a friend

<something> and tall
And handsome and strong
You can wear the uniform and I can play a role

And so it goes
Go 'round again
But now and then we wonder where the real men are

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Oh, whoah
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Ahhh