

Sloppy Seconds, I Don't Wanna Be A Homosexual

People are telling me
That I'm missing out on the fun
'Cause I don't go anywhere
And I don't meet anyone

But I know how rumors fly
When you're a lonely guy
And I'm here to tell you it's a lie

There's strange things going on
At night most everywhere
You know those places well
And you've never seen me there

I walk by other men
And I don't notice them
But then those rumors start again

So I'm gonna tell the world
I don't wanna be a homosexual
I'm gonna find a girl
'Cause I don't wanna be a homosexual
I guess that it's okay
If other guys are gay
But my hormones are one-directional
And I don't wanna be a homosexual

Somebody tell me what I did to start this talk
Is it the way I look; is it the way I walk?

Is it the clothes I wear
That make the people stare?
Is it the way I comb my hair?

I'm only hoping maybe there will come a day
When I can make them understand that I'm not gay

But till that day is here
I guess I'll live in fear
And I curse the day I pierced my ear

There's nothing wrong with me
I don't wanna be a homosexual
Know what I want to be
And I don't wanna be a homosexual

Soft boys and closet queens
Think Judy Garland's keen
But I don't think she's nothing special
And I don't wanna be a homosexual

So now I'm wondering if maybe they're not right
I've gone all paranoid and I can't sleep at night

I went to see the shrink
What did the doctor think?
I swear to God I saw him wink

I pray that I am wrong
I don't wanna be a homosexual
Why did I write this song
If I don't wanna be a homosexual?

I hope it's not too late

For them to set me straight
I'm gonna see a real professional
'Cause I don't wanna be a homosexual

No
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no

I don't wanna be a homosexual . . .

I don't wanna go with guys named Seamus
I don't wanna be rich and famous
I don't wanna go to a French art festival
I don't wantt be a homosexual

I guess that it's okay
If other guys are gay