

Sponge, The Death Of A Drag Queen

In heaven and made up she felt so cold
the thing she wanted was not hers to own
somebody take me home
somebody take me home
One day she stole him into her dreams
Now behold it a love supreme
Here is a human in unusual form
and finds a mans man
and now love adorns
Here comes the death of a drag queen
The death of a drag queen
Pursed and tragic fully obscene
Funs her man up the lumberjack queen
While someone sits at home
While someone is alone
While someone sits at home
While someone is alone
Death of a Drag Queen
With my murder style it will bring him home, home
Dried blood on make up
and her skin all torn
a resurrection smile
is the last thing she wore
she ain't never goin' home
Death of a Drag Queen
(Evil dances to the sound of a Bosa Nova beat)