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)