

Not Gay

Natural Wood

There have been a lot of questions about our sexual discretions, but we're not gay, not gay
And I'm kinda tired of it so I'll tell ya where to shove it, no we're not gay, not gay
So here's a little song, you can try to sing along

It moves a little fast, but we're gonna try and pass
To you the information 'cause it needs articulation that we're not gay
We hang out together and we sing of chains and leather, but we're not gay, not gay
And I know it gets confusing but it's really not amusing,
No we're not gay, not gay
Maybe it's just compensation, but we're here to tell the nation,
Even though we drink martinis,
We can still enjoy bikinis,
Not the ones that we are wearing, but the ones that we are staring at
We're not gay
You're the Michael to my Crichton,
The Jurassic to my Park,
But we're not gay, not gay
You're the Rosa to my bus,
We don't discriminate or fuss
And we're not gay, not gay
You're Garfunkel to my Simon,
You're the QB to my lineman,
That Garfunkel bit was low,
But you know you really blow,
And not the way that you are thinking,
And this metaphor is sinking,
And we're not gay
And so we near the end,
Though we really are just friends,
And we're not gay
hay look but out of our lives
And despite what you are wishin',
No I really wouldn't kiss him,
No we're not gay, not gay, we know that crying's not for guys,
But this song is so upsetting,
And it really isn't letting us,
Express our deep obsession with
constantly reminding you we're not gay
Not that there's anything wrong with that
We're just really not gay..ay..ay...You queer

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