

Queer (Rabbit In The Moon)

Garbage

Hey boy, take a look at me
Let me dirty up your mind
I'll strip away your hard veneer
And see what I can find
The queerest of the queer
The strangest of the strange
The coldest of the cool
The lamest of the lame
The numbest of the dumb
I hate to see you here
You choke behind a smile
A fake behind the fear
The queerest of the queer
This is what he pays me for
I'll show you how it's done
You learn to love the pain you feel
Like father like son
The queerest of the queer
Hide inside your head
The blindest of the blind
The deadest of the dead
You're hungry 'cause you starve
While holding back the tears
Choking on your smile
A fake behind the fear
The queerest of the queer
I know what's good for you, you can touch me if you want
I know you're dying to, you can touch me if you want
I know what's good for you, you can touch me if you want
But you can't stop
The queerest of the queer
The strangest of the strange
The coldest of the cool
The lamest of the lame
The numbest of the dumb
I hate to see you here
You choke behind a smile
A fake behind the fear
The queerest of the queer
The strangest of the strange
The coldest of the cool
You're nothing special here
A fake behind the fear
The queerest of the queer
I know what's good for you I know you're dying to

I know what's good for you
I bet you're dying to
You can touch me if you want
You can touch me if you want
You can touch me
You can touch me
But you can't stop

Songwriters

DOUGLAS ELWIN ERICKSON, SHIRLEY ANN MANSON, STEVE W. MARKER, BRYAN DAVID
VIGPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>