

# VÃ-z

## Jambalaya

Walk in  
Give him my name  
Looks up and down  
Takes a good look at my pecs  
Puts down the clipboard  
Opens the rope for my 'stache  
Walk in with my duffle hanging  
Hat is tilted, I'm inside  
My eyes dream of bedroom surprise  
They call it climbing, and I call it visibility  
They call it coolness, and I call it visibility  
They call it way too rowdy, and I call it finally free  
There's a girl  
Her lips that have never seen  
She comes up

Dances on me  
I look into her eyes  
I say, "Hey, yr not a dyke..."  
She says, "I call it climbing, and you call it visibility  
I call it coolness, and you call it visibility  
I call it way too rowdy, and you call it finally free"  
There's a slap on my back  
I find another butch, hat cocked, and we  
We put our hands in the crowd  
And over and over  
We jump up and down  
They call it climbing, and we call it visibility  
They call it coolness, and we call it visibility  
They call it way too rowdy, and we call it finally free

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