

Real Men

Tori Amos

Take your mind back- I don't know when-
Sometime when it always seemed to be just us and them.
Girls that wore pink, boys that wore blue,
Boys that always grew up better men than me and you.
What's a man now, what's a man mean?
Is he rough- or is he rugged, cultural and clean?
Now it's all changed- it's got to change more.
We think it's getting better, but nobody's really sure. And so it goes, go round again,
But now and then we wonder who the real men are See the nice boys dancing in pairs,
Golden earring, golden tan, blow-wave in the hair-
Sure they're all straight, straight as a line.
All the guys are macho, see their leather shine.
You don't want to sound dumb, don't want to offend,
So don't call me a faggot, not unless you are a friend.
Then if you're tall, handsome and strong,
You can wear the uniform and I could play along. And so it goes, go round again,
But now and then we wonder who the real men are Time to get scared, time to change plan,
Don't know how to treat a lady, don't know how to be a man.
Time to admit, what you call defeat,
'Cause there's women running past you now-
And you just drag your feet.
Man makes a gun, man goes to war,
Man can kill, and man can drink, and man can take a whore.
Kill all the blacks, kill all the reds,
If there's war between the sexes then there'll be no people left. And so it goes, go round again,
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Songwriters

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