Half a Man

Randy Newman

This big old queen was standing
On the corner of the street
He waved his hanky at me
As I went rolling byI pulled the truck up on the sidewalk
And I climbed down from the cab
With my tire-chain and my knife
As I approached himHe was trembling like a bird
I raised the chain above my head
He said, "Please, before you kill me
Might I have one final word?"And this is what he said:
"I am but Half A Man,
Half A Man I'd like to be a dancer
But I'm much too largeHalf A Man, Half A Man
I'm an object for your pity
Not your rage"
Oh, the strangest feeling's sweeping over meBoth my speech and manner have become much more refined
I said, "Oh, what is this feeling?
What is wrong with me?"
She said, "Girl, it happens all the time "And you are Half A Man,
Half A Man Look,
you're walking and you're talking Like a fag."
Half A Man,I am Half A Man Holy Jesus, what a drag

Songwriters
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