

Some Boys

Lydia Lunch

Some boys are filling, some boys are filling the hole
They're making the killing at the top of the billings
Their role, and that's all that they know
But some boys don't listen, some boys don't listen at all
They don't ask for permission, they lack inhibitions
No walls, and they get what they want

But some boys don't know how to love

Some boys are singing, some boys are singing the blues
Joylessly flinging with the girls that they're bringing to their rooms
And then leave them, they're through
Some boys are sleeping, some boys are sleeping alone
Cause there's no one that's keeping them warm through evening
They know that they're on their own

Some boys don't know how to love

Some boys are filling, some boys are filling the hole
Some boys are sleeping, some boys are sleeping alone

Some boys don't know how to love [x4]

They won't get what they want

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