# The Homosexual

## Momus

I love women but I'm thinking of giving in
I love women but what's the point of arguing
With the men from boarding schools and building sites
Who've told me I'm a homosexual all my lifeOne stop past Embankment and the coughs begin
Hell hath no fury like an insecure Englishman
You don't need psychoanalysts to translate this
'There is an open homosexual in our midst''The Homosexual' they call me
It's all the same to me
That specter they projected I will now pretend to be
Since their neurosis is what passes for normality
It's okay with me if I'm queer
Since their tone-deafness is called the love of music
I won't disabuse them
I'll make love with their women
I'll make them sing notes of pleasure
Their husbands will never hearI love women but I take them by surprise
Pretending absolute indifference to their breasts and thighs
Like their hairdressers and dressmakers I hear confessionals
Reserved for homosexual professionalsAs I put their feet in stirrups with my limp wrist
(A trick I learned from a homosexual gynecologist)
I recall the words my first girlfriend ended our first date with
"I feel privileged you chose me to go straight with""The Homosexual' they call me
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Their husbands will never hearYou who called me shirt-lifter in Chemistry class
You who sniggered "look out for your arse"
Now your women wash your shirts, now your kids are born, baby, look out for your hornsYou who called me teapot, who plagued me with your bile
Guess who I've got coming to the boil
Why not grab the nettle I'll settle for being the kettle if you're the pot
I take my tea like my revenge, sweet and hot'The Homosexual' they call me
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I won't disabuse you
I'll make love with your women
I'll make them sing notes of pleasure
That you will never hear
Never in a million years
No fucking fear

Songwriters
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