VÃ-z

FedÃ©lzet

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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