

Anonymous (Live 1994)

Pansy Division

Crowded night, rock and roll bar
The band is playing loud with roaring guitars
The crowd is dancing madly, slamming in the pit
I'm rubbing shoulders with a guy
I'd love to rub more with
I'm dancing gleefully at the edge of the fray
Here he comes again, in a ricochet my way
Bodies packed together in a tight fit
He swings his around and I'm grabbing it
Going one on one
Guys won't accept your touch
But they will gladly take it
When it's anonymous
He lingers long enough to feel my hand on his ass
I grabbed his dick a couple times as he bounced
Past
He keeps returning to the spot where I stand
I'm sure by now he knows that's another guy's
Hand
Then he bumped into me and yanked my crotch
Real hard
As he danced away, I was so turned on
I tried to flirt with him before he left the club
He just looked blank at me, he didn't want to
Know
A guy had made him hot, but he would not admit
Face to face that he was getting off on it
To cop a feel, a sneaky kind of joy
A moment of connection with another boy

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