

Anonymous

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
Iâ€™m rubbing shoulders with a guy
Iâ€™d love to rub more with
Iâ€™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 iâ€™m grabbing it
Going one on one
Guys wonâ€™t accept your touch
But they will gladly take it
When itâ€™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
Iâ€™m sure by now he knows thatâ€™s another guyâ€™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 didnâ€™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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