

Housewife

Jay Brannan

Two bodies pressed together
Two boys are falling hard
The smell of sweat and leather
A kinky greeting card

Crazy about each other
We both got fucked up pasts
But when we are together
We have a fucking blast

I want to be a housewife
What's so wrong with that
I want to be a housewife, yeah
And that's just where I'm at

I'm making guacamole
He's working on the car
When he grills turkey burgers
He knows I like them charred

I like to wash the dishes
I like to scrub the floors
Don't mind doing his laundry
What are boyfriends for

I want to be a housewife
What's so wrong with that
I want to be a housewife, yeah
And that's just where I'm at

I want to have his baby
I want to wear his ring
He drives me fucking crazy
I am his everything

I want to be a housewife
What's so wrong with that
I want to be a housewife, yeah
And that's just where I'm at

I want to be a housewife
What's so wrong with that
Can't wait till he's in my life, yeah
Cause we haven't met

We haven't met yet
We haven't met yet
We haven't met yet
Met
Yet