

Half a Man

Randy Newman

This big old queen was standing
On the corner of the street
He waved his hanky at me
As I went rolling by

I pulled the truck up on the sidewalk
And I climbed down from the cab
With my tire-chain and my knife
As I approached him

He was trembling like a bird
I raised the chain above my head
He said, "Please, before you kill me
Might I have one final word?"

And this is what he said:
"I am but Half A Man,
Half A Man I'd like to be a dancer
But I'm much too large

Half A Man, Half A Man
I'm an object for your pity
Not your rage"
Oh, the strangest feeling's sweeping over me

Both my speech and manner have become much more refined
I said, "Oh, what is this feeling?
What is wrong with me?"
She said, "Girl, it happens all the time "

And you are Half A Man,
Half A Man Look,
you're walking and you're talking Like a fag."
Half A Man,

I am Half A Man Holy Jesus, what a drag