

Ting-A-Ling

A Balladeer

So here we are all stuck between
These Fire Island men of means
You must believe me when I say
I like you, Jimmy Dean

Let's take that Spyder for a ride
Please, don't say you came by bike
I know a game that we could play
And it goes like

Ting-a-ling

They are not very hard to please
All swishy-swashy, maître d's
See what them Brackett boys can do
For you
For me

Us users kiss a lot of rear
But look at them, those leering queers
They have no clue we see right through
Let's get out of here to

Ting-a-ling

You're not the brightest but you're right
Why go through life with one hand tied
Behind this back of mine

Drive, just drive

Let's get out of here
There is so much out there
We are not the only ones