

## On All Fours

Jay Brannan

Three weeks and counting 'til he's on his way to France  
Not a dime in his pocket but a ticket in his hand  
He's a cynical bastard but there's hope in his eyes  
It's been a long time coming, spent a long time running from his insides

He tries hard to songwrite his way out of bed  
But nothing tastes as clever as it sounded in his head  
He wants to get his teeth wet and sink his feet in  
He should have billions of dollars 'cause every asshole's put two cents in

And he writes the songs  
Yeah, he can say what he wants  
Yeah, he can be who he wants to  
And they say he's wrong  
But they keep tagging along  
Yeah, they can leave if they want to  
And his way will never meet yours  
He's got the world on his back  
And watch him take it on all fours

Nine out of ten motherfuckers agree  
That his fucking foul language is a fucking travesty  
But motherfucking fuck is just another fucking word  
The idea a word is dirty is to him fucking absurd

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Yeah, he can say what he wants  
Yeah, he can be who he wants to  
And they say he's wrong  
But they keep tagging along  
Yeah, they can leave if they want to  
And his way will never meet yours  
He's got the world on his back  
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And this world will soon be the death of him  
And his voice will fade away  
And his jeans will be all that's left of him  
And they'll wonder if he was okay  
And the Alkies will say it was drinking  
And the preacher will say it was sin  
And his mother will say he was thinking only of himself again  
And the gays will say it was straight people  
And the straights will say it was AIDS  
And he'll be in line at the gate, people still standing in his way  
In his way