

# The Homosexual

Momus

I love women but I'm thinking of giving in  
I love women but what's the point of arguing  
With the men from boarding schools and building sites  
Who've told me I'm a homosexual all my life

One stop past Embankment and the coughs begin  
Hell hath no fury like an insecure Englishman  
You don't need psychoanalysts to translate this  
'There is an open homosexual in our midst'

'The Homosexual' they call me  
It's all the same to me  
That specter they projected I will now pretend to be  
Since their neurosis is what passes for normality  
It's okay with me if I'm queer  
Since their tone-deafness is called the love of music  
I won't disabuse them  
I'll make love with their women  
I'll make them sing notes of pleasure  
Their husbands will never hear

I love women but I take them by surprise  
Pretending absolute indifference to their breasts and thighs  
Like their hairdressers and dressmakers I hear confessionals  
Reserved for homosexual professionals

As I put their feet in stirrups with my limp wrist  
(A trick I learned from a homosexual gynecologist)  
I recall the words my first girlfriend ended our first date with  
"I feel privileged you chose me to go straight with"

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You who called me shirt-lifter in Chemistry class  
You who sniggered "look out for your arse"  
Now your women wash your shirts, now your kids are born, baby, look out for  
your horns

You who called me teapot, who plagued me with your bile  
Guess who I've got coming to the boil  
Why not grab the nettle I'll settle for being the kettle if you're the pot  
I take my tea like my revenge, sweet and hot

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That you will never hear  
Never in a million years  
No fucking fear